THE

European Magazine,

For JUNE, 1809.

[Embellished with, 1, a Portrait of GENERAL PALAFOX; and, 2, a View of the INTERIOR COURT OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.]

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FOR JAMES ASPERNE,

At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, CORNHILL.

** Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month, as published, may have it sent to them, FREE OF POSTAGE, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and every Part of the West Indies, at Two Guineas and a Half per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Gibraltar, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at Two Guineas and a Half per Annum, by Mr. SERJAENT, of the General Post Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any Part of the East Indies, at Forty Shillings per Annum, by Mr. GUY, at the East India House.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

It is with a very considerable degree of reluctance that we advert to the complaint of our correspondent, H. Homespun; yet we certainly deem a few observations upon it necessary. We dislike the Italian Opera, and all its *appendages*, perhaps, still more than himself; and think with him, that such performances, *in times like the present*, are certainly *degradatory* and *disgraceful* to the character of the nation; yet, we would remind him, that if we *are absurd* (which we allow), our ancestors were not much wiser, *e. g.* On the 13th of January, 1577--8, the Privy Council wrote to the Lord Mayor of London "to give order, that one *Drousiano*, an *Italian* and *commedeante*, and his company may play within the city, and the liberties of the same, between that day and the first week in lent."

Whether this was a settled company in this metropolis, or a band of itinerant performers, such as in those times rambled about the continent, and, when of our native growth, over England, &c. it is not worth while to enquire; because we know, that if exotic and desultory, they had been banished long before the *great rebellion*, which they otherwise, in all probability, would have fomented.

We also know that through the greater part of the last century, the introduction of Opera trash was, for many *very cogent* reasons, from the times of *Tillotson* and *Addison* downward, condemned by all wise and good men; and we are still further fully convinced, that, there is at present great room for our disapprobation and detestation of this *enervating system*; though we shall only allude to two points *the least immoral*, namely, *extravagance* and *insolence*. With respect to our own, the English stage, how long it will deserve the appellation *English*, it is impossible for us to say; yet every one must agree, that the operation of *good sense* (to say nothing of *genius*) in its *management* is absolutely necessary.

The *pieces* which have for many years *insulted* the public, it is generally believed have rendered us, their *inane admirers*, contemptible with respect to our dramatic judgment, in the opinions of the rest of *Europe*; we did not, therefore, think that our taste could have been more degraded—that our literary character could, in this respect, have sunk still lower: however, so it is likely to be. We have, like H. H. heard that a plan is formed, so extremely *obnoxious* and *unpatriotic*, that it ought to entitle every one who is concerned in it (except those who receive our *new Romescot*, our *Peter's pence*) to the distinction of the *cap* and *bells*. What effect this plan will have, it is not, as we have observed, for us to say: it would be premature to judge, and invidious to guess.

The *oldest* theatre, Drury-lane, opened the 8th day of April, 1662, with *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Comedy* of "*The Humorous Lieutenant.*"

The *new* theatre, Lincoln's Inn Fields, opened the 30th of April, 1695, with *Congreve's* Comedy of "*Love for Love.*"

What the *next* theatre is to open with, may, perhaps, become the subject of a future enquiry.

We should with very great pleasure have inserted the favour of Mr. J. H. but that those which appeared in this Magazine for last month, appeared also *in another*, if not *in a third* periodical publication. Now, although we have a great respect for the labours of our *compatriots*, we are not *so poverty-struck* as to wish either to participate with, or to borrow from them, both which we know would be equally disagreeable to their editors. We must, therefore, suspend the publication of the last article sent by Mr. J. H. till we see what next month will produce.

To Mr. Grant we have many apologies to make, for having neglected his "Institutes of Latin Grammar" (It is not the *first time* we have neglected the *Latin Grammar*, and *English* too); however, his elementary work shall be noticed in our next.

A new correspondent, and some other articles, must, for want of room, stand over.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

FOR JUNE, 1809.

BRIEF NOTICE OF GENERAL DON JOSEPH PALAFOX,

CAPTAIN IN THE SPANISH GUARDS, AND LATE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CITY OF SARAGOSSA.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

"Here tears shall flow from a most generous cause,
Such tears as PATRIOTS shed for *dying* laws.
We bid your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And call forth *Roman* drops from *British* eyes.
No common object to your sight display,
But what with rapture angels must survey:
A brave man struggling thro' the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state."

WHEN we contemplate the Portrait to which this sketch must serve as an introduction, we have to lament, that, for two reasons, it must necessarily be short: the first is, that in the "Narrative of the Siege of Zaragoza," * we anticipated some of our materials, and therefore must refer the reader back to them; the other reason is, that in the agitated state of the public mind on the *Iberian peninsula*, and the depressed state of the fortunes, we mean the political fortunes, of our hero, a more minute detail is not to be expected. The people trace the gallant actions of DON JOSEPH PALAFOX through a series of *sieges* the most astonishing of any that *stain* the historic pages, they view him amidst all the various revolutions of those stupendous events, stimulating his brave companions in arms, MALE, and, to the eternal glory of the *Celteberian* fair, FEMALE, to the defence of their city: they recognize him flying from post to post, and exposing himself at every point where his presence was necessary; and at the last, when hordes pressed upon hordes of barbarians, and human exertions could no longer prevail to stem the torrent of blood with which their native city was inundated by those savages, who, had they been real soldiers, would have respected the courage by which they were opposed, they, alas! behold their beloved, their animated hero——falling into captivity with a falling state.

But though these his warlike actions are not only written, but, figuratively speaking, inscribed on adamant, his memoirs, the traits and circumstances that have attended him through life have not yet circulated far beyond the limits of his own country: we should, therefore, be pleased if we could

——"some abler muse excite,
Point out the game, and animate the flight;"

and, during this suspension of public curiosity, we would rather call it of *public feeling*, endeavour to detail the few particulars of one whom we have already termed a hero, whose life ought to be the subject of a volume.

DON JOSEPH PALAFOX is the youngest of three male descendants of one of the most illustrious families in Arragon, which is one of the most populous and warlike provinces in Spain: he was born in the year 1775, and has long held a commission in the Spanish guards; a

* Reviewed page 223 of this volume.

circumstance which renders his high rank and noble descent unquestionable: he, of course, from his early years, became a courtier, and, it is said, very dear to his monarch. At the commencement of the revolution, this nobleman was selected from the officers of the household troops, to be the second in command to the *Marquess de Castillar*, to whose custody *the Prince of the Peace* was confided, after his arrest at *Aranjuez*: he afterwards accompanied *Ferdinand* VII. to *Bayonne*; whence he had the good fortune to escape in the disguise of a peasant, and subject unquestionably to great difficulties; at length, arrived at his country-seat in the vicinity of Saragossa, a very short time antecedent to the 25th of May, 1808, at which period the inhabitants of that city, and the peasantry of the surrounding country, rose in a mass to repel the unprincipled aggression of the French. *Guilliamah*, the captain-general of Arragon, had indicated an inclination to submit to the enemy: he had even attempted to disarm the people: he was consequently seized and conveyed to prison, while the public voice conferred the government of the city and the command of the army on him whom we shall now denominate *General Palafox*.

At the commencement of his command (May 25), the adjoining provinces of *Navarre* and *Catalonia* were possessed by the French; the *five* passes of the Pyrenean mountains leading directly into Spain were open; while *Murat*, with the main body of the French army, was stationed at *Madrid*. Surrounded thus by the enemy, situated in the centre of difficulty and danger, of which he seems to have had *his choice*, *General Palafox* mustered the regular troops stationed in the city, and found that they amounted to 220 men, and that the public treasury of the province could only furnish him with 2000 reals, a sum equal to 20l. 16s. 8d. English money. Placing, however, a just confidence in the people, he immediately declared war against the French, by a spirited proclamation, which has from the supreme junta already appeared in this Magazine.*

Early in the month of June, the French detached a corps of 8000 infantry from Pampeluna against Saragossa. To these the *Marquess de Lazan*† had nothing to oppose but some armed peasantry: the rencontre was on the 8th of June; and, as might have been expected, the Arragonese were compelled to retire.

Another action took place the 18th of the same month, in which *General Palafox* appears to have borne a part: the Arragonese were again worsted, although the detachment of French cavalry that penetrated into the city paid dearly for their rashness.

On the 15th, another conflict ensued, in which *Palafox* and his brave countrymen were successful: the consequence of which was, that the French general, convinced that it was fruitless to persevere in his attack, withdrew his troops to a position out of the reach of the cannon of the Arragonese.

On this retreat of the enemy, General Palafox, apprehensive of their return, was unremitting in his anxious endeavours to collect forces in case of a siege: part of these, by one of those adverse turns of fortune which are the result of warfare, was forced to yield to the superior numbers and discipline of the French: those that he saved from the wreck he with great difficulty threw into Saragossa.

To trace the progress of this memorable siege, a siege unparalleled in modern history, would only be to repeat circumstances, and to detail instances of heroism, which have recently appeared in the public prints. When those fleeting and desultory accounts shall be fixed and moulded into the pages of history, posterity will wonder at the prodigies of valour exhibited by *General Palafox* and the brave *Arragonese*; and turning over volumes, from the sieges of *Byzantium* to those of *Philipsburg*, endeavour in vain to find its parallel.

The French retreated from before this, to them, fatal city, which indeed they had at one period more than *half* taken, during the night of the 13th of August, 1808: on the morning of the 14th, to the great surprise and joy of the *Arragonese*, their columns were seen at a distance marching over the plain towards *Pampeluna*. This retreat is supposed to have originated from the arrival of *Don Francesco Palafox*,‡ with a large convoy of provisions and ammunition, and a reinforcement of three thousand men, composed of *Spa-*

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* Vol. LIV. p. 67.

† Eldest brother of Don Joseph Palafox.

‡ His second brother.

nish guards, *Swiss*, and *Volunteers*, who entered the city on the 5th of August, and continued the most sanguinary conflict of which the human imagination can form an idea for the space of eleven successive days; indeed, till the French had scarce an inch of ground, more than that on which their troops stood *or laid*, that they could call their own.

The transactions of the *third* siege of *Saragossa* (for we have deemed every return of the French to this ill fated city, from the resistance of the brave *Arragonese*, A SIEGE) were, alas! to the patriots, ultimately fatal.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, rolls on to fortune."

"On such a full sea," we believe, was *General Palafox* afloat at the period of the second retreat of his enemies: he was a very little time antecedent, as appears by the note, full of military ardour; his men in high spirits; and his enemies astonished at efforts which, however they might feel, and, if they had been animated by one spark of generosity, or indeed of military genius, would have admired, they could not by force of arms repress; yet they are, therefore, said to have resorted to *other means*, and to have *bought* their victory over the *Arragonese* of those that had the power to sell their country.*

* As the account of this siege, by *General O'Neil*, includes his opinion of the captain-general, we have deemed it proper to subjoin it to this brief notice:—"The bravery and abilities of General Palafox are of the most distinguished kind, and the exertions he has made for the defence of Saragossa justly entitle him to the appellation of a hero. From 40,000 to 50,000 French, under the command of General Moncey, recently sat down before it; and Palafox, by a flag of truce, was offered very advantageous terms of capitulation if he would surrender; he returned for answer, 'Never can I capitulate or surrender; talk of that when I am dead.' Being further told, that all Spain was in the power of the French, and that he could have no hope of establishing a communication with any other country, he replied, 'My communications are with every part of Spain, and with the whole world; and if they were cut off, my bayonets would restore them.' He added, that he was not in a situation to apply for a capitulation; for, said he, 'if I had only a fifth part of the soldiers that I actually have, I should still vanquish you, as the plains of Arragon covered with your bodies can testify; and being now at the head of a numerous and invincible army, I will endeavour to effect your total extermination.'"

Be this as it may, it appears, that on the 21st of February last, the fate of *Saragossa* was decided: the French had surrounded the city with forces double their former numbers, and these indeed were continually increasing: the communication betwixt GENERAL MONCEY, *who stood upon sure ground*, and GENERAL PALAFOX, who, as it will be seen in the appended note, was inflamed with that species of military enthusiasm which has in all ages distinguished heroes, and seems to breathe resistance and defiance, is, on his part, truly animated; but valour could avail little when opposed to *treachery*. The city fell, with its noble commander, into the hands of the enemies of mankind. Whatsoever may be the fate of the latter, his exertions will always render him dear to his countrymen, as his brilliant example will cause the name of PALAFOX to be *venerated* to the remotest ages by the rest of Europe. M.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

AS there cannot be a time when strictures on the stage are likely to meet with more attention than the present; as many persons wish well to the theatre and its real interest; and as every question of reform is at this moment seized and agitated with avidity; I think a fair investigation of what is, and what ought to be, the conduct of those who undertake to furnish food for the mind, but who ought not to cater for us but in proportion as that food is wholesome and nutritious, by no means an unworthy attempt. A series of strictures on this subject you will not, probably, object to, occasionally to diversify your excellent work. I shall, therefore, if you think proper, submit them to the public through you; and you will, perhaps, permit them now and then a place, in the absence of better and more interesting matter.

I am, sir,
Your warm admirer and very humble servant,
A FRIEND TO THEATRICAL REFORM.

REFORMATION OF THE STAGE.

No. I.

Oh, reform it altogether. SHAKESPEAR.

WITHOUT inquiring into what was originally intended by the establish-

ment of theatrical performances, throughout their whole fluctuating history; what good or evil they have done; how they have been elevated, how depressed; or in what way they have been the honour or disgrace of any country; all we have to examine is, how far they may be considered as a benefit or an evil to the human mind. The sentiments I mean, in a solid but familiar way, to enlarge upon here, have been called forth by a perusal of four discourses, lately written and published by the Rev. James Plumptre, fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and preached by him at St. Mary's Church. That gentleman's inquiries into the utility of theatrical representations do equal honour to his head and heart; and, just as a physician should not desert a dangerous case, or a sinner should not be shunned but admonished into repentance, he has not given the stage up, bad as it is, as hopeless; but shewn, with much eloquence and persuasive truth, that, like a garden overrun with weeds, it might be cleared out, and made to produce much bodily and mental nutriment. The attempt is sensible and praise-worthy, and the remedy by no means unattainable; though, perhaps, in all its views, very difficult to be attained.

I, who have been either a renter, the proprietor of a box, or something of that sort, for a number of years, have long had it in my mind to take up the matter with as much zeal, though not with as much ability, as Mr. Plumptre. His novel as well as laudable courage to agitate this subject from the pulpit, has roused in me expectations of a reform in the theatre which I have frequently indulged; but which, till now, I feared were hopeless and unavailing. Since the perusal of this gentleman's sermons, I have begun to think the case not so desperate as I had imagined, and, with his worthy attempt in my hand, I shall venture some pretty strong remarks, which were more likely to occur in the Temple, in London, than in a college at Cambridge.

Mr. Plumptre has quoted a number of authorities for and against the subject, and has very candidly left it with the public to decide on the truth and propriety of its different advocates. As a kind of umpire, he has certainly, by deduction, given a clear judgment in favour of the theatre; and, could the immorality which pervades theatrical entertainments be expunged with tenderness and care, there can be no doubt that it is a theme becoming a minister of the Gospel to discuss.

In Mr. Plumptre's first discourse, he treats on the stage under the different heads of, 1st, Whether the stage be a thing lawful in itself; 2dly, If it be not unlawful, what are the abuses of it; and, 3dly, What are the means of improvement. His text is from St. Paul, in these words: "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." The observations of such men as Witherspoon, Collier, and other violent writers, who call the stage "the devil's house, the invention of the devil, the school of impiety, the porch of hell, where it is the very business to learn wickedness," and all that unqualified nonsense which has been so often blurted out, Mr. Plumptre has observed on, with soberness and moderation. The quotations in favour of the stage are not turbulent, but rational, such as we have a right to expect from such men as Tillotson, Milton, and Addison. But, as advocates for pleasure are enthusiasts too in their way, he very sensibly moderates the matter, by saying, the probability is, that the truth lies between these extreme points. This position I hold most tenaciously; and say, that the stage is not the school of virtue, nor the school of vice; but that, with proper and sensible management, it may be made the school of morality.

Mr. Plumptre very finely enlarges on this. He says, "Abuses, and those grievous ones, no doubt, exist; but though they have been long attached to the stage, they are by no means necessarily so, and might be separated from it, leaving it not only an innocent amusement, but a highly rational and pleasing source of instruction.

"Nor is it fair to object against the stage, that it has been abused to the worst of purposes. What gift of God, and which of his institutions, have not been so? Hath not even the holy worship, appointed by himself, been perverted to the exaltation of Baal, Moloch, and the myriad of heathen deities?"

Speaking of the revolution, and noticing that Christians were warned at that time to put away the corruptions of the stage, he says emphatically, "Be it so: but how was our reformation carried on? Not by pulling down the church, which was corrupted, but by

purging it from the corruptions which had obtained, and bringing it nearer to the standard of original purity."

If we examine the fact, is there any thing we indulge ourselves in, which is not continually carried too far? It is not the thing, or the employment, or the occupation, or the pleasure itself; it is the excess and the abuse of it that creates all the mischief. But is that any reason, we should indulge in nothing. Exercise is a wholesome thing; but if we take more than the human frame will bear, we bring on disease. It is pleasant as well as profitable to eat and drink; but if either of these is accompanied with intemperance, we should soon feel the ill consequence of it. It is the regimen, and not the physic, that cures us. We may dress so imprudently and so fantastically, that we may repent our folly corporeally and mentally as long as we live; but are these any reasons why, therefore, we should neither take exercise, nor eat, nor drink, nor dress? No, in every thing we must take care of our own comfort. It is not permitted to injure that being it is our duty to preserve, in order that it may be rendered back to him who gave it as unimpaired as the frail nature of humanity will enable us. We must look, therefore, to the health of our bodies, our minds, and indeed of our souls; and thus, according to the text, "do all to the glory of God."

But Mr. Plumptre says, quoting another author, that "when the stage is defended as a mean of instruction, it is further objected, that it is a method uncommended and unauthorised by the word of God; and we are not to look for his blessing upon it." He goes into this very pointedly, saying, among other things, that "the drama is in fact embodied history, brought visibly before our eyes, to afford us examples of bad men, to be avoided, and good men, to be followed. It can introduce us to the manners and customs of distant nations, and make us acquainted with places and persons to whom we should otherwise be ever strangers: nay, it can go further, and almost give us the advantage of having lived in remote ages, and profiting by the examples of others, who have long since ceased to be inhabitants of the world." "Besides," says he, "is it unlawful to make use of any means of instruction but such as are immediately pointed out by God?" He instances, that multiplying copies of the scriptures has been attributed by ignorance and fanaticism to the art and contrivance of the devil. "It has been perverted, no doubt," he observes, "by the devil to the worst of purposes, in spreading blasphemy, vice, and immorality throughout the world; but it is to that, likewise, we now owe, that the Gospel hath dispelled the mental darkness which at that time covered the earth; that it is now making its way to the remotest corners of the world; and that the poorest peasant among us, if he please, may enjoy the inestimable blessing of reading himself, in his own cottage, and in his own language, the words of eternal life."

It is impossible not to think with Mr. Plumptre. The best cordial may be converted into poison; the arms that are intended for our defence may, ignorantly or wickedly used, become our annoyance; with the very knives which help us to our food, we may mutilate or destroy ourselves. If I am invited to dinner, and made drunk and sick, who have I to thank for it? and if I am prevailed on to go to a theatrical entertainment, and find in it any thing to poison my mind, destroy my peace, and injure the morals of my family, I do a public wrong in suffering it to pass, and so does every auditor in the theatre. It is the duty of the public, and ought to be their pleasure, to watch the growth of real merit on the stage, and not to let any thing improper steal into it. A right observance of this, in the public collectively, would be a full and complete answer to all those who think that a pursuit and encouragement of the stage is radically wrong, and that its improvement is not to be expected.

"Not to expect it, and not to attempt it," says Mr. Plumptre, "is not the way to bring it about; and to expect wholly to purify the stage, is to look for more than we are warranted in this imperfect state of being."—"The attempt is at least desirable and commendable."—The fact is, were the stage properly purified, it would be the best medium to teach us our moral duties. It is a better vehicle of holding up the glass of truth to mankind than any other. Shakespear, that great judge of human nature, has the idea continually, "The play's the thing—I've heard that guilty creatures at a play, &c." The strong reason why this is the case, as to the stage, is this. It is of trifling errors we ought at all times to be reminded.

The moral of a play should not be immediately levelled at a vice, but at the indiscretion that leads to it. Take away the motive for vice, and no man will be vicious; on the contrary, shew a man the value of virtue, and he will be good; and nothing can do this so well as a valuable and instructive play. There is an admirable speech in one of Marivaux's comedies. A foolish woman with some goodness of heart says, "I do not wish to be vicious, but I desire it; take away that desire, and I shall be virtuous." Her lover is a man of honour, and she is preserved.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

(WITH A VIEW OF ITS INTERIOR COURT.)

THERE is no spot within the walls of the city of London that ought to be contemplated with more veneration than the *consecrated* site of that once curious and magnificent edifice, the church and monastery of the GREY FRIARS. Whether, with respect to the former, we view with *mental* eyes its apparently renovated form, the singularity of its *architectural* construction, and the *gothic* ingenuity of its external ornaments, or the internal elegance and magnificence of its decorations: whether we consider the rank of those august personages who were entombed beneath its elevated roof and tesselated pavement; the splendour of its *chapels* and *chantries*, which those royal and noble benefactors once so liberally endowed, or the peculiar sanctity with which, for centuries, those, their establishments, were regarded, it is equally to be *in history* admired. In the general wreck of *monastic buildings*, this splendid edifice, and the adjacent convent, *fell*: and perhaps their fall was the less to be regretted by those whom the brotherhood had in various ways relieved; as, through the exalted piety and innate benevolence of that *angelic* youth *King* EDWARD VI. an establishment, dedicated at once to charity and to education, rose from the monastic dilapidation over which, it is probable, many of the good citizens of London had very frequently lamented.

For ages, the church of the *Grey Friars* was considered as one of the principal civic ornaments: it was celebrated for the splendour of its *festivals*, for its *spiritual concerts* (for so the singing of *vespers* on Sundays might properly be termed); these, it is said, were performed in a manner which attracted the people as much, perhaps more, than any public spectacle has since: its nave was a processional promenade, and its pictures and monumental decorations (some of the latter of which were of *brass*, others of *steel*) were considered as the most capital specimens of the state of the arts, not only in *England*, but in *Europe*.*

This fabric, with all its magnificent appurtenances,† was surrendered to HENRY VIII. *anno* 1538.‡ The monarch, who had at one time more *religious structures* and more *abbey lands* in his hands, than, notwithstanding the rapacity of his courtiers, he knew what to do with, after suffering this splendid and royal edifice to be made a common passage from *Newgate-market* (which, it must be observed, was then a line of stalls in the midway, and running the whole length of Newgate-street) § to

* Some of the beautiful pictures that adorned the high altar, and those of the chapels, of the Grey Friars, were the productions of Italy and Flanders. Rome and Antwerp had contributed to the decorations. Many of the monuments were from the former school. Of the curious iron and brass work for which the age of Henry VII. was so famous, there are still specimens, though of an earlier date, in the chapel of St. George, Windsor, and St. Catherine near the Tower.

† This magnificence is said to have descended even to the floors of some of the rooms or chapels of this building, parts by our ancestors little regarded, but which in the *Grey Friars* were of cedar: the *library* was extensive, its *missals*, &c. superb; the *vestry* correspondent, and the *copes* and *habits* of the priests, many of which were afterwards taken to *St. Paul's*, and there exhibited (of course *for money*), are said to have displayed some of the most beautiful specimens of the ingenuity of English females that were to be found.

‡ On this occasion it is, we think, that we first read of the *dilapidating practice* of *surveyors*; a set of men whose travels toward the *West* we have much regretted, whose *rods* have a counter effect to those of the *Genii of the Lamp* (*a*);

"And *buildings wither* as the giants tread."

§ It is curious to attend to floating tradition, particularly that which regards the city of London, the transitions of property in which are a continual source of entertain-

(*a*) Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

Stinking-lane, which is now called *Chick-lane*, in the last year of his reign, gave the church, with the remaining buildings, together with the ground which the monastic walls circumscribed, to the CITY OF LONDON.

How his youthful and pious successor was affected by a sermon preached at Westminster, by the learned Dr. *Ridley*, Bishop of London, and consequently induced to found on the site of *the Grey Friars Church*, &c. an hospital, to be called *Christ's Hospital*, is already well known: repetition therefore would, in this respect, only expand this article, without producing additional information.

When this laudable establishment was in a state of forwardness, the king, learning from the commissioners that had been appointed to view the churches in and about London, that great quantities of linen vestures and cloth were found in the same,* and that great part of these were useless in the celebration of divine worship according to the tenets of the reformed church, he wrote to *Bishop Ridley*,

"That towards the relief of those poor orphans and others charitably brought and gathered together by his loving-subjects, the citizens, to his new hospital of *Christ Church*, the same linen should be delivered to the governors for their use; thinking, as he added, that any thing therein bestowed to be to the relief and sustentation of the *Temple of God*, who inhabited in those poor people. Yet leaving to every church necessary linen vestures, as should serve to the public use and ministry within the said church, according to the present usage."

The necessity for a foundation of the nature of Christ's Church Hospital had become apparent long before the bishop had moved the king upon the subject. The sufferings of the people had long been exquisite, and consequently had rendered them clamorous; while the apprehended want of education, with respect to the rising generation, was a source of observation and anxiety to the good citizens of London: it was, therefore, with the greatest joy that *Sir Richard Dobbs*, the *Lord Mayor*, learned the charitable intention of the monarch, and with the greatest energy that he forwarded the design by every means in his power. "The day after this circumstance was communicated to him, being Monday, he invited the Bishop of London to dine with him; and against that time he promised to send for such men as he thought meetest to talk this matter over; and so he did: he sent first for two aldermen and four commoners, and afterwards more were appointed, to the number of 24." This committee at length formed a book, in which they defined every species of poverty and indigence that demanded relief: these they divided into three classes, viz.

1st, "The poore by impotency."†

2d, "Poore by casualty."

3d, "Thriftless poore."

In consequence of those benevolent measures to which we have slightly alluded, *the Lord Mayor* and *Citizens* began the reparation of the *Grey Friars*, which was effected in the year 1552, when the new establishment was opened, under the appellation of Christ Church Hospital. In the month of September, the governors took in near 400 children: their livery at first was *russet cotton*; but at the Easter following they were, at the *Spital*, clothed in blue, which has been continued ever since.

With respect to the building in its present state (which, it will be observed, is a modern erection, the far greater part of which arose after the *fire of London*), encumbered as it is with houses, little can be said of its general appearance. The annexed View represents the interior court: this has one entrance from Newgate-street; an entrance that, as it has been justly remarked, no one would suspect to lead to such a magnificent pile, including such an extensive seminary of education.

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ment to the contemplative mind. Tradition says, with respect to the Grey Friars church, that several *booksellers* established themselves in its aisles; that it abounded with milliners, perfumers, toy-shops, &c. &c. Part of it was also made a store-house for goods taken from the French.

* Linen, it will be observed, was, in those days, among the common people, rather *a scarce* article.

† This class comprehended the innocent and fatherless, "which is the *Beggar's* child, and is (indeed) the seed and breeder of beggary: they provided the house which was late the *Grey Friars* in London, and called it by the name of *Christ's Hospital*, where poor children are trained up in the knowledge of God, and some virtuous exercises, to the overthrow of beggary. *Stow, 4to ed. B. L.* 1618.

This court contains the grammar-school,* the steward's dwelling-house, the head writing-school, and some other official fabrics, and forms a good specimen of the magnitude of the institution: yet it must be allowed, that as its component parts have at different times accumulated, their styles of architecture are, consequently, different, though in principle (we mean the principle of tuition in various sciences) dissimilar in some respects, but generally dependant upon each other, they form a COLLEGE, founded upon benevolence and dedicated to piety and learning, which does the highest honour, first to the liberality of its royal patrons,† and next to the charity of the corporation, and other inhabitants of London, within whose bosom it has been nurtured. M.

On the ESTABLISHMENT *of* PAROCHIAL CHARITY SCHOOLS; *and a* PROPOSAL *for their further* ENCOURAGEMENT.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *London*, 3*d June*, 1809.

I HAVE always considered the *annual* meetings of the children of the METROPOLITAN PAROCHIAL CHARITY SCHOOLS as such a *triumph* of *benevolence*, exerted for, and operating to the best of purposes, that it is impossible to contemplate those its emanations without sensibility, or to reflect upon them without feeling, in some degree, the same emotions as once affected the mind of that amiable Princess QUEEN ANN, who, when she proceeded to ST. PAUL'S, to return thanks for the success of her arms, manifested in the decisive victory of *Blenheim*, was, as she passed *Somerset house*, suddenly surprised by the sight of several thousands of *charity children*, collected from the adjacent parishes, and seated in regular gradation upon an ascending scaffold in the front of that venerable building.

These truly *interesting innocents*, as soon as the state-coach appeared, began *a hymn*. The carriage stopped: the *Queen*, struck with a salutation at once so appropriate and so unexpected, burst into tears. With these effusions of sensibility both her majesty and her attendant ladies manifested heartfelt applauses, which afterwards expanded into liberal donations to those establishments.

Reflecting upon this subject, I became anxious to trace the rise of *parochial charity schools*, apprehending, at first, that we had been obliged for them to our remote ancestors: but a very slight inquiry convinced me, that those schools which the piety and liberality of the monarchs, nobility, and opulent persons of former ages founded, were dedicated to *classical* instruction, and consequently intended for the higher orders of metropolitan youth, as were also the monastic seminaries, the education received in which had a view, generally speaking, to *initiation* into the orders to which they appended.

The rise of *parochial charity schools* in and about LONDON, "of which the like is scarce to be found in Christendom," I believe originated from the proceedings of *the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge*, who, about the year 1675, founded some seminaries of that nature in, and upon the borders of Wales; and these laudable establishments, flourishing to a great degree, produced imitation.

About the year 1680, when the encouragement of the protestant religion, in opposition to the *courtly tenets* of the times, was a subject of general contemplation and general interest, a great number of the *ministers* and *parishioners* of the different *parishes*, observing abundance of their *children* either perverted in their education by *insiduous teachers*, or neglected by reason of the poverty of their parents, came to a resolution to establish *parochial schools*, "in order

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* Speaking of literary establishments, we cannot help, as it is connected by an antecedent principle with this subject, quoting a very curious note, though it refers back to The LIBRARY and CHURCH of the GREY FRIARS.

"This church was furnished with windows made at the charges of divers persons. The *Lady Margaret Segrave*, Countess of Norfolk, bore the charge of making the stalls in the *Quire*, to the value of 350 marks, about the year 1380. *Richard Whitington*, in the year 1429, founded the *Library*, which was in length one hundred twenty and nine feet, and in breadth thirty-one, all seeled with wainscot, which (in the next yeere following) was altogether finished in building, and within three yeeres after furnished with bookes to the charges of five hundred fifty-five pounds tenne shillings, whereof *Richard Wittington* bore four hundred pound, the rest was borne by *Doctor Thomas Winchelsey*, a friar there, and for the writing out of *D. Nicholas de Lira* his workes, in two volumes, to be *chained* there, a hundred markes, &c.

"To the seeling the quire at divers mens charges 200 marks, and the payning 50 marks. Their conduit-head and water-course were given them by William Taylor, *Taylor* to Henry the 3d."—*Stow, 4to ed. B. L.*

† In this observation we include the Mathematical School, founded by King Charles II.

to form the minds of the rising generation, to bring up the offspring of the poor in the knowledge and practice of the *Christian religion*, as professed and taught in the *Church of England;* and also for teaching them to work, and accustoming them to employment; so that (while they were destined to the extension of our *manufactures* and *commerce*) they might endeavour to prevent their deviating into habits of idleness and debauchery, by enabling them to live honestly, and to maintain themselves after the terms of their apprenticeship had expired."

These were the ideas which operated at the establishment of *parochial charity schools*; and which have since been so zealously and philanthropically carried into effect, that they have fully answered the hopes and expectations of their original founders and their benevolent protectors down to the present period.

Of the flourishing state of these *parochial establishments*; of the immense import which, in a *national* point of view, they have been to society; how they have expanded the ideas, influenced the morals, and softened the manners of the lower orders of the inhabitants of this metropolis; I could, if instances were wanting, from my own experience, adduce abundance; but it would be nugatory to prove facts that are so self-evident: I shall, therefore, only mention *one*, respecting their present flourishing state, which was conspicuous on *Thursday, the 1st of this instant, June*, in the glorious exhibition displayed at the meeting of, it is said, near 8000 * of those children (taught and clothed at the expence of the public) in the cathedral church of St. Paul; where they were, as may be said, drawn to a *central* point, whence their fervent aspirations and enchanting melody, expanding around the stupendous dome, ascended to the celestial throne, and will unquestionably draw down blessings upon their benefactors.

A sight so *singularly impressive*, cadences at once so awful and so harmonious, cannot, as I have already hinted, be seen, or heard, in any other city in Europe: therefore I little wonder that, besides the children, 10,000 persons are said to have attended as spectators and auditors at their last meeting. At a celebration of this nature, all our youths and maidens ought, at least *once* in their lives, to be present.

The awful solemnity of the occasion, the astonishing appearance of the children, and the still more astonishing effect of their voices reverberating through the magnificent arcades of the cathedral, are circumstances calculated to inspire the juvenile mind with sentiments not to be acquired by any other means, and which are, in their influence, as pious as they are likely to be, in operation, permanent.

Feeling, as I certainly do, the importance of th[illegible]is GREAT NATIONAL CELEBRATION to [illegible]l ranks of people, I am sorry tha[illegible]m the want of interest to obtain tic[illegible], many were at the last meeting, an[illegible]ndeed are annually, precluded from a sight which, as I have observed, affords the highest species of enjoyment of which the philanthropic mind is capable. I would therefore propose, that, in future, this solemnity should more peculiarly be turned to the purposes of CHARITY; or, in other words, that a FUND in aid of this glorious METROPOLITAN INSTITUTION, should be raised by setting *a small price* upon *each ticket:* a measure which, while it caused a much more general diffusion and circulation of them, would, I am sure, be extremely agreeable to, and meet with great encouragement from THE PUBLIC.

Submitting this idea to your superior judgment, I remain, with great respect,

Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

A SUBSCRIBER TO CHARITY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *Monday, 15th May*, 1809.

HAVING noticed, in a late number of your Magazine, a request to be informed of a Cure for Ringworms without Tar; I have lately known several speedy and effectual cures performed by the use of gunpowder beat fine in a mortar or other thing, and laid, or (if the part affected is not very tender) rubbed in twice a day. I have no doubt whatever of its efficacy in all cases, and would not hesitate in recommending its use in any family afflicted with that troublesome disorder; and further think, its publication in your Magazine may be of great public utility, as it is at present not generally known.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

H. P.

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* Ten children out of every parish were left, to prevent the operation of heat, even in St. Paul's!

A NEW SCENE
FOR
THE ALCHYMIST.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

Dramatis Personæ.

SUBTLE, *the learned Doctor.*
FACE, *the cozening Captain.*
TRIBULATION, } *two sanctified Elders of*
ANANIAS, } *the Black Friars.*
ABEL DRUGGER, *a Tobacconist.*
KASTRIL, *the angry Boy.*
DOLL COMMON, *an Impure.*

An apartment in the Black Friars, exhibiting a library, maps, globes, an alligator stuffed, and other skins of ill-shaped fishes, &c. &c.

Enter SUBTLE *and* TRIBULATION.

Subtle.
I CONCEIVE you.

Tribulation. The friars were always noted.

Subtle. For what?

Tribulation. For zeal!

Subtle. Zeal!

Tribulation. Aye, zeal. When the great *Whore of Babylon* resided
Within this ample and monastic verge,
She drew in passengers.

Subtle. 'Slid, that's the case at present
With many whores who are not *of Babylon.*

Tribulation. Their residence greatly disturbs the brethren;
On which account, our truly reverend elders
Endeavour to put them down.

Subtle. Good!

Tribulation. They seem to us, the pure, to be vile patches,
And shreds of popery.

Subtle. Right!

Tribulation. They carry the visible marks of reprobation about them.

Subtle. So!

Tribulation. And some discover *the nakedness* of the land.

Subtle. The nakedness of the land!

Tribulation. Others seem to display *the rag of Rome,*
Which they have form'd into a garment.

Subtle: What say the saints to this?

Tribulation. They stand amaz'd,
And loudly complain of the Draper
That has furnish'd them with these symbols.

Enter ANANIAS.

Ananias. Peace, Tribulation, peace!
He labours in the sanctified cause.
It has been in full *conclave* determin'd——

Tribulation. CONCLAVE? I scorn the word!
Conclave's unlawful, and stinks of popery.

Ananias. In full assembly, then, 't has been determin'd,
That lovely females may their bosoms bare
Without offending the Elect—or wear that IDOL *starch.*

Tribulation. Starch is indeed an idol! yet it promotes trade—

Ananias. And trade produces opulence and wealth;
It ought to be encouraged.

Tribulation. So said a zealous brother from *a wicker chair.*

Subtle. A wicker chair?

Ananias. Aye! I have known as wholesome doctrines delivered from a pious *wicker chair* as from a *carved idol of wainscot.*

Tribulation. He said, moreover, that our fabrics were
Of *linsey Wolsey* stuff;
Our measure short, our system unreform'd,
And all our patterns *scanty* and *high-colour'd.*

Subtle. These were good doctrines: pray where heard you these?

Ananias. At our last holding forth:
Our pious brother since has had *a call.*

Subtle. So have many dwellers in *the Friars,*
Which has, of late, become *a school of politics.*

Tribulation. Yea! and thou the master.

Subtle. The hint is good. Want you a lesson from me?

Ananias. No: did not our pious end excuse the means,
We should deem thee profane.

Tribulation. A dealer in fire and smoke.

Ananias. In molten lead and brimstone.

Subtle. To make *gold* for the service of *the saints.*

Tribulation. The *saints* shall know the value of your service,
When its produce is cast in *current ducats.*

Enter Captain FACE.

Face. This lad of *gold* will furnish you with coin.
He's now preparing for a voyage to the *coast of Guinea,*

And will return well fraught with shining ore.

Subtle. The *yellow Dragon* has already flown.

Tribulation. DRAGON! that's profane and heathenish, verily.
Use no profane language.

Face. He shall use what language he pleases,
And coin the sand of *Afric* into *ducats;*
Transfuse the tepid waters of the *Niger,*
And in them boil the *chymical eggs,*
Till they produce the *potale* and the *citron,*
That's *silver* and *gold,*
The *white* and the *yolk.*
Therefore avaunt, good brethren! tend your shops;
And you, most reverend cobler! *mend the soles*
Of those that travel in the *way of grace.*

Tribulation. Yea! verily
They want *translating* and *reforming* too.

Face. And, pious Ananias! Deacon! Botcher!
The *small clothes* of the members want *new sealing.*
If you could *turn them* to your own advantage,
You'd also do a service to the state:
Therefore be loud.

Ananias. Loud! Yea, I will!

Face. And twang it thro' your noses with effect.

Tribulation. Our zeal begins to rise; we will for certain:
We'll preach against all *ministerial idols,*
And crush at once all culprits *but our own.*

[*Exeunt* TRIBULATION *and* ANANIAS.

Face. These precise blockheads have discovered
An excellent new calling for us, *Subtle.*

Suble. Yes! they may call us informers,
Or dignify us with the appellation
Of language masters: yet I care not:
This is like to teem with profit.

Face. I believe it will: *Rhetoric,* I conceive,
Is a much surer way of *making gold*
Than *alchymy.*

Subtle. I think you're right!
The orator whose speech is well applied
Seems, to my mind, to have at his command
The passions of the people. The vulgar herd,
Like *sheep,* are sure to follow a loud *belweather.*
Now mark the use of rhetoric: first, the *hawker*
Proclaims his wares, or sings his songs aloud,
Great news! or *Fish!* or else, a *horrid murder:*
'Tis all the same. The *civil tradesman* next
Stands in his shop, and cordially salutes
His customers; gives them the time of the day;
The weather's state; praises his wares;
And while thus talking *snips* or *weighs* too short.
The *lawyer* and *apothecary* next
Harangue in language unintelligible,
Till goods or life recede before their accents.
The *politician* in a higher sphere,
Or well-fed *placeman,* to some purpose talk:
But then we know that purpose is their own:
The people wonder, and the weak applaud;
They clutch their fists, and smile, and all goes right.

Face. The use of *rhetoric* you have well explain'd;
But I could much enlarge upon your speech.
The bar, the bench: the first whose words sublim'd
Melt in a golden show'r as *Danae's* erst;
The latter purifies, refines the metal,
Throws off the dross, and gives us sterling ore.
The senate's voice expands in accents sharp,
And sometimes issues forth the drowsy hum
Of *yawning drones,* who've *slept* while others talk'd,
And now they talk while others take their naps:
Quick fly the hours, till the *division's* counted:
They then recede from the bright beams *of Sol,*
And for their *night-caps* call as he approaches.

Subtle. Yes! such are the effects of *rhetoric,*
Of which, I think, we will become the teachers.

Face. I have already begun my practice.

Subtle. How?

Face. On honest *Abel;*
He think's he's talents meet to shine in vestry,

And therefore means in this parochial senate
To level all his civic eloquence,
Like battering ram, against *a work-house wall;*
A wall that well restrains the lunatic
And vagrant poor. He talks *of liberty*
Most prettily already.
Subtle. Indeed!
Face. Indeed!
I've sent him down to *Westminster.*
Subtle. To *Westminster*, for what?
Face. There to expand in *vapour* and in *fume*;
To *smoke* the *ministry* with *cut* or *shag*,
Tickle their *noses* with *Brazilian snuff*,
Or with *true Spanish* set the people *sneezing.*

Enter Abel Drugger.

What, *Nab*, return'd so soon?
Drugger. So soon? rather so late:
But better late than never.
Subtle. True!
Drugger. Warm work, my masters!
Subtle. Warm work?
Drugger. Yes:
But I have done the deed.
Subtle. What deed?
Drugger. A deed, come here!
That, *Orator Bottom* observ'd, would free———
Face. Whom?
Drugger. *Britannia*;
Whom the — (*whispers*) — bound in chains.
Face. Enough! you're in the secret.
Drugger. Deep—but mum—I have it here. [*Pointing to his forehead.*
Lord! when exalted, I was quite *the thing.*
Face. Exalted, *little Nab!*
Drugger. Aye! on a *beer barrel*, from—(*whispers*)
Face. *Brown stout*, I conceive you.
Drugger. No, the barrel was *empty*,
Divested of the *element of freedom.*
Saw *the dray* as I pass'd along *Barbican.*
Subtle. The deuce you did!
They went then *Northabout.*
Face. The *North West* passage.
Drugger. Yes! Stood next to— (*Whispers*)
A sensible man; he much applauded me.
Soon as I did my argument unfold,
Just as you would a large *tobacco-roll*,
The people call'd me *pigstail*, laugh'd,
And *cough'd*, and *sneez'd*, at first.
Face. So!
Drugger. So! I told them that they were *young snuff-takers*,
Not like their sires, who prais'd old FORTY-FIVE!
Therefore I offer'd from a *new-fill'd jar*
Some of the *mildest sort.* [*Shews his box.*
Subtle. Good! (*takes a pinch.*) What number's this?
Drugger. It is not *number'd* yet. This is a *city box.*
Face. O then, 'tis dedicated *pro bono publico*,
And you may have it.
[Subtle *puts up the box.*
Drugger. I shall be in the *wrong box* anon!
Face. Not at all, *Nab!* proceed in your speech.
Drugger. I told the people, that the state's disorder
Arose *from frauds.*
Subtle. In what?
Drugger. The manufacture of tobacco: certain
I prais'd the ancient *Nicotianian system*,
Or *Trinidadian*, smok'd in ordinaries: hinted,
That our *fine leaves* were now *sophisticated*,
And *stems* that form'd the basis of *our snuff*
Dry'd till their *public virtue* was exhausted.
Talk'd of *large duties*, and herbs *cut too small*;
Said, that the *pressmen* work'd the *screw too tight*,
And that the *spinners* twisted *the machine*
Till it would *turn* no more.
Face. Why, this was excellent!
Subtle. You mention'd *powder'd glass* and *hellebore*,
That caus'd disorders in the *people's brains.*
Drugger. And *rotten coffins* also.
Face. Right—they're *mortal* purges.
Drugger. Said, the ingredients all were *ground* too fine;
That people murmur'd *ev'ry pinch* they took.
Face. Well said, my little *Nab!*
Th' applause was great.
Drugger. Immense! *the hall* resounded.
Subtle. Right! you are a promising pupil.
Drugger. Yes: I shall attack *the tombstones* next
In our *church-yard*, and make *the vestry* mend
Their *rugged ways.* But that's not all.
Face. Not all?
Drugger. No! my fame has gone about,
And envy reigns—*Kastril* will have a lecture.

Subtle. The angry boy!
Face. S'lid, where is he?
Drugger. He said he'd meet me here:
I left him with a lady.
Face. *Doll Common* hight?
Drugger. The same! O, here he comes.
Subtle (aside to Face). We must turn *Doll* loose to him.
Face. Mum!

Enter Kastril, *with a plaster on his nose.*

Kastril. Where is the learned doctor? Ah, good captain!
I quarrel well: I've prov'd it at the ordinary.
Face. So you have.
Kastril. The box of the ear, the cut across the pate,
And broken nose, were nothing.
Face. Mere flea-bites!
Kastril. I think them so, *tho' fleas* bite sometimes hard.
The sight of my own blood did not frighten me.
Face. No more than the sight of a glass of claret.
Kastril. I now would learn to speak.
Subtle. To speak?
Face. Zooks! not a man in England can teach you
As can the doctor. Heard you what an orator
I've made of little Nab?
Kastril. I have.
Face. But he knows more than I can e'er pretend to:
He'll give you all *the elements* of speech.
Kastril. The eight parts?
Face. Aye, eighty, were it necessary.
What's *Demosthenes* and *Cicero* to him?
Subtle. Nay, good captain!
Face. Would you discourse of history,
He has *Plutarch* and *Livy*,
Tacitus, *Suetonius*, *Appian*, and *Dion*,
Junius, *Paterculus*, together with
Small *Florus*, *Justin*, *Sallust*,
And some few more of the Latin,
All at his fingers' ends.
Subtle. For heaven's sake, spare me, captain!
Face. What shall we say of *the Greek?*
Xenophon, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*. What more?
Kastril. Nothing, for I do not understand you.
Drugger. Nor I neither.
Face. Well then, admire therefore!
Subtle. Nay, good captain, spare me!
Kastril. And me too.
Drugger. Yes, 'tis *Greek* to me.
Face. Then for the moderns; such as
Philip de Comines, *Guicchardini*,
And that great politician *Machiavel.*
Kastril. Enough!
Drugger. Too much!
Face. Well then, to talk of rhetoric; the doctor
Is skill'd in all its constituent parts;
Knows when 'tis meet to soar to the sublime,
Or sink to the vernacular;
Has speeches ready for each set occasion,
A *tavern parliament*, a *dinner* speech,
A speech which serves to introduce *a toast*,
Or *toast* which serves to introduce *a speech*;
One calculated for *the open air*,
Where the loud cadence is by winds dispers'd,
And flies on *paper wings* thro' all the land;
Or where the roof responsive beats applause,
A *learn'd Philippic* proper for the *hustings*;
Or *declamation* at a *public meeting*,
That almost calls *Quintilian* from the tomb:
All are within the scope of his tuition.
Subtle. Too high you rate my talents.
Face. Not at all;
For if you would have spoken at *the Mermaid*,
A hundred would ere this have been your pupils.
Then entrance fees——————
Kastril. Entrance fees!
What, must I give him something?
Face. Aye, sure you must!
Not absolutely give, for that's mechanical,
But force your coin upon him.
Kastril. Force!
Drugger. Aye, force him to take *a guinea*.
Face. A guinea, *Nab!* you give that to *a physician*.
Drugger. Not I indeed; I can be cur'd cheaper.
Face. The fee to a *philosopher* is *ten*.
Kastril. Ten guineas!
Face. However, I'll prevail with him to take
Five portagues.
Drugger. Five portagues?
Face. Five! five's an *odd* number;
Six will look more natural: I'll speak to him.
Doctor, your pupil, from respect to your great worth,
Wishes you to accept *eight portagues.*
Drugger. You said six just now.

Face. Let it be eight.

Subtle. You know you urge in vain.

Face. Deny us not: you bring tears in the eyes of *Nab.*
Out with your purse. [*To* KASTRIL.

Kastril. Here's six.

Face. Eight portagues.

Subtle. Why, captain, will you press me?

Face. Besides an *old jacobus* with a *hole in't.*

Kastril. This my mother gave me.

Face. He says, you must accept it from his mother.
She will be proud of his improvement, *Nab.*

Drugger. I'll talk to my mother too; so take the coin, doctor.

Subtle. Well, you will have your way. [*Takes the money.*
Tho' this is not my practice.

Kastril. Nor mine, old boy!

Face. The doctor will proceed to give a lecture.

Drugger. Good! I shall learn to speak for nothing.

Subtle. I have taught many:
But 'tis my custom first to learn their manner,
Study their terms, attend to their delivery,
And so adapt instruction to their genius.

Kastril. What then, you wish me to declaim?

Subtle. Certainly I do.

Kastril. As erst I did
When I mounted the *horse block* at the door of the *Crown,*
And cried, REFORM.

Face. Reform!

Kastril. Yes, things were out of sorts.
Get me a table.

[*A table is drawn forth;* KASTRIL *gets on it.*

The proud *churchwardens,* and the *overseers,*
Sidesmen, and all the men on either side,
That form *the vestry* of this *ruin'd parish,*
Are grown *corrupt* and *worthless.*
There's not an honest man, *except myself,*
And those few friends who sit with *pipes* elate,
Who quaff potations deep, and cheer me round.

Drugger. Nay, if they *smoke,* they must be honest fellows.

Kastril. They *smoke the officers,* they *smoke the vestry,*
They *smoke corruption* from *parochial heads,*
Down to the *scavenger,* whose *dirty work*
They trace *thro' streets* and *lanes* and *alleys* blind:
They hunt the *goldfinders,* whose lutarious heaps
Stink thro' the land.

Drugger. Therefore, let all the people take *my snuff.*

Face. Right, little *Nab!*

Kastril. I mean to purge and purify their brains,
And with strong reason bring conviction home.
The crimes of ***

Subtle. Hush, my son!
I am delighted with this specimen.
And, as of course, shall give you a few lessons,
These, I'm sure, will not be sown in an ungrateful soil.
The first is——Mum!

Enter DOLL COMMON.

Doll Common. You give him lessons—take my pupil from me,
A pupil apt! Dare you again attempt it,
I'll pound you into mummy.

Subtle. Nay, but *Dolsey.*

Doll Common. What! dare you speak! [*Strikes him.*

Drugger. Her arguments will silence *the orator.*

Doll Common. What's that you mutter, oaf? [*Gives him a box on the ear.*

Face. You will be meddling, *Nab.*
Restrain your fury, my *Virago Doll.*

Doll Common. Let *Kastril,* then, return to his allegiance,
Nor listen to the nonsense of *old Subtle,*
Or that *tobacco fool.*

Drugger. That's I.

Face. He shall, my empress,
The queen of all the *dolls* in Christendom.

Doll Common (to Kastril). Come here, and pay obeisance.
So far 'tis well: I'll teach you how to brave
Even the loud vestry's voice, to stand
The parish gaze.

Kastril. Enough! I vow allegiance,
Supremacy acknowledge, and so forth.

Face (to Kastril). Instil these notions in your *sister Pliant,*
Whom, with your leave, I'll take to be *my client.*

[*Exeunt.*

THE ADVENTURES OF

MAHOMET, *THE WANDERING SULTAN;*

OR,

A SKETCH OF

MEN, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Written in 1796.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

(Continued from page 356.)

Chapter XI.

ALTHOUGH the friendly admonition of the minister restrained, in some degree, the indiscriminate bounty of the sultan, he still continued his visits to the peasants, and his assistance to those pointed out to him as proper objects of his liberality. In the course of one of these his diurnal excursions, he entered, as indeed he frequently did, the cottage of Zeigler.

The family, with the exception of Louisa, were all at their different employments. Her he found in tears; and, from the hurry with which she concealed something in her bosom, and the confusion with which she met his glances, it occurred to him, that she had been contemplating the picture which he guessed was in idea its internal as in reality its external inhabitant. They entered into conversation, concerning her parents, her brother and sister, the vintage, the weather, and several other subjects; Mahomet hoping all the while that a word would drop which would afford him an opportunity delicately to introduce the topic which he wished to pursue, namely, that of her lover; but unfortunately no such opportunity seemed likely to occur. Accident, however, did what design would not probably have effected; and in the moment when the sultan was puzzled how he should begin, sent Johan, who in his careless manner announced that he came to call his sister from her contemplation to assist at the vintage. But seeing Mahomet, he continued, "As you, Louisa, are better engaged, my parents would by no means have you leave the stranger alone: they thought you were crying;"—"as indeed she always is of late," said he, addressing the sultan, "when left to herself."

A glance of indignation flashed from the animated eyes of Louisa. "If this brotherly accusation were true," said she, "you should rather pity than blame me for it; because, at my time of life, tears are seldom shed without reason."

"That I deny," returned Johan, "for I saw the person for whom you mourn, or his ghost, gliding under Hoffman's elms yester evening."

The surprise of the sultan, and the confusion of Louisa, only provoked the laughter of Johan, who after repeating his assertion, with the addition that the appearance of the ghost of Louisa's lover would make a valuable addition to the collection of old Zacary's stories, ran out of the cottage.

Mahomet advanced toward the mourning fair; and, taking her hand, said, "I mean not to make any advantage of what has occurred, in order to wring from the lovely Louisa a secret which she wishes to conceal. Perhaps that sincerity which is the national characteristic of the Swiss is not expected to extend to love; and therefore, in affairs of the heart, all females are alike reluctant to discover what they might term a weakness: but were it otherwise, what right have I, a stranger, a traveller, the reasons for whose journey, and whose real situation, are equally mysterious, to expect to become your confident?

"Yet with all these circumstances against me," he continued, "I still flatter myself, that the confidence which I cannot demand as a right, I shall receive as a favour, when I assure you, that what I now urge arises not from the stimulation of impertinent curiosity, but from a consciousness of the power, connected with a strong inclination, to serve you."

"Were I inclined to accept of your generous offer," returned Louisa, "your being, with respect to your real situation, a stranger, would be no objection; as, during the short period of our acquaintance, your amiable manners and interesting benevolence have made so indelible an impression upon my mind, that were not the idea too aspiring, I could consider you as a brother. But, alas! I fear I nourish a secret in my bosom which hourly corrodes my heart, the pangs of which it is not in the power of even fraternal affection to alleviate."

"Whatsoever the secret may be whose residence is so much to be envied," said Mahomet, "I should suppose, if no benefit, little mischief could arise from

your communicating it to one whom you have honoured with the appellation of brother. You blush, lovely Louisa! Shall I spare your virgin delicacy the pain of confession, and venture to guess, that it may be drawn from your breast by an application to the riband by which it is now suspended."

"Hold!" she exclaimed, in the greatest agitation. "It is immaterial to inquire how you have discovered what I would have wished to conceal. Perhaps my brother informed you that I was the possessor of this picture: If he did, you will, I have no doubt, keep my secret better than he has done. You will, when you contemplate this miniature, see the cause both of my late melancholy and present emotion." She then took from her neck the portrait of an officer, and delivered it to him."

Mahomet gazed at it for some minutes with the most earnest attention; in the course of which he perfectly recognized the resemblance of the traveller, who had, some days before, accompanied Herman and himself part of their way toward the village. As the sultan seemed wrapped in thought, the confusion of Louisa increased: he observed her emotion, and said, "If I have for some time been surprised into silence, it is not from the circumstance of which this picture informs me, namely, that two beautiful young persons have an affection for each other, but that it should have so happened that I should have been so fortunate as to have seen and conversed with the original from whom this likeness is drawn."

"Seen and conversed with the original?"

"Yes!" he continued; "and then repeated the story of their meeting, the conversation he had with the traveller, a description of his person and dress, and every other circumstance that occurred until his leaving him, as he thought, to proceed on his journey to Milan: "though it appears," he added, "from what your brother has said, that he has relinquished that design, and conceals himself near the spot which contains his fair enslaver."

"If he does, it is entirely unknown to me," she replied. "I abhor the idea of being suspected of a clandestine correspondence too much to encourage such a practice, or conceal, if in this village it could be concealed, such a circumstance. It is near two years since I have seen Othbert."

"Two years!" said the sultan: "what an eternity in love. But as you have gone thus far, Louisa, I hope you will not deem it intrusive, if I inquire how your acquaintance commenced."

"By no means," she replied. "Secure of secresy and sympathy, I willingly relate the accident that brought us acquainted. At a town about four hours ride from this valley****

Here she was interrupted by hearing the voices of Zeigler and his family, who were returning from their labour, and had only time to promise the sultan to gratify his curiosity the first opportunity, when her father and mother appeared.

With the same apparently heartfelt hospitality they welcomed their guest; and even commended Louisa for having induced him to stay until their return. Mahomet enjoyed once more the domestic pleasures of the cottage, listened to the old man's tales of the warlike actions of his ancestors, and his exultation in the virtues of former times, which he strongly contrasted with the degeneracy of the present. Herman joined the group; Martha and Louisa sung; and the evening was spent with that innocent gaiety and domestic hilarity which always distinguished the convivial meetings of these happy people.

When the sultan and the son of the pastor left the cottage, although it was moon-light, that planet had receded behind the mountains on the left; consequently their broad and sable shadows extended over the road, only intersected by those gleams of light which issued through their breaks, and striking upon the opposite rocks, and the tops of the trees, diffused a silvery tint as far as their influence extended.

While Mahomet and Herman were immersed in the deepest shade, they thought they discerned, in a part where a vivid reflex fell upon the ground, a person walking at a very quick pace. The latter, wishing to discover who he was, called, but had no other answer than from the various echoes which repeated the sound of his voice. They ran; the figure seemed to fly before them; though they more than once approached near enough to hear the sound of his footsteps. They now entered a grove that led up to the house of the minister; the sound died upon their ears: silence and darkness suc-

ceeded. Conjecturing that some of the cottagers were out later than usual, they gave up the pursuit, and ere they arrived at the mansion, this circumstance, which had, at first, so engaged their attention, was thought of no more. Indeed, when he retired, the mind of Mahomet was wholly occupied by reflections upon what had passed betwixt Louisa and himself that afternoon. Charmed as he had been with her at first sight, she had, at every subsequent meeting, become more interesting. "Is there not," he asked himself, "in this young woman, an innate politeness, the gift of nature to her at her birth, a delicacy of sentiment and elegance of manners which are certainly neither owing to education nor derived from imitation? Born and nurtured in the bosom of these mountains, secluded from that which is termed polished society, and devoted to a life of domestic toil, her genius, the energies of her mind, though repressed by the humility of her condition, still soar far above those of the generality of her sex. With a form fashioned by the hand of nature, with a voice wild yet enchanting as the melody of the feathered choir, still in her stile and manners corrected only by the elegant sensibility of her own judgment, how much doth she out-rival all those beauties that I have seen, whose charms are in a great degree the production of art, whose manners, and even mode of thinking, are the emanations of education? How much more fascinating are the attractions of this lovely mountaineer than those of the imprisoned fair of the seraglio! I am resolved, if her lover prove worthy of her, to make them happy."

In the morning, Mahomet had promised to attend Scalch in his garden, and make a progress with him through a part of the vicinity. But although he kept his engagement, he was far from listening with that profound attention which he had formerly done to the observations of the good pastor.

In vain the latter explained to him the structure, properties, and medicinal virtues of the Alpine plants; pointed out the various beauties of the flowers which strewed the lap of nature; and, with a masterly hand, sketched before him the most prominent traits of the landscape; described the advantages of contrast; and tastefully explained to him the artful, as it seemed, arrangement, and picturesque effect of the different species of trees, from the sturdy oak and the unbending pine, that proudly brave the tempest, to the red-topped ash, the spiral poplar, and the weeping willow, that adorned the various dells and acclivities.

"When one observes these majestic vegetables," he continued, "rearing their heads upon the stupendous cliffs of these Alpine regions, it would be natural for curiosity to ask how they could be first planted on heights and in situations to which all human access is denied? To this question conjecture only can afford an answer. It is imagined, that the eagle, vulture, and other birds, bear their seeds aloft, and deposit them in the narrow fissures and crevices of the rocks, as a provision for their winter sustenance. These birds either emigrate or are destroyed; the seeds take root, and in a series of years become those plantations which you see before you. Those fibrous tendrils, peculiarly adapted to draw nutriment from the scanty soil contained between the interstices of the stone, and their hardy trunks and branches calculated to brave the fury of the raging elements, afford shelter to the Chamois, which you must have observed browsing in the most perilous situations, and protection to the mountain birds, may also afford to us indubitable proofs, if proofs were wanting, that no part of the creation, however inconsiderable, is by the Almighty deemed unworthy of his providential care."

As soon as Mahomet was disengaged from the pastor, he sought the cottage of Zeigler. Louisa was absent. He walked through the field, to the vineyard, in search of her. The hilarity which the gay season of a luxurious vintage diffused around, made but little impression upon his mind, absorbed in contemplation on the daughter of his former host. In vain he sought her among the ruddy daughters of Pomona; the garden and wood were also explored in vain. Not choosing, from motives of delicacy, to apply to her parents for information, he patiently awaited until he saw Johan depart toward the wine-press loaded with a large basket of grapes. He followed him; and when out of the sight of the rest of the family, asked him, how it happened that Louisa was not engaged with her parents and companions in their daily toil?

Johan sat down his basket, and, assuming a look of great sagacity, answered, "Because she is ill."

"Ill!" echoed the sultan.

"Yes, ill!" returned Johan; "but I can guess the reason of her malady."

"Since you are so sagacious, will you have the goodness to make me a partaker of your wisdom, by informing me to what cause you conjecture the indisposition of the lovely Louisa is owing?"

"Certainly!" replied Johan. "You deserve my confidence, for keeping my secret with respect to the picture so well."

"Have I not kept it?"

"From all but my sister, probably, you have."

"Nor did I ever disclose it to her," continued Mahomet: "our conversation upon that subject arose from your report of a stranger having been seen in the neighbourhood."

"That report was true," said Johan. "The stranger whose likeness she wears in her bosom has been, and perhaps is, still concealed in a cottage at some distance: nay more, he wanders about at times when he is not likely to meet with any one to question him, and was last night at the outward door of our house during the time that we were all so merry within."

"This singular conduct," returned Mahomet, "demands an explanation. If you can spare time, my good Johan, to-morrow you shall shew me his retreat."

"To-morrow," said Johan, "is the triumph of Tell, and consequently a holiday. I will attend you with pleasure."

They continuing in conversation arrived at the cottage: and soon after they entered, the vociferation of Johan brought Louisa down from her chamber; to whom, after the youth retreated, the sultan said, "Had I not, lovely Louisa, been informed that you were indisposed, your countenance, that faithful index, would have discovered that some secret uneasiness preys upon your mind. What new misfortune has eclipsed the brilliancy of those eyes?"

"A misfortune greater than I could have expected," she replied. "Othbert is returned."

"Do you term that a misfortune?"

"I do," she continued, "and I fear too justly; because he has returned, not as I expected, from the tenderness of our parting, with the disposition to fulfil those solemn engagements we then entered into, but full of suspicions as derogatory to his own honour as mine. He is returned, not as I expected, the ardent lover, but the insulting tyrant!" Here her tears hindering her from proceeding, she gave into the hand of the sultan a paper, which he found to contain these words:

"When, impelled by duty, I reluctantly took leave of this valley, in order to join my regiment, I left under the protection of her paternal roof, in the arms of her parents, and guarded, as I vainly supposed, by her plighted faith, her virtue and honour, the loveliest of her sex. Reluctant as I was to part with so inestimable a treasure, I was enabled to perform my duty through the various scenes which two active campaigns exhibited, by the reflection on the security in which it was deposited. Resolved as soon as I was discharged from the service that those reasons which had induced me to keep our correspondence a secret from your family should operate no longer, I flew on the wings of love to fulfil my engagements, to demand your hand, and to dedicate the remainder of my life, and the little fortune which I could call my own, to you and to domestic enjoyment.

"Alas! how ideal, how unsubstantial must be his foundation who builds his hope of happiness upon the baseless fabric of the female mind!

"What was the first report I heard when I arrived at this place? That I had a rival! Shall I aver, that this circumstance did not then greatly alarm me. A rival, the fascinating influence of your charms might induce me to expect; but, good Heaven! a favoured rival, from the delicacy of Louisa's mind, I never could have supposed I should have met with; especially as I considered our engagement as immutable. I have, however, too glaring proofs, reasons too potent, to suffer me any longer to doubt her infidelity!

"A stranger with whom I have accidentally conversed, and whose personal and mental accomplishments have been the destroyers of my peace of mind and hope of happiness, has, if I am rightly informed, for some time, in my absence, resided at your house, and since been your constant visitor. Of the latter circumstance I have, unfortunately, had ocular demonstration. Whether he has, or means to ask you of your father, I know not; but I do know, that you devote yourself to him, dress for him,

dance with him, and bestow upon him a great portion of that time, a few moments of which would have made me supremely happy.

"What can you, Louisa, say to this accusation? If you mean to refute these charges, your refutation must be speedy, as my residence in this place must necessarily be short. Yet I can scarcely resolve to return to a home which I would gladly have abandoned for your sake, to friends whom upon your account I have treated with unkindness, without hearing from your own lips an apology, if an apology can be made, for your present conduct. Though perhaps I am again flattering only to subject myself again to the bitter pangs of disappointment, and the explanation which in the delusive visionary hour I am sometimes induced to hope, you, exulting in your more elevated prospects, fascinated by the superior accomplishments of my more opulent rival, will not deign to afford. Better, far better, would it be, that I should take advantage of the resolution which jealousy stimulates, and pride at this moment encourages, and remove for ever from your hearing, the sighs, and from the atmospheric influence of your cruel compassion, the despair of the wretched

"OTHBERT."

Mahomet read this epistle more than once with a profound attention; an attention not in the least interrupted by Louisa, who sat absorbed in sorrow, until he addressed her, saying,

"Of what nature soever may have been the reports which have reached the ears of the author of this paper, if they were founded in fact, and did not render him unhappy, I should rejoice in the confirmation of them. It is a falsehood which I cannot assert, nor would you, lovely Louisa, believe me if I did, were I to say that I behold you with indifference. Perhaps my friendship, for I will not compliment myself so far as to term it love, would have been more ardent, had I not, the moment I became sensible of the influence of your charms, had reason to suspect your engagement: therefore, although I might ardently desire, I would not basely steal a heart estimable as your own. Indeed, my situation in life and future destination render the character of a lover to you, even beautiful as you are, incompatible with the prospects of both. My stay in this valley is nearly drawn to a conclusion; but before I leave it, before I bid you adieu for ever, I am determined to see Othbert, to come to an explanation, and, if it is in my power, to leave you happy. Let me, therefore, know the situation in which he stands with respect to fortune, and also the progress of your love, I shall then judge of the properest means to be pursued, in order to facilitate the measures which I shall take to render my best services to both."

"Generous stranger!" exclaimed Louisa. "What words shall I find sufficiently energetic to convey a faithful picture of the emotions of a mind alternately oppressed by the cruel suspicion of Othbert, and relieved by these effusions of your tenderness and sensibility."

"None!" replied Mahomet. "My sensations with respect to your situation are so much the spontaneous emanations of a heart as sensible of your accomplishments as of your beauty, that they neither merit nor deserve acknowledgments. Though, as I have hinted, I can be nothing to Louisa but as a brother, yet, as a brother anxious for her happiness, I mean to shew myself to the fullest extent of that assumed character. Born as we were in parts of the globe far remote from each other, different as have been our habits of life, I am convinced that our minds are allied. This would be a dangerous doctrine to insinuate to a young woman of less sense and virtue than yourself. But you, I am sure, will consider this assertion as the genuine effusion of an affection which seeks a gratification superior to those which even beauty can supply, or passion indulge; namely, that of promoting the happiness of its object."

"I do consider it as such," returned Louisa, giving him her hand. "In your assumed character of a brother, I am free to acknowledge a sisterly affection for you, and am at this moment far more sensible than my contracted ideas and unpolished language will supply me with words to express, both of your sensibility and delicacy with respect to my present embarrassed situation, and of your generous offer of future service. I shall, therefore, keeping the character in view which you have done me the highest honour by adopting, disclose my secret to you, as to a brother, a tender brother, anxious for a weak and timid sister's happiness; and, in order to do this with propriety, proceed in the narration which was yester-

day interrupted. There is a town about four hours ride from this hamlet, at which, in the month of June, on the anniversary of the patron saint of an abbey, an annual fair is held. The happy agreement which has in this canton long subsisted betwixt the Calvinist inhabitants and their Roman Catholic neighbours, not only allows, but frequently induces us of the former persuasion to be present at the festivals of the latter; from which, indeed, a reciprocal advantage arises. For you must have observed, or at least have been informed, that in these Alpine regions, where the inhabitants are broken into small societies, and dispersed over a considerable track of land, communication, from the danger of the roads, the impediments of snow and ice, and other local circumstances, must, during the winter, be difficult, and in some seasons impossible. Therefore, to purchase quantities of different domestic articles, the fair I have mentioned is much frequented.

" Wheresoever a concourse of people assemble, though their motive be business, pleasure will intrude. All the young, the beautiful, the gay, and the gallant, from the adjacent parts of this country, and even the Milanese, repair to the fair, which is, indeed, a topic of conversation for months both before and after the happy period of its anniversary.

" I had almost from an infant had the delight attending its celebration impressed upon my mind in the most glowing colours: but whether from indolence of disposition, from a dislike to such busy scenes, or from a disgust that arose in my bosom at the accounts which I frequently heard of the broad unmeaning mirth and rustic gaiety which formed the distinguished features of this meeting, until my accompanying them was, by my parents, made the condition upon which my brother and sister were to be permitted to partake of the pleasure of this festival, to which they had looked forward with ardent desire, I never could be persuaded to become a sharer in its amusements.

" We set out with that active hilarity of spirit, with which the pursuit of pleasure is in the morning of life apt to inspire its votaries. It would be affecting more wisdom than I possess, were I to state, that I did not derive from the fineness of the weather, the good humour of my company, and the variety of characters which crowded the road, all bending their course to the same point, a considerable degree of satisfaction. The transactions of the day, were I to recite them, would afford you but little amusement. When we were returning, our party had considerably increased; and I must add, that the spirits of my companions were at the highest pitch of exhilaration. They shouted, they sung, they made their horses curvet even in the narrowest and most precipitous parts of the road; and the surrounding mountains frequently echoed responsive to their peals of laughter.

" As you will, I hope, imagine this boisterous, and indeed senseless, mirth was not very agreeable to my feelings, or to the habit of my mind, that idea will furnish you with the reason why I had rode on before; and from the brow of an immense mountain over which we were passing, I was amusing myself with contemplating the solemn effect which the declining sun, as its vermilion tints faded upon the rocks and trees, diffused over the face of nature. In this speculation, while my eyes pursued the fleeting clouds, and combined the various masses of light and shade with the general and grand features that produced them, my thoughts ascended far, far indeed, above my elevated station, even to the celestial throne of Providence, when my attention was instantaneously arrested by the shrill and piercing sound of a trumpet. I started. So, alas! did the horse on which I rode. Over the rough and craggy way the beast flew like lightning; as my screams increased, so did his celerity; it was therefore with the greatest difficulty that I was able to keep my seat; and indeed when I found my exertions to stop him availed but little, I was more than once upon the point of throwing myself off his back, especially as we seemed to approach near the edge of the precipice. Fear only made me cling to him; and the conclusion of this adventure would unquestionably have been fatal, if, in the very moment when death seemed inevitable, a man had not rushed before the frightened animal, and, seizing the bridle, stopped him. The shock which this operation gave was so sudden, that, by my terror rendered insensible, I abandoned the rein, and fell into his extended arms. When I recovered, I found myself seated by the side of the road; and observing that darkness was

fast approaching, I called for my brother and companions, but called in vain. A panic different from that from which I had been relieved now seized me, upon finding myself with a stranger, and in a place of which I had no knowledge. Othbert, for it was him, observing my emotion, said, 'At this moment, the only circumstance that could add to the happiness which I feel in your preservation, would be to witness your speedy recovery from the mischievous effects of my inadvertence.

"'That you may know to whom you owe your present distress,' he continued, 'it will be necessary to inform you, that I am a lieutenant in one of the new-raised Swiss regiments that are ordered to march toward the coast of the Mediterranean. I this morning went with a party to the fair, having an order to recruit for the Milanese cavalry. We were returning through one of those narrow defiles which wind around the sides of the mountain, when, at the mouth of a cavern, I ordered two trumpets to sound a charge, merely to try the effect of the echo. As this our amusement was interrupted by a violent shriek, which seemed to proceed from the road beneath us, I instantly threw myself from my horse, and, running to the edge, saw the danger to which you were exposed. Almost frantic, I rushed down a foot-path which led to this spot, to which your horse was forced to make a circuit, and happily arrived in time to save you from impending destruction.'

"But where, I asked, is my brother? Where are my companions?

"'These questions,' returned Othbert, 'it is impossible for me to answer. But wheresoever they may be, you are protected. At this moment we were joined by several soldiers; and Othbert, who had determined to conduct me home, wished me again to mount my horse; but I had become so timid, in consequence of my late fright, that I was resolved, whatever inconvenience I might suffer, not to venture upon the back of an animal so susceptible to accidental impressions. Othbert, therefore, supporting me, while one of his men led the way and another followed, we proceeded down the winding paths which lead to this village.

"Whether the glowing impulse of gratitude, or the interesting nature of his discourse, made me regard him with particular attention, I cannot tell; but I imagined that I had never listened to one whose voice and conversation were so extremely engaging. I neither was sensible of the ruggedness of the road, nor tired with the length of the journey; the transactions of the day, the fair, my brother, sister, and companions, were equally forgotten. Indeed, my fortunate preservation dwelt upon my mind, because I suppose it was connected with the idea of my gallant deliverer: and why should I conceal a weakness which your penetration will enable you to conjecture: I was almost sorry when, by the beams of the lights glimmering among the trees, and the small spire which the moon behind it discovered, I was convinced of my vicinity to this hamlet.

"I will pass over the congratulations of my companions, who had sought me in vain, and the joy of my parents when, relieved from their anxiety, they folded me in their arms. They heard with rapture a short recital of my story; praised the courage, the gallantry, the humanity of Othbert, and wished to thank him; but, alas! Othbert had only accompanied me to the door of the cottage, and, when assured of my safety, had instantly disappeared.

"The ideas of the transactions of the day, of my danger, deliverance, and deliverer, pursued me through the night. In the morning, as soon as my disengagement from domestic employment would permit, having an ardent desire to retrace some part of the road which I had passed the preceding evening, I set out, in order to see if, by walking some way, I could not get a distant view of the precipice, at least of the mountain, which had been the scene of the meeting betwixt me and Othbert. I had not proceeded far upon my journey before I met the person whose idea filled my mind with gratitude. He had come toward the village with the same intention. Although generally possessed with a favourable opinion of my preserver, my fright had the evening before given me little opportunity, while the day-light lasted, to observe him. I now took more accurate notice of his figure. Dressed in the hussar uniform, his countenance flushed with health, and his eyes animated with pleasure, yet beaming with benevolence, how did all the men I had then seen, suffer by a comparison with him. But if such was my private opinion, and in consequence of it I directed my glances toward him, he regarded me with still greater attention.

I cannot say that at this interview he declared his passion; yet in such rapture did he seem at our rencontre, such was his refined, his delicate regard to every word that I uttered, that I judged, nay I hoped, I had made some impression upon his heart; and I will freely confess, if he had been many days silent upon that important subject, I should have been much disappointed. I was not so unfortunate. Our interviews soon became frequent; and in the course of our conversation, which you will believe was always interesting, Othbert informed me, that he was of a family which, although fallen in its fortune, was in rank considerable, and which was now settled at Berne. That he had made one campaign, as he hoped, with credit to himself, and was upon the point of returning to the army. I shuddered at this information, for we had, at least mentally, affianced ourselves, and before the time of his final departure, we really plighted our troth to each other. Upon this solemn occasion, he presented me this picture, and accepted in return a locket, which I had purchased at the fair. It was then settled, that at the close of the campaign he should either resign his commission, or obtain leave of absence, and, proceeding to Berne, communicate his passion to his parents; though, I must observe, he did not seem to have a very sanguine hope of obtaining their approbation: but in the event of their refusal, to indulge his predilection for me, he resolved, as he had a small patrimony in a country at some distance, to turn that into money, purchase a farm in this village, and here fix his residence.

"You will imagine that I very reluctantly concealed an affair of this importance from my parents: but if you for a moment reflect, that it was at the request of a man to whom I considered myself bound by every tie of affection and gratitude, who made that concealment, until his return, his ardent, his principal request at parting, I shall, perhaps, in your opinion, stand excused."

"That you certainly would, lovely Louisa," returned Mahomet, "had your violation of that confidence which ought to subsist betwixt children and their parents been much more atrocious. I have heard your artless tale with an attention which has been rewarded by the pleasure it has afforded me. I applaud the motive which prompted you to resign your heart to a lover who seems, at least till very lately, well to have deserved the preference with which you honoured him, and am sorry that my conduct should ever have given him a moment's uneasiness. To-morrow I will seek him, and endeavour to come to an explanation."

"With regard to that part of your conduct which respects yourself," returned Louisa, "I think you are in the right: but with regard to me, you will, I hope, consider, that, susceptible in the highest degree of gratitude and love, my heart is, I fear, equally susceptible of pride. If in tenderness I am a woman, I am also a woman in resentment. Was it, oh inform me! was it kind, was it quite acting like an ardent lover, after the terrors which his long protracted absence, and the still greater terrors which his profession forced me to endure; after I had lived only for him; made this his loved resemblance the constant object of my contemplation; considered it as the charm by which I was connected with existence; looked forward with anxious hope, with joy tempered by fear, to the hour of his return, as a period from which I should date my future happiness! Was it kind, I repeat, while I was expecting him with all the ardour of a virtuous passion, for the object of it to lurk somewhere about the village, to listen at the door, to watch my actions like a spy, and, forgetting what was due to my character and his own, behold them through a jaundiced medium? Is this a letter for one"******

"Hold, my dear Louisa!" said Mahomet, interrupting her: "I must, in this instance, endeavour to repress your emotion, and soften the asperity of your resentment, by an assurance that, in my purposed interview with Othbert, the dignity of your sex shall be preserved, the delicacy of your situation considered; though, at the same time, I must observe, that, with respect to his suspicions, I can not only excuse, but must applaud him for them. Could you behold yourself with his, or perhaps with my eyes, you would no longer wonder at or resent the emanation of his jealousy, when he had reason to think himself in danger of losing what, in his epistle, he justly terms an invaluable treasure: therefore upon this subject let all resentment cease, and rather consider his anxiety, and its consequences, as the most convincing proof which he could give of his passion."

The appearance of the family prevented any further conversation upon this subject; and as it had been too interesting to the mind of Mahomet to permit him to assume the ease which was necessary to the enjoyment of that domestic hilarity which ever presided in the cottage of Zeigler, he presently withdrew.

(To be continued.)

Historical Traits of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

Nor need my *Suffolk*, like *Leander*, brave
A present death in every breaking wave;
When, guided only by a glimm'ring light,
He cross'd the stormy *Hellespont* by night.
Tall ships, with swelling sails and lab'ring oars,
Attend to land thee on the Gallic shores:
But thou art chang'd; that ardour is expir'd
Which once thy wishes with impatience fir'd,
When Savoy's blooming duchess strove in vain
From me, the conquest of thy heart to gain.

Epistle of Mary, Queen of France, to Charles, Duke of Suffolk.

IT was an observation made by *Cardinal Pole*, who had very good reasons for viewing the conduct of *Henry* VIII. with a most accurate and scrutinizing eye, that "*the heads of those who were in the highest favour with that capricious monarch were in the greatest danger.*" This observation, however, certainly did not apply to *Charles Brandon*. If we endeavour to discover why, we shall find, that the rise and the safety of this nobleman emanated from a very considerable similarity betwixt him and his royal master; the *Duke of Suffolk* possessed all the virtues, and none of the vices, of the monarch.

In that age of romantic gallantry, when chivalry, which had, during the long wars that had harassed and distressed this country, and the different contentions which had involved the rest of Europe, languished, was revived; the people, who had respired through the reign of *Henry* VII. had, by the preceptors of their great favourite *Prince Arthur*, been taught to admire the elegance, the pomp, and circumstance of war, as they had already had sufficient experience of its enormities and horrors. The tournaments were then renewed in Europe with a splendor that had not been known since the age of *Edward* III. and although this seemed a brilliant blaze, calculated to light them to their termination, it struck and fascinated the youthful ideas of *Henry* VIII. The most accomplished cavalier in this country was the *Duke of Suffolk*; he had been successful in several of those tournaments, had enchanted princesses, been raised from the station of squire of the body to the king to that of the highest dignity. He had shone with uncommon lustre in the courts of *France* and *Flanders*; was the principal object in the splendid masks, tilts, and revels, that were given in England; and possessed that romantic passion, that kind of superlative gallantry, which rendered him the theme of universal admiration. It is little to be wondered, then, that a youthful prince, whose mind had a strong tincture of the same enthusiastic heroism, should become attached to him; and still less, that his sister, the *Princess Mary*, should entertain a most violent passion for him long before she was made a political sacrifice to *Louis* XII. King of France.

This marriage, calculated to have formed the subject of a novel, seems have afforded the *Duke of Suffolk* an opportunity to display both his passion and his talent for enterprise. Violent, it has been said, was the resistance which the princess made to the match; she, in favour of her lover, braved the fury of her brother: but here she was foiled: she was opposing a man whose attachment to his own opinion is well known, and who had never before been thwarted: and although the spirit of the lovely *Mary* was nearly equal to his own, as it was absolutely necessary that one of them should give up the contest, she, after she had goaded the monarch almost to madness, at length reluctantly yielded to his wishes. The last article she insisted upon was, that *Suffolk* should attend her. This *Henry*, who knew the man, and indeed the woman too, peremptorily refused; the consequence of which was, that the duke stole away in disguise, and, in spite of the denunciations that the monarch sent thundering after him, followed his beloved *Princess* to *France*.

This was an excellent opportunity for the enemies of the duke to endeavour to turn the affection of his sovereign against him; and it was not neglected: but it appears their machinations had little effect; Henry, whether to mortify them or not is uncertain, declared, "that he thought *Charles* had done a very spirited thing, and that if he had been in his situation, he should have acted just the same himself."

When the *Duke* arrived at *Paris*, he still continued his disguise, and appeared at the magnificent tournament celebrated at *St. Dennis* on the joyful occasion of the royal nuptials, as a stranger knight, in black armour; he was only known to the *Queen* by a small white scarf which he wore on his arm: this she had worked for him, and presented to him. Glowing with all the animation which the sight of the lovely object, the desire of vengeance, and his jealousy inspired, the *Duke of Suffolk* was irresistible; he flew like lightning against the *Duc de Vendosme*, whom he overturned in an instant. The *Count de St. Pol* shared the same fate: acclamations are said by the French historian to have *beat* the skies; certain it is, that the field echoed and re-echoed with the shouts and applauses excited by the astonishing prowess of the unknown champion. In this, to him, unfortunate moment, the *Duc d'Angoulême* approached: expectation had scarcely time to respire before he was unhorsed; but at the same instant his conqueror was discovered. Whether accident or vanity induced *Suffolk* to raise his beaver, is uncertain; but he was, as soon as known, conducted to the *Queen*, to receive the prize which his valour had most indisputably obtained. This was a trying moment for *Mary*: she is said to have fainted. She, however, recovered sufficiently to introduce him to the *King*, who received him with all that politeness and respect to which his rank and his merit so well entitled him.

Louis XII. who had in the former part of his reign acquired great glory, has been represented as a man in years: he was certainly more than twice the age of his queen; but although he had had two wives, he was at no very advanced period of life. *Cardinal Bembo* had, in a letter which he wrote from *Pesaro*, prophecied his death; and it is certain his prophetic representations were fulfilled, as the monarch *survived* his marriage only *eighty days*. A considerable part of this period was spent by the *Duke of Suffolk* in attendance upon the young and beautiful queen: and whether the *Duc d'Angoulême*, afterwards *Francis* I. judged of others by himself, or had any real cause to suspect the conduct of the English nobleman, Mezerai asserts, that he took care he should be narrowly watched, lest he should give the king a successor. However, his fears upon this occasion subsided; and two months after the death of the monarch, his young and beautiful widow was, as we should now say, *led to the altar* by the accomplished *Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk*. This hasty marriage was, it is said, *in point of delicacy*, the cause of great displeasure to *Henry* VIII. But the lovely *Duchess*, who knew what was done could not be undone, told him, that he had had his own way with regard to her first marriage, and she was resolved to have hers respecting the second. The monarch stormed, and threatened *Suffolk*; but she boldly opposed his rage, and averred, that if there was any guilt in the case, it was on her part, for she had absolutely *courted* the *Duke*. Henry seems to have had no objection to meeting with a spirit equal to his own; and as he really loved his sister and her husband, he was, at length pacified: he not only received *Charles*, as he used, when in good humour, to term him, into favour, but also showered *favours* upon him during his reign; of which the first was the large grant of the palace called *Suffolk-house*, and its appendages, Southwark.* The progeny of this *love match* was numerous, though they were not all equally fortunate. *Frances*, one of the daughters, married *Henry Grey*, *Duke of Suffolk*, by whom she became the mother of the accomplished *Lady Jane*, who, a martyr to her connexions, reluctantly contended with *Mary* for the crown of England. The other descendants of the sister of *Henry* VIII. intermarrying with the English nobility, have diffused a portion of the royal blood through many of the principal families in the kingdom. As the era of this noble duke seems to open a new scene in English history, the subjects connected with his character will be resumed on some future occasion. J. M.

THE MELANGE.

No. XIII.

GARRICK.

WHEN Garrick first took his house in the Adelphi, he was, one morning, speaking to a gentleman †

* Now the Mint, &c.

† This gentleman was our ingenious friend the late Mr. Wolf, one of the clerks of the office of works, Scotland-yard. He, with ——— Gandon, Esq. who had been pupil to

respecting its situation and conveniences.

"But," said the gentleman to him, "although the house is elegant, and indeed superb, there is not, I believe, any *yard* behind it."

"No," returned Garrick, "there is not absolutely *a yard*, but I think the space is *thirty-five inches*."

FRANCIS HAYMAN, ESQ. R. A.

We think this very ingenious artist was, during his apprenticeship, employed in painting the ornamental parts of the interior of many very superb civic mansions. We have, in particular, remarked a large house on the right hand side of Fenchurch-street,* on the ceilings and stair-case of which his manner is very discernible. We do not exactly know where his master lived, but he has frequently stated, that it was a considerable way from the eastern part of the city. *Frank Hayman* had, at that period, an appetite which was considered as extraordinary, even *in London;* those of his fellow-'prentices and the journeymen employed in the works were little inferior. They dined at a public-house in the neighbourhood; and such was the magnitude of their performances, that it was observed to the landlord, there was a great probability that he would be *eaten* out of *house* and *home*.

"I should be absolutely ruined by those young painters," replied the landlord, "but for one circumstance; which is, that their extraordinary appetites have become objects of great celebrity and curiosity in this quarter of the city, where we are such *judges of those things*: the consequence of which is, that every noon we have a gormandizing exhibition, and my house is full of spectators to see THE GREAT EATERS: the company then retire to my other rooms to talk the matter over; conversation *produces thirst;* and therefore I make up by the sale of my liquor for my loss by the devastation of my edibles. Long life to the painters, I say. May their appetites increase with the diminution "of what they feed on."

Sir William Chambers, wrote a treatise on the improvement of the metropolis. He was much afflicted with the gout; but when a fit had changed to a state of convalescence, he used to creep out to *sun* himself, as he called it, by the wall of Privy-garden.

* Going from Aldgate.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

This truly eccentric, yet amiable, character, was, one evening, at a card-party in the house of the late *Sir William Chambers*, Berners-street.

The game, at the table to which he sat down, was *whist:* the set was, *Lady Chambers, Baretti, Sir William*, and *the Doctor*. In a very important period of this contemplative game, when the fate of the rubber depended upon a single point, *Goldsmith*, to the astonishment of every one, gave a sudden start, threw down his hand of cards, flew out of the room, and into the street. He was back again almost in an instant. *Sir William*, fearful that he had been ill, said, "Where, the deuce, have you been in such a hurry, *Goldsmith?*"

"I'll tell you," he replied: "as I was deeply engaged, and pondering over my cards, my attention was attracted from them by the voice of a female in the street, who was singing and sobbing at the same time: so I flew down to relieve her distress; for I could not be quiet myself until I had quieted her."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OAT.

To the Editor of the Melange.

SIR,

Observing, in your last Magazine,* that notice was taken of this gentleman, whose professional talents as a *dancing-master* were unquestionable, and who was as pleasant a companion and good-natured a fellow as ever existed, it brought to my recollection, that I once, on one of the dirtiest days of November, met him in Little Drury-lane, which I believe you will allow to be one of the dirtiest places in the liberty of Westminster: while I was *great-coated* down to the ancles, and *booted* up to the knees, he was tripping along very nicely dressed, and at the same time picking his way with such circumspection, that not a single speck of dirt appeared on his beautifully glazed *white silk stockings*.

"What, friend Oat," said I, "could have induced you to venture out in *pumps* and *white silk hose* such a day as this?"

"Don't you know?" he replied.

"Not I, indeed."

"Then," he continued, "I will let you into a professional secret. I very frequently leave my carriage at home and of course give my horses a holiday

* Page 275.

in such weather as the present, and, thus equipped, traverse the streets, in order to shew to the public the advantages to be derived from *learning to dance*: of which the greatest is, perhaps, the enabling persons to *walk clean* even on a day, and in a place, like this."

He once, on his return from the Artillery-ground dressed in full regimentals, called upon a shop-keeper in Fleet-street. This gentleman, who was of his corps, came from behind his counter, and, to do honour to his field-officer, made him a bow almost to the ground. The *Harlequin*, at this instant, came into the head of *Oat;* therefore this was too inviting an opportunity to be missed; so he clapped his hand upon his adorer's shoulder, and was over his back in a moment.

The shopkeeper, still keeping his body bent, turned to his lieutenant-colonel with surprise and astonishment, and met him in precisely the same attitude. "Thus situated," Oat used, when telling the story, to say, "we looked exactly like the two gentlemen paying their obeisance to each other, on the sign over the door of the *Salutation Tavern*."

Slight as these traits are, I hope you will think them characteristic. I have heard of another dancing-master—Ward—who hated his profession so much, that he used to carry his kit in a *wig-box*, because he would rather be taken for a barber.

I am, yours, &c. H. R.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

THE following account of a *Tea Plant* growing in South America, may be interesting, and perhaps useful; at a time when we are to expect that a new and natural alliance is on the eve of taking place between us and the nations of that continent. It is taken from Falkner's "Description of Patagonia;" who resided forty years in those parts, and from whose book, which has become very scarce, you lately favoured your readers with a very curious extract.

"In South America is a kind of tea, bearing an exact resemblance to the herb which comes from China; for on putting some leaves of both sorts into boiling water, I could not discover, when they were displayed, any difference either in their shape or the disposition of their veins and fibrous parts. I found this tea-plant in very great quantities in different vales; and nearer Peru, &c. it grows in great plenty.

"It is a shrub, from a yard to above two yards high. Its trunk seldom exceeds an inch in thickness, and is often less. It has no suckers near the roots, but many long branches. Its leaves grow by three and three, in the manner of trefoil; of a beautiful green, and very smooth. It shoots out a long spoke of blue flowers, something like lavender, but not so long, nor so well scented. To each of these flowers succeeds a small husk, each of which contains a seed, not bigger than a third part of a lentil, shaped like a kidney-bean. After it is dry, on infusing it in water, it tinges the water in the same manner as green tea. Its taste and flavour are exactly the same, except that it is somewhat stronger, and is not so rough: but this difference is most probably owing to the freshness of it when gathered, or perhaps may arise from the different method of preparing it, or from not drying it on copper plates, as is said to be done in China.* In the drying, I could not make it become twisted and shrivelled, like the Oriental tea.

"There is a lesser kind of this plant, both with respect to its height and the size of its leaves.

"Another species grows in Chili. This has a round seed, without the husk; the flowers are yellow, and do not grow in a spike; and the leaf is not so smooth as that of the former, and is of a lighter green. On infusion it gives a deeper tinge. The taste much the same, with a small degree of faintness in its flavour. The Indian name is Culem.

"As I and several of my acquaintance gathered some bags of this tea, and freely distributed it to many persons, I had an opportunity of trying its effect, and found that it created a good appetite and digestion, cured many head-achs and inveterate apepsias (want of appetite) and anorexias (want of digestion), which had not yielded to any other remedies; in these particulars far excelling the tea of China. It is remarkable, that in the parts where this tea-plant grows, there is the same kind of stone as that of which the China ware is made."

* We now know, on the authority of Staunton, that this process is performed on *iron* plates, or pans.

PICTURE *of the* CITY *of* WARSAW.

(From Malte-Brun's "Picture of Poland," Paris, 1807.*)*

THE *ci-devant* capital of Poland is a city of very great antiquity; since Josaphat Barbaro makes mention of it. But it did not possess any eminent rank until after the union of Poland and Lithuania. Its situation was at that period the natural rendezvous of two nations equally haughty; neither of which would cede to the other the glory of giving a capital to their common country.

King Sigismond the IIId was the first who established his residence; and his successors have continued to reside there since that period. In order to favour the Lithuanians, the diet was transferred here in 1566. In the year 1655, the city was occupied by the Swedes, who there heaped up the rich plunder they had made in Poland. A considerable number of officers both of the state and of the military, as well as several ladies of distinction of the same nation, were in the city when the Poles laid siege to it in 1656, and took it by capitulation after a long and spirited resistance.

At that time Warsaw comprehended no more than that part which is now called the *City*, by way of pre-eminence. But there is nothing remarkable at Warsaw, except the suburbs: they are nine in number, and are called, *the New Town*, *Szolec*, *Bielino*, *Leschno*, *Grzybow*, *Wielopole*, *Nowy-Swiat* (New World), *Alexandria*, and *Cracow*. The town consists of one long, narrow, dirty street, from which several other streets branch off; but in the suburbs the streets are large and clean. There are several palaces, built chiefly in the time of the Saxon kings, churches, and monasteries of a handsome appearance. To use the words of a modern traveller, "The whole town is so horribly paved, that it is totally impossible to get your horses into a trot. The streets are filthy—not lighted—in some places ornamented with tolerably good-looking mansions, but more frequently with houses, or rather huts, of a most miserable appearance. Notwithstanding the disagreeable pavement of the town, and the mud and dust of the environs, the Poles are constantly on horseback. Their horses are very noble animals, and they manage them with great grace and dexterity."—We will not take upon us to say if this picture is traced under the influence of truth, or in a moment of ill-humour. It is very probable that the Polish nobles, always on horseback or in their carriages, should look with disdain upon the humble foot-passenger and the single-horse cabriole. The pavement of the towns is certainly, however, one of those traits which characterize the government of a country.

The Vistula, a considerable river, separates Warsaw from the suburb of Praga; which, indeed, may perhaps be considered as a town, having, in the year 1782, a population of 6,690 inhabitants, but in 1795, after the visit of the ferocious Souwarow, there remained only 3,032. Even Warsaw, which in 1782 had 89,450 inhabitants, in 1797 reckoned no more than 66,572 souls. A Prussian writer carries the population of this city for the year 1804 up to 74,900; and he seems not to have included Praga.

Warsaw has lost all its ornaments. The collection of paintings which the last king had begun are in Russia. His library of more than 45,000 volumes was purchased by the Emperor Alexander the Ist, and given to the Gymnasium of Wolhynia. The celebrated library of the two brothers Zaluski, which consisted of 200,000 volumes, without reckoning duplicates, and which belonged to the republic, was removed to St. Petersburgh—but in a shameful manner. The packing of it up was left to the cossacs: they threw many hundred volumes out of the windows—burnt others—the remainder were crammed without distinction into very bad slight cases and trunks, and placed upon sledges. Whenever a case happened to break or open, so that a volume came out, the cossacks pushed it in with the points of their sabres.

Near the gate of Cracow is a statue in bronze, highly gilt, of King Sigismond the IIId, on a column of marble, twenty-six geometrical feet high, erected by Uladislaus the IVth, in 164¾. The royal castle which King Sigismund the IIId had built near that, is in the suburb of Cracow, on an elevated situation. It is a vast pile of building, but very simple in its architecture. The apartments of the king have but little magnificence about them. Within the castle is an astronomical observatory, and several other establishments.

The *Palace of Saxony* is a vast edifice, which requires not only great re-

pairs, but even to be rebuilt, to make it habitable. Having always belonged to the Elector of Saxony, he has constantly kept a guard there, who receive their orders from him alone. Several of the old attendants of King Augustus, and the minister of the elector, reside in it. The garden is the only resource the inhabitants of Warsaw have as a promenade: it is pretty large, but possesses no ornaments, unless a few miserable statues in wood and stone can be called such.

The *Palace of the Cadets*, with its dependencies, covers a considerable space of ground. It was formerly the barracks for the cavalry. The palace itself, at present occupied by the cadets, as well as the several buildings attached to it, belonged to King Stanislaus Leczinski. The Queen of France, the wife of Louis the XVth, was born in it.

This school was established by King Stanislaus Poniatowski, in 1766. The students learn the Polish, French, Latin, and German languages, mathematics, drawing, fortification, history, fencing, dancing, &c. &c. None but nobles are admitted into it. In the year 1792, there was a descendant of the famous Sobieski there, who bore the same name as that hero.

Travellers should visit the castle of *Willanow*, which belongs to the Princess Lubomirski. It is about half a league distant from Warsaw. It belonged to Sobieski, and deserves to be seen throughout.

The medical establishments were on so wretched a footing towards the middle of the last century, that an account of them cannot be read without disgust. Their condition was a little improved under Stanislaus Augustus. The Prussian government has put them into good order.

There is a considerable trade at Warsaw in the productions of Poland. There are some manufactories of cloth, linen, soap, carpets, hats, and stockings. The great manufactory of Turkey carpets, established about half a league from Warsaw, is in a very flourishing condition; But the only articles in which they excel at Warsaw are carriages and sadlery.

After having considered the exterior of the capital of Poland, our readers no doubt expect from us the picture of the manners of its inhabitants; for it is generally in great cities that the difference of opinions, the contact of interests, and the vivacity of amusements, develope the general character of a nation. But in a state where the king was almost without a court, in a republic composed of half a million of nobles, who the principal part of their time lived in the country, and never met together but to consult on affairs of state or interest, it may be supposed that the influence of the capital would be reduced to very little indeed. The manners of the Poles were seen at the petty diets of the palatines, and at the great fairs, known by the name of *the Covenants* of Lemberg or Dubno. Except at the periods of the general diets, Poland was as little known at Warsaw as any where else.

The Poles (I speak of the nobles) were in general esteemed open, loyal, brave, and generous. Their history abounds with traits of courage and self devotion: but it proves likewise their singular vanity and credulity. They derive these virtues and these faults, in a great measure, from their connexions with the Goths and other Scandinavian nations; for the very appellation of *Schlachziez*, which in the Polish language means a *noble*, is the Scandinavian word *Slaegtig*, a man of birth and family. It is to the blood of the Goths that the Polish nobility owe that character of chivalry by which it has raised itself above the rest of the Sclavonian race, above the Russians, the Servians, the Croatians, and so many other people of eastern Europe.

The ferocity with which the Poles are reproached by Barclai, was inseparable from the warlike valour of the middle ages; it was perpetuated by the laws and institutions of a noble and military republic. The gentlemen, or men of a certain rank, not being liable to be arrested, except on very rare and particular occasions, it necessarily happened, that sometimes the revenging of an injury devolved upon individuals and their families—but even along with this ferocity and anarchy, Poland gives us many striking instances of greatness of soul. Guagnini relates, that one *Lubomirski*, a very rich and powerful noble, having deeply insulted an individual of the family of *Mikolaiewski*, his family, noble though poor, assembled, seized the person of Lubomirski, and cut him in pieces: after which, he of the family of Mikolaiewski who was the cause of this action, coolly presented himself before the diet, and suffered decapitation on the spot. In fact, the sabre was always

the last argument of a Pole: and when two gentlemen went to law, he who lost his suit raised a little army of his vassals, burnt and laid waste the lands and villages of the other, and besieged him in his castle, if he was the strongest; and even if he was not, it was looked upon as an honourable act to risk this species of war before he would submit. Let it not be supposed I am speaking of remote ages; similar scenes very frequently occurred under the reign of both the Augustuses.

The retired life which the nobles led on their estates, preserved, at the same time, in their manners, a sort of patriarchal simplicity, and Oriental pomp and splendor. As they seldom visited each other, when they did, it was with the train and retinue of a sovereign prince—a troop of mounted guards, hussars, pages, and a numerous retinue of servants, composed their suite. Such a prince, or such a baron, frequently presented himself at the diet with an escort of five thousand men, all in his own uniform and livery. A lady of rank was not satisfied with a superb state carriage drawn by six horses, whose harness and trappings were covered with gold and silver; she must also have a squire, ladies of honour, ladies of the bedchamber, pages, dwarfs, or negroes: if she visited by night, footmen with torches ran before and on each side of her carriage. In their houses, it was the number of domestics which evinced their dignity and riches. The most distinguished nobles were always served by pages, who for the most part were taken from among the sons of gentlemen of small fortune—nor was it considered in any way humiliating to be so employed. These young men were in their turn treated as nobles—every page had a vassal for a servant, and one or two horses at his own command. Before the palace of a noble, and in the antichambers, were guards of horse. The families of Radzivil, Sapieha, Czartorinski, Lubomirski, and Potocki, maintained at their own expense corps of from five to twelve thousand men, frequently better armed and better clothed than the troops of the king and the republic. If a noble gave a grand entertainment, or even a simple dinner-party, the sound of warlike music, and the discharge of cannon, announced to his astonished vassals that their lord was going to drink. The richest magnates, in almost every thing, gave themselves the airs of sovereigns—they had their chapel, their theatre, their band of music, their chancery, and even sometimes their seraglio.

With respect to the dress of the Polish nobility, it was really handsome and magnificent. This was not the usual dress of the Sclavonian nations, which was chiefly confined to the peasantry. The nobles in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had almost adopted that of the Moguls and Tartars: they substituted afterwards the costume of Moscow, then that of the Swedes—it is this mixture which strangers not acquainted with the subject call the *Polish costume.* Indeed, almost every noble Pole followed his own fancy. In general they shaved the head, leaving only a small circle of hair upon the crown. Men of all ranks wore large mustachios: they wore a vest which reached down to the middle of the leg, and over that a robe trimmed with fur, which they confined by a belt, and the sleeves of which were almost as tight as those of our coats; large pantaloons, which served also instead of stockings: they covered their heads with a square cap, trimmed with fur, and ornamented with tassels: their shirts had neither collars nor wrist bands, and they wore neither stocks nor cravats: their boots, made of Turkey leather, had very thin soles, but plated with iron at the heel and toe. They were always armed with a battle-axe, and a sabre by their side: these arms were always very richly ornamented. When on horseback, they threw over their dress a small fur mantle; the rich had them of martens, the others of the skins of tigers and leopards. The prevailing colours were generally a bright clear blue, and other lively gay colours—at least for the dresses of the officers of the court. A Polish nobleman often had fifty different complete suits, all extremely rich, and which descended as hereditaments from father to son; and they strutted about in these reliques. Their deportment was grave and ceremonious. When they saluted, they made an inclination of the head, laid one hand on their breast, and held out the other towards the ground. All the nobles treated each other as brothers; they paid little distinction to the superior titles, such as prince, count, baron, &c. &c. observing, with a pride formerly praiseworthy, that no title surpassed that of a Polish noble.

From the time of the Saxon dynasty, they began to leave off the national dress, and assume the common costume of other Europeans. At the diet in 1764, some of the nobles appeared for the first time in French dresses. The patriots in this beheld the decline of the public spirit.

Since that period, Warsaw has beheld the number of houses considerably increased belonging to the French, as the Poles call all strangers: but even in these much of the Oriental pomp remains.

A modern traveller describes the manners of Warsaw, in 1792, as follows:—

"The amusements of this city are reduced to a very small compass—a very bad Italian opera, and a detestable national theatre. We were at a concert, which was but middling enough. The society *passes* for agreeable. The women enjoy the reputation of being the best educated in Europe; they all speak French, as well as the men. This nation has a peculiar aptitude for the study of languages; nothing is more common than to see a Pole of only twenty years of age speak three or four languages in the greatest purity. We have found, that the Polish females, spite of their vaunted education, have not a little effrontery—they say it is the fashion—perhaps also it is fashion which makes them dress so horribly.

"The king frequently goes out to supper without any etiquette. He dines every week with his brother, the primate, and his sister, the Countess Branicki: strangers who are known are invited."

So lately as the sixteenth century, the kings of Poland were obliged to treat the senators and the chiefs of the nobility with great respect and attention. He always took off his hat when he saluted them; and never omitted to make them sit down in his presence. The nobles frequently had a more brilliant and numerous retinue, more magnificent apparel, and better furnished houses, than the titular monarch. Their incomes placed them above many of the sovereign princes of Germany. There were some whose estates consisted of an entire province, from thirty to forty leagues square. The Duke Janusz of Ostrog, exclusive of his immense possessions in Volhymnia, left a treasure of three hundred thousand ducats, several thousand valuable medals and coins, and an enormous quantity of diamonds.

The fortunes of the Polish nobles being immense, the poverty of the people was extreme. The great mass of the nation was composed of two classes of people; of which the one possessed too much, the other too little. It would be superfluous to trace the afflicting picture of the wretchedness and poverty which almost throughout all Poland, and even in the capital, formed a most heart-rending contrast with the pomp and grandeur of the wealthy. The Polish peasant, the true brother of the Russian, Bohemian, and other Sclavonians, forgot all his misery in singing his national ballads. Often did he adapt his own melancholy adventures to the plaintive notes of a favourite air, or troll his satires against his tyrants. The Lithuanians, in particular, have many popular romances of an original and pointed wit. The great principle of a Polish peasant is contained in one of their own proverbs, "A man is never miserable while he has a meal to eat." The lower class of citizens, in the smaller towns, live almost as wretchedly as the vassals, or *serfs*. The Jews alone, under the appearance of extreme indigence and poverty, frequently enjoy comforts, and even luxury and wealth. The German settlers are distinguished by the neatness of their habitations, and a degree of cleanliness but rarely known in Poland. The inns are little more than large stables or barns, built with planks and covered with straw, without either furniture or windows: at one end there are divisions called chambers; but the great quantity of vermin renders them completely uninhabitable: travellers in general prefer lodging with the horses: they are obliged to carry their provision along with them; and when that is consumed, they have no other resource than the kindness of the lord of the village. These inns are well worthy of the high roads on the sides of which they are built; for a traveller may think himself very fortunate if he can go a league without being overturned, or cross a bridge without being thrown into the water.

Almost every traveller has accused the Poles of drinking to excess. This reproach, says a modern traveller, is but too well founded. "We will not here relate the many facts we have heard on this subject. Travellers who pay a strict regard to truth ought carefully to avoid even the slightest imputation of what may not be altogether cre-

dited even by the vulgar: and what we can safely say on this subject, although attested beyond a doubt, may endanger our reputation. Let it suffice to acquaint our readers, that the Poles are, without exception, the greatest drinkers in all Europe, and that there is nothing exaggerated in all they have heard on that subject."

The accounts of travellers, we well know, must be viewed with caution; but we must allow, that every observation we have been able to make and to collect, confirm this accusation. In the castles of the barons, where every gentleman was received with hospitality, invited to the table, and paid attention to, whatever time he remained, necessity had, however, introduced a sort of restriction rather humiliating in the distribution of the liquors. The best wines were only served to the master and a small number of his friends, who sat at the upper end of the table on each side of him; but in the petty diets of the palatines, where the nobles exercised their sovereignty without distinction of ranks, the chiefs passed the wine about most plentifully. Happy Poland! if the corruption of its morals had been limited to a vice which the progress of civilization would insensibly cause to disappear.

But under the last king, venality carried to an excess by the intrigues of strangers; luxury the most unbounded, encouraged by a weak, vain, voluptuous prince; the disorders inseparable from civil war; and, chiefly, the disastrous influence of some females without character or morals; carried into the bosom of the cold, phlegmatic Sarmatia every corruption of the eighteenth century. W. B. H.

PROPOSAL *for a* DEPOSITORY *for* INFANTS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *June 6th*, 1809.

I REMEMBER, when a gentleman interfered (many years since) with the management of the infantile race, in a western parish, he obtained the appellation of NURSE: a title which I have always thought very honourable to him, as his exertions were extremely beneficial to the most helpless class of society, and, of course, to the public. Not having, therefore, any apprehension of appearing either in an *officious* or a *ridiculous* light, I would wish, Mr. Editor, to state to you a circumstance, that has struck me as teeming with hardship to our *maternal poor*; and at the same time hint a remedy, or rather a relief, which I conceive may be attended with salutary effects.

I live, sir, in the centre of a very large and populous manufacturing district, some of the female inhabitants of which are, from the nature of their several businesses, obliged to be the whole day absent from home; others, who are employed as *char-women, washer-women*, &c. are under the same necessity. These persons very frequently leave at home large families of small children, sometimes to the care of *the elder*, an infant, who probably wants *a nurse* as much as any; at other times under no kind of inspection whatsoever. In these cases, it always happens, that, as soon as their mothers are gone out, the children *crawl* into streets crowded with passengers, and teeming with all the hurry of *carriages* of every description, together with *single horses* and other *cattle*, also *trucks* drawn *by dogs*, *porters* with *loads*, and *wheelbarrows* carelessly impelled along the flag pavements. In consequence of this, even to adults, tremendous assemblage, *accidents*, frequently in their consequences *fatal*, are continually happening among the *infantile race*. Of these, three melancholy instances have lately occurred within a very small space: two children have been run over and killed in the parish of *Christ Church, Middlesex*, and one in that of *St. Leonard, Shoreditch*. This brings the mischief, as I may say, *home*. If I were to explore the whole metropolis, I should find the number of accidents, of the same nature, within any given period, large indeed. Conversing with parents upon this subject, and recommending to *mothers* to place their children, during their absence, in situations of greater safety, I have learned, that they *cannot afford it*. Few *char-women*, at the utmost, earn more than *twenty-pence per diem*; and no one can get a person to feed and take care of a single infant for less than *eight-pence per diem*: if they have *two*, perhaps it may be done for *a shilling*: but I have more frequently known *ten-pence per diem* asked for the care *of one*. Hard as this case is upon *mothers* employed in household affairs, it is still worse with *manufacturing females*, who very often go a considerable way to work, are not boarded, and frequently do not earn more than *twenty-pence per diem*: in many instances not so much. To send their infants out, under the circum-

stances I have stated, is impossible; and to leave them at home, leaves also the poor women in a continual state of *terror and apprehension.*

Where then is the remedy?

To this I answer, that the evils attendant upon the efforts of *honest industry*, in this commercial and benevolent country, are, when known, never long without redress: to suggest a remedy would be much easier for the philanthropic and experienced mind of *Mr. Colquhoun*, than my own; but I should conceive, that if there was in every district,

A DEPOSITORY FOR INFANTS,

that is, a house established under certain regulations, many of which must arise from experience, but the general plan of which should be, that *mothers* whose avocations called them from home during the day might confide their *infants* to the care of proper persons to be appointed; such a *depository* would be of immense benefit to society, inasmuch as it would prevent those *infants* from *running wild* or *crawling* about the streets, and, consequently, from being subject to those *numerous accidents* which may, and actually do almost daily, happen; it would quiet the apprehensions of their tender mothers, who might be enabled to pursue their business *cheerfully*: and when they returned, in the evening, to fetch their *infantile offspring*, it would also render those meetings renewals *of fondness* and *of love*. I am, sir,

Your very humble servant, J. M.*

ACCOUNT *of the* TRANSACTIONS *that occurred on board the* CEYLON EAST INDIAMAN, *during a dreadful* HURRICANE *which the* FLEET *encountered on its* PASSAGE *from* MADRAS.

Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, January 19*th*, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AS an account of the storm encountered by our fleet may be interesting to you, I have detailed it for your perusal.†

On the 20th November (by nautical account), in latitude 9 degrees south, longitude 90 degrees east nearly, the wind freshened from the westward, and continued to increase, with indication of blowing weather, during the 21st; towards the evening of which day the fleet close-reefed their top-sails; and some prepared for bad weather, by getting their top-gallant-masts and masts down on deck: others, who did not think a very hard gale likely in this latitude, when the sun had 19 degrees of south declination, only sent their top-gallant-yards down, and, as the gale increased, furled their top-sails, and set their storm-stay-sails.

As night advanced, the wind increased, and blew a hard gale, till about three in the morning, when it moderated, and shifted from W.N.W. to S.W. and by half past five or six o'clock increased to a storm, which continued increasing, as will be related, with its consequences.

The gale of this night was violent, with very heavy squalls, but nothing differing from hard gales in general. The Ceylon made excellent weather; was very easy, going with the fore-sail in the brails; and proved a fine sea boat. During the night, the mizen-top-gallant-mast blew away, which was all the damage she received. Far different was the effect of the storm that followed: and had she not proved herself a most excellent as well as staunch vessel, or had the hurricane continued a few hours longer, there is little probability that these lines would have met the eyes of my friend.

As soon as the gale moderated, preparations were made to get the top-gallant-yards and masts down on deck, and the sprit-sail-yard and jib-boom in; but the storm came on so sudden and impetuous, that our efforts were ineffectual. The sea rose, and soon ran very high. The storm increased. At half past six, the ship laying in the trough of the sea, and taking the water in over the lee gunwale; the yawl on the larboard quarter was washed away, carrying with it the davits and part of the upper quarter gallery. The main-top-gallant-mast blew away about seven A.M. The fore and main-top sails got loose, and were torn in pieces, as was the main-sail soon after. At eight, the mizen-top-sail broke loose, and by its flapping broke the clew-lines and braces; when the yard was forced up to the mast-head; the sail blew to pieces, and it became an additional cause of the loss of the mizen-mast, which

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* Since writing the above (indeed Thursday, the 15th instant) a very fine girl, about seven years of age, playing in Union-street, Spital-fields, *was crushed* by a *loaded cart*, in the most dreadful manner it is possible to conceive; though, in the most excruciating tortures, she survived a few hours.

† Preston, Lord Nelson, Phœnix, and Ceylon, regular Indiamen; Ann, Diana, Glory, Experiment, and Tigris, extra ships; his Majesty's ship Albion, of 74 guns, as convoy; sailed from Madras Roads on the afternoon of the 25th of October, 1808.

went over the side about nine A.M. all the lower rigging having parted, and the mast broke about three feet above the deck.

Our attention had been called to the water in the hold, and on the gun-deck; which increased fast, notwithstanding our continued pumping, and baling at all the hatchways. Having cut away the wreck of the mizen-mast (to which was attached the cross-jack-yard, gaff, top-sail-yard, and top-mast), and got it clear of the ship, we directed all our efforts to free the ship of the water; but finding it still increased, particularly on the gun-deck, where it was above the ports (which we feared might burst open and seal our fate), and three of the starboard fore-shrouds having parted, we attempted to wear, hoping to get the water off the gun-deck whilst before the wind.

Finding all other means ineffectual from the violence of the storm, which raged with great fury, we had, before the loss of the mizen-mast, got the pilot anchor and a hawser over the lee-quarter, and veered away about thirty fathoms. The ship fell off about a point and a half, and there stopped; nor did the loss of the mizen-mast assist her in falling off, till the wind moderating soon after, we veered thirty fathoms more of the hawser; and to our great joy, the ship went off before the wind, and enabled us to get the water off the gun-deck.

The weather cleared a little at half past nine; and we saw a ship on the weather quarter about three quarters of a mile distant, with her mizen-mast and main-top-mast carried away. She was generally supposed to be the Diana, Captain Marshall.

It continued moderate till eleven A.M. when the storm came on again with equal violence from N.W. and brought her head E.N.E. at which time the dead-lights were stove in on the starboard side of the great cabin (occupied by Colonel Sutherland*), and a great quantity of water lodged on the gun-deck and into the orlop; the rudder-coat being washed away at the same time. Other dead-lights were soon fitted, which kept out much of the water. The wind continued about a point abaft the beam; and the spray was so thick, we could not see the length of the ship. I have thus given you the detail of our misfortunes up to *noon* of the 21st by your account, but where the *nautical* 21st closes; and shall continue the narrative, fraught with severer ills than I have yet related.

22d, The storm increased to a hurricane, veering to the N. N.E. E. and round by the southward to N.W. causing the sea to rise to a confused and mountainous height. We were again in great distress, from the water gaining on the gun-deck as well as in the hold, and the people, who had behaved in a most exemplary manner (having had no sustenance but a few drams, the only thing we could get at), now began to flag, being much harassed with continual pumping and baling up to their waists in water. They continued, however, baling at all the hatchways, and up the companion-ladder, out of the gun-room, until three P.M. when the ship, oppressed with the weight of water and the increased violence of the tempest, lay with her lee gunwale under, and shipped so much water, that it was found necessary to batten the hatchways, to prevent the water going down that way to the gun-deck. At half past noon, the foresail, which had hung secure in the brails, began to split, and soon blew to pieces.

At two P.M. the wind moderated a little, but soon came on again with increased violence, and blew most tremendously. The spoondrift was so thick, we could not see the length of the quarter-deck: it darkened the air, and added horror to the scene.

At half past three, the fore-top-mast went away about four feet above the cap, and with the top-sail-yard fell abaft the fore-yard, where it hung the remainder of the storm, it being impossible to send any people aloft to cut away the wreck. It was even dangerous to move from under the poop-deck, from the continual seas she shipped, which dashing the pieces of wreck (with which

* The few things Colonel S. had in his cabin were entirely afloat, and at the mercy of the enraged ocean, which, together with some books, were soon converted into a *mash* more fit to be received into a paper-mill than any other appropriation—so violent was the hurricane and consequent agitated motion of the ship at this awful crisis. The poor sailors, lascars, and invalid passengers, had almost every thing belonging to them washed into a pulp. In short, every one on board suffered more or less, and none but now feel the weight of their distresses.

the deck was strewed) from side to side, endangered life and limb. One lascar's leg was dreadfully fractured, and several people were wounded.

At half past four P.M. the carpenter reported, upwards five feet water in the hold, and the people tired and unwilling to pump. Two scuttles on the gun-deck were burst open, and the water breast high. The scuttles were secured again, and orders given to scuttle the deck, and let the water go below (lest it should burst the ports open), and for throwing the quarter-deck guns overboard; in the execution of which duty, the chief officer and myself were washed from the guns. He received a slight hurt, but was in imminent danger. I escaped with a severe contusion in the leg, from which I have not yet recovered. The sheet-anchor was torn from its lashings and washed overboard, but caught the wreck of the fore-top-mast rigging, and hung till the storm abated; when it was cut away, to prevent its making a hole in the ship's bottom, as it hung two fathoms under water. The spare main-top-sail-yard was washed from the chains, and the jolly-boat from the starboard-quarter: the cutter was also stove on the booms; so that we had not a boat fit for service.

At six P.M. the wind moderated, but the water gained on the pumps. The people were encouraged, and by their exertions succeeded in gaining on the water. At seven, the wind moderated considerably, and the ship righted. At half past seven, there was not above a foot water in the hold; but as the water from the gun deck lodged in great quantity on the orlop, it became necessary to scuttle that deck, and we soon found three feet water in the well. We continued working the great pumps during the night, which kept her free, baling at the same time from the gun-deck, orlop, and gun-room.

The wind moderated gradually through the night, leaving a very large sea running, which made us labour a good deal.

At day-light, we had great joy in seeing his Majesty's ship Albion, of 74 guns, for whose safety great fears had arisen. She had lost her mizen-mast and main top-mast, and otherwise appeared to have suffered much in this dreadful storm.

Thus, my dear friend, I have endeavoured, without enlarging too much, or diminishing any of the material circumstances that befel us, to make you acquainted with our distress. I have given it to you in as plain language, and with as few technical expressions, as I possibly could.

I might have greatly enlarged it, by descanting on the individual misery that met my view, and the numberless accidents that occurred; and, by dressing it up in elegant and flowery diction, have affected your sensibility more; but to a rational, feeling, and reflecting mind, it wants not those aids.

I cannot conclude this without mentioning, that the third and fourth officers were at the pumps, where they inspirited the people by their conduct and example, as did the fifth and sixth officers in baling at the hatchways. To all these gentlemen great praise is due. The chief officer and myself were on deck, and occasionally below, wherever our presence was required, giving orders, and providing for circumstances as necessary.

Great praise is due to the carpenter for the excellent state of the pumps, and for his general attention in his department.

Comparing this storm with the dreadful tiffoons to the eastward of Luconia and in the China seas, I can, from experience, declare, that this was equally severe, and of longer continuance.

Our situation was awful in the extreme: there were few on board who expected the ship could have weathered it.

This is the second time during this voyage we have been particularly called upon to return thanks and give praises to the Almighty for deliverance from a watery grave.

I am very happy to hear you are bound for England. May you have pleasant gales, a quick passage, and find happiness in the society of your friends.

I remain,

Yours, very sincerely,

G. C.

Classical Explanation *of the* Phrase "Under the Rose."

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR explanation of the phrase, "*under the Rose*," p. 372 in your last number, is extremely ingenious and novel. It is indeed so plausible, that

should incline to trust to it, had I not always imagined that phrase to have been derived from an ancient custom, observed at Grecian festivals. The learned Potter thus describes it: "The Rose, being dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of *Silence*, to engage him to conceal the lewd actions of Venus, was an *emblem of silence*; whence to *present*, or *hold it up* to any *person* in discourse, served instead of an admonition that it was time for him to hold his peace. And in entertaining rooms, it *was customary to place a rose above the table*, to signify that *what was there spoken should be kept private*." Potter refers to the following epigram for his authority:

Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo facta laterent
Harpocrati, matris dona, dicavit amor:
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis;
Conviva ut sub ea dicta, tacendo sciat.

IMITATED.

The Rose, the flower of Venus! sweetly veils,
And furtive loves, and secret joys, conceals.
"My mother's gift, thou god of Silence! take,
And be the emblem thine!" So Cupid spake.
Hence o'er his TABLE, the wise host suspends
The Rose, that hints its silence to his friends,
And what *beneath the Rose* these hours reveal,
The guests in sacred silence may conceal.

Z.

Biographical Memoirs of Dr. Pitcairn

DAVID PITCAIRN was the eldest son of the gallant Major John Pitcairn, of the marines, who was killed in the attack on Bunker's Hill in June 1775, and Elizabeth, the daughter of Robert Dalrymple, Esq. of Annefield, in the county of Dumfries. His paternal family was one of the most ancient in Fifeshire, deriving its name from a landed possession called Pitcairn; Nisbett, in his Heraldry, says, that he has seen a charter to it dated in 1417. In the course of time, one of the family acquired by marriage the estate of Forther, in the same county; after which the lands of Pitcairn went off with a younger son, from whom was descended Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, of Pitcairn, justly famed as a physician, poet, wit, scholar, and mathematician. Of the elder branch, Dr. David Pitcairn became the representative upon the death of his uncle, the well-known Dr. William Pitcairn, who had practised physic in London for nearly half a century, and had been many years president of the College of Physicians.

David was born on the 1st of May, 1749, in the house of his grandfather, the Rev. David Pitcairn, minister of Dysart, in the county of Fife. When about nine or ten years old, he was sent to the High School at Edinburgh, where he remained four years; after which he went to the university of Glasgow, and prosecuted his studies there till he arrived at the age of twenty. At this period of his life, he used to spend much of his leisure time with the family of the Rev. James Baillie, minister of Bothwell, in the county of Lanark, and the father of the present Dr. Mathew Baillie, of London, and of the celebrated dramatic writer Miss Johanna Baillie. During this intercourse commenced an affectionate intimacy between Dr. Pitcairn and Dr. Baillie, which afterwards, as the difference of their years became less in proportion to their whole ages, gradually changed into the warmest friendship, that continued ever after. In 1769, David went, however, to the university of Edinburgh, and studied medicine there for three years, under the immediate direction of the illustrious Cullen. In 1772 he came to London, and attended the lectures of his uncle's learned friends, Drs. W. Hunter and G. Fordyce. About the same time also, that he might attain an English degree in physic, being then nearly 23 years old, he entered at Bennet College, Cambridge. In 1780, several years before he received his doctor's degree, he was elected physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and in 1783, fellow of the Royal Society. He was soon afterwards appointed physician to the Prince of Wales; and about the same time may be considered the commencement of his private medical practice. In 1792, he was chosen physician to Christ's Hospital; and in the following year, his private practice being now considerable, he resigned the office of physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. His office at Christ's Hospital, requiring but little of his time, was retained by him several years longer.

By the death of Dr. Warren, which took place in June 1797, Dr. Pitcairn was placed at the head of his profession in London. One or two other physicians possibly derived as much pecuniary emolument from the practice of medicine as himself: but certainly no other one was so frequently consulted by his bre-

thren in cases of difficulty. But this prosperous state did not endure long. In the autumn of the same year, by a fall from his horse, he bruised his side. Shortly after, his heart began to beat with violence. His attention was more particularly directed to this symptom, as it had occurred from a similar accident in one of his brothers, whose heart, after death, was found considerably enlarged. He continued, however, to follow his profession till February in the following year, when he was attacked with an hæmorrhage from his lungs. From this he recovered, after some time, so far as to be enabled to resume the exercise of his profession; but the same disease having recurred in summer, he embarked in September for Lisbon. During a stay of more than eighteen months in Portugal, he had no return of the hæmorrhage; in consequence of which he ventured to return to this country in May 1800. He was still, however, feeble; and his heart still beating too forcibly, he, for some time longer, declined altogether engaging in medical practice. As his health improved, he began to receive patients at his house; then to meet other physicians in consultation at the houses of their patients; and at length, after an interval of several years, to undertake business in the usual way, except during four months in the latter part of the year, which he spent principally in the country. In the mean time, however, the palpitation of his heart continued; on which account, for a long time, he lived very abstemiously, drinking only water, and abstaining almost entirely from animal food. But the palpitation not increasing, and no other sign of a diseased heart appearing, as he found a vegetable diet to produce much flatulence, about a year or two before his death he began to eat moderately of animal food once a day, and to take sometimes after dinner a single glass of wine diluted with water. Under this change of regimen his appearance altered considerably; and during the last six months of his life, he frequently received the congratulations of his friends on the improvement which his health had undergone. The danger of high health in a constitution disposed to hæmorrhage, and probably to plethora, would not have been overlooked by so sagacious a physician in any subject but himself; or, perhaps, he considered that by hard exercise the danger might be obviated. In the course of the month of March, he rose several times from his bed soon after midnight, and travelled between twenty and thirty miles before morning, to visit a patient.

From these exertions he appeared to suffer no immediate injury. But about the beginning of April, finding himself heated by his single glass of wine, though diluted largely with water, he discontinued it. On the 12th he felt a soreness in his throat; but thought so slightly of it, that he continued his professional visits during that and the two following days. In the night of the 15th, his throat became worse, in consequence of which he was copiously bled at his own desire, and had a large blister applied over the throat; but the irritation occasioned by the latter remedy was so distressing to him, that it was removed before its intended effect was fully produced. On the evening of the 16th, Dr. Baillie called upon him, without knowing that he was ill; and having heard the history of his ailment, and an account of the remedies employed, he entirely approved of what had been done. At this time there appeared no symptom which indicated danger. The disease becoming more violent in the course of the night, a considerable number of leeches were applied to the throat early in the morning. Dr. Baillie visited him at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. His countenance was now sunk, his pulse feeble and unequal, his breathing laborious, and his voice almost lost, from the swollen state of the organs concerned in its formation. In this state he wrote upon a piece of paper, that he conceived the trachea to be the principal seat of the disease, and that this was the croup. Mr. Home was also present; and it was agreed, that an attempt should be made to give relief by wounding the tonsils. This was accordingly done; some blood issued, but nothing purulent. Both the patient, however, and those about him, conceived that he had derived benefit from the operation. Dr. Baillie saw him again between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and thought his situation much improved; for the pulse was now equal and more firm, and his general appearance indicated less debility and distress. Under this persuasion he left him, having previously agreed to return at ten in the evening, when he was to meet in consultation Mr. Home, and another physician who had long been intimate with his patient. A little before Dr. Baillie

had paid the visit just mentioned, a slight drowsiness had come on, and this symptom rather increased after his departure. But nothing more remarkable occurred till near eight o'clock, when the patient's breathing became suddenly more difficult. About twenty minutes after this he died.

The body was examined the second day after death by Mr. Home. The tongue was much swollen and inflamed, the under part of the tip being exceedingly red. The glands at the root of the tongue unusually conspicuous. The epiglottis was inflamed and extremely thick, the internal membrane of the larynx was inflamed, and the orifices of the sacculi laryngei were swelled, and an appearance not unlike matter in them. The same inflammation was seen upon the internal membrane of the trachæa. The heart and lungs were in a healthy state.

On the 25th, his corpse was deposited in a vault in the church of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, which contained the remains of his father and uncle.

Dr. D. Pitcairn had five brothers: one of them died young; three others, all of them officers in his Majesty's service, died after they were men; the youngest, a counsellor at law, survives him. He had four sisters, all of whom have been married, and are alive. His mother also still lives, and is in her 79th year. In 1781, he married Elizabeth, the only daughter of William Almack, Esq. of London, and a niece of his preceptor, Dr. Cullen, but had no issue. She likewise survives him.

His person was tall and erect, but of late years rather thin, till he recovered health; his countenance during youth was a model of manly beauty, and even in advanced life was remarkably handsome. While a boy, he was noted for possessing a grave and manly manner, connected with much sweetness of disposition. These qualities, added to considerable bodily strength and courage, gave him great influence over his playfellows. He did not acquire knowledge at school as quickly as some of his companions; yet as his memory, however, was strong, and his judgment sound, whatever he learned he retained and assorted, so that in time he excelled most of those who had once been regarded his superiors. His knowledge of history and geography, from the strength of his memory, was particularly accurate.

Few persons ever gained, without any direct effort to this end, so extensive an acquaintance with the various orders of society. His education began at the largest school in Great Britain. He afterwards studied for several years at each of the great universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Cambridge, and attended the principal lectures upon medicine in London. While a young man, he lived in London with his uncle, who had many friends, and frequently entertained them at his house. He resided many years in Lincoln's-inn-fields; and, while there, associated daily with gentlemen of the law. He was early admitted a fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies; and hence knew many learned men, in addition to those of his own profession. He was fond of country sports and athletic games, particularly the Scottish one named golf, which carried him among other sets of men. He had a taste also for the fine arts; in consequence of which, he became acquainted with many of the professors of them; and his employment as a physician in the largest hospital in the metropolis, and in private, made known to him a very great number of persons of every rank and description in life. From such opportunities, and an original turn for the observation of character, he obtained a most extensive knowledge of human nature, and an infinite fund of stories and anecdotes, which, when at ease among his friends, he used to relate in the happiest way. None of his stories, however, related to himself; indeed, he scarcely ever spoke of himself to his most intimate friends; no doubt, from a wish to avoid a fault he saw so frequently committed by others. In conversation he shunned dispute. When he dissented from others, he either declared his opinion in a few words, or remained altogether silent. With literary men, his value as a companion was considerably increased by his judgment in selecting, and lively mode of repeating, passages from new works of taste, most of which he read immediately after they were published. But, though he had lived so much in society, he never entirely lost a natural shyness of manner, which was more observable at some times than at others. This was sometimes imputed by those who did not know him to pride; though nothing was further from his real character. As he advanced in years, his manners became less reserved to stran-

gers; for, to his friends, they had always been frank and affectionate.

His feelings were so warm as sometimes to betray him into little improprieties; but this disadvantage was greatly outweighed by the energy which was hence given to his character, and the interest which he took in the happiness of others. It may be regarded, perhaps, as no considerable title to praise, that he behaved with the utmost kindness and generosity towards his numerous relations. But his endeavours to serve were not confined to these. He was ever ready to assist his friends in their pursuits, by his advice, and still more by his influence with others, and the sacrifice of his time; to say nothing of other aids which he frequently furnished. Like other men of warm tempers, he was apt to bestow upon his present pursuits more than their due importance; and, as increase of years and professional employments, together with great varieties in the state of his health, necessarily produced alterations in his views of life; he was hence thought by some to be of a changeable disposition. But this was never said respecting his attachment to persons. He continued to the last loving his first friends, and was, in return, most cordially beloved by them.

His manner, as a physician, was simple, gentle, dignified, and always sufficiently chearful to encourage hope, without offending by its incongruity with the scene about him. From his kindness of heart, he was frequently led to give more attention to his patients than could well be demanded from a physician; and as this evidently sprung from no interested motive, he often acquired considerable influence with those whom he had attended during sickness. No physician indeed of his rank in London, perhaps, ever exercised his profession to such a degree gratuitously. His behaviour to other physicians was highly candid and liberal, and he most studiously avoided the slightest appearance of interfering in their professional concerns. Such conduct is, no doubt, recommended by its ultimate utility; but in him it was only a part of his native dignity of character.

As he attended very carefully to the symptoms of diseases, in the order and degree in which they occur in nature, he had, from this source and the excellence of his memory, acquired great practical knowledge of his profession. He had, in consequence, also made many original observations upon the history and treatment of diseases. He never published any thing himself, but several of his observations have been given to the world by others. When he was, some years ago, urged to publish, his answer was, that he did not wish seven years hence to be obliged to contradict his present opinions.

He never long enjoyed very good health from the time of his commencing to practise physic in London. For, besides what has already been said respecting his disorders, he was, during many years of the first part of his residence here, much subject to violent headachs. He twice laboured under severe agues, and suffered several attacks of inflammatory sore-throat. None of his ailments made any considerable permanent impression upon his external appearance; for, immediately before his death, no person would have supposed that his health had ever failed, or that he had arrived at nearly his sixtieth year.

Process *for* preserving Fruit.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

THE bottles I chiefly use for small fruit, such as gooseberries, currants, cherries, and raspberries, are selected from the widest-necked of those used for wine or porter, as they are procured at a much cheaper rate than what are generally called gooseberry bottles. Having got them properly cleaned, and the fruit ready picked (which should not be too ripe), fill such of them as you intend doing at one time, as full as they will hold, so as to admit the cork going in, frequently shaking the fruit down whilst filling. When done, fit the corks to each bottle, and stick them lightly in, so as to be easily taken out when the fruit is sufficiently scalded, which may be done either in a copper or large kettle, or saucepan over the fire, first putting a coarse cloth of any sort at the bottom, to prevent the heat of the fire from cracking the bottles: then fill the copper, or kettle, with cold water, sufficiently high for the bottles to be nearly up to the top in it: put them in sideways, to expel the air contained in the cavity under the bottom of the bottle; then light the fire if the copper is used, taking care that the bottles do not touch the

bottom or sides, which will endanger their bursting; and increase the heat gradually, until it comes to about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy degrees, by a brewing thermometer, which generally requires about three quarters of an hour; for want of such an instrument, it may be very well managed by judging of the degree of heat by the finger, which may be known by the water feeling very hot, but not so as to scald it; if the water should be too hot, a little cold may be added to keep it of a proper temperature, or the fire may be slackened. When it arrives at a sufficient degree of heat, it must be kept at the same for about half an hour longer, which will at all times be quite enough, as a longer time, or greater heat, will crack the fruit.

During the time the bottles are increasing in heat, a tea-kettle full of water must be got ready to boil as soon as the fruit is sufficiently done. If one fire only is used, the kettle containing the bottles must be removed half off the fire, when it is at the full heat required, to make room for boiling the water in the tea-kettle. As soon as the fruit is properly scalded, and the water boiling, take the bottles out of the water one at a time, and fill them within an inch of the cork, with the boiling water out of the tea-kettle. Cork them down immediately, doing it gently, but very tight, by squeezing the cork in; but you must not shake them by driving the cork, as that will endanger the bursting of the bottles with the hot water; when they are corked, lay them down on their side, as by this means the cork keeps swelled, and prevents the air escaping out: let them lie until cold, when they may be removed to any convenient place of keeping; always observing to let them lie on their side till wanted for use. During the first month or two after they are bottled, it will be necessary to turn the bottles a little round, once or twice in a week, to prevent the fermentation that will arise on some fruits from forming into a crust; by which proper attention, the fruit will be kept moist with the water, and no mould will ever take place. It will be also proper to turn the bottles a little round once or twice in a month afterwards.

Having laid down the method of preserving fruit without sugar, in as clear and concise a manner as possible, I will recapitulate the whole in a few words, which may be easily remembered by any person. Fill the bottles quite full with fruit; put the corks in loosely; set them in a copper, or kettle of water; increase the heat to scalding, for about three quarters of an hour; when of a proper degree, keep at the same half an hour longer; fill up with boiling water; cork down tight; lay them on their side until wanted for use.

It may be said as an additional reason, as well as cheapness, for using wine or porter bottles, instead of gooseberry, that there is a difficulty of obtaining them, even at any price, in some parts of the country; and indeed they are equally useful for small fruit, and answer the purpose quite as well, except the little inconvenience of getting the fruit out when wanted for use, which may be easily done by first pouring all the liquor out into a basin, or any other vessel, and then with a bit of bent wire, or small iron meat skewer, the fruit may be raked out. Some of the liquor first poured off, serves to put into the pies, tarts, and puddings, instead of water, as it is strongly impregnated with the virtues of the fruit; and the remainder may be boiled up with a little sugar, which makes a very rich and agreeable syrup.

THOMAS SADDINGTON.

73, *Lower Thames-street.*

For the European Magazine.

An useful Recipe *for making* Family Wine.

TAKE black currants, red ditto, white ditto, ripe cherries (black hearts are the best), raspberries, each an equal, or nearly an equal quantity: if the black currants be the most abundant, so much the better. To 4 lb. of the mixed fruit, well bruised, put one gallon of clear soft water: steep three days and nights, in open vessels, frequently stirring up the mass; then strain through a hair sieve: the remaining pulp press to dryness. Put both liquids together, and to each gallon of the whole put 3 lb. of good, rich, moist sugar, of a bright yellowish appearance. Let the whole stand again three days and nights, frequently stirring up as before, after skimming off the top. Then tun it into casks, and let it remain, full and purging at the bung-hole, about two weeks. Lastly, to every nine gallons put one quart of good brandy, and

bung down. If it does not soon drop fine, a steeping of Isinglass may be introduced, and stirred into the liquid, in the proportion of about half an ounce to nine gallons.

N. B. Gooseberries, especially the largest, rich flavoured, may be used in the mixture to great advantage; but it has been found the best way to prepare them separately, by more powerful bruising or pounding, so as to form the proper consistence in pulp; by putting six quarts of fruit to one gallon of water, pouring on the water at twice; the smaller quantity at night, and the larger the next morning. This process, finished as aforesaid, will make excellent wine, unmixed; but this fluid, added to the former mixture, will sometimes improve the compound.'

Several hogsheads of wine have been thus manufactured by Mr.   , which was pronounced to be of an excellent quality.

THE

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL,

FOR JUNE, 1809.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books. By the Rev. William Beloe, Translator of Herodotus, &c. Vol. III. 8vo.

IT will, by many of our readers, be recollected, that in the LIst volume of this Magazine (page 449), we reviewed the two former volumes of *Mr. Beloe's* work; and that we there observed, that among so great a number and variety of literary productions as the ingenious author had rescued from oblivion, some were excellent, though many, as must be the case, were of very inferior merit. This observation, general at the time we made it, will, we fear, more particularly apply to the volume now before us, in which we perceive there is a greater portion of *the lumber of the schools*, and consequently of *the lumber of the press*, than in those that have preceded it. When a man of volatile genius becomes entangled in the labyrinth of literature (which we take to be a *black letter library*), he is just like *a butterfly* in a *large cobweb*; for some time he struggles in vain to *free* himself, and if, at length, he gets released, at the expence of only *soiling his wings* a little, he ought to think himself well off. This we take to be the case of our learned friend: with talents for much superior pursuits, he has, from originally *local circumstances*, loaded himself with the *Saccharum Saturni* of the *scholiasts* of former ages: but although its dust may, in a trifling degree, *soil his fingers*, we have great hope that he will not *sink* under *the gravity* of his burthen.

That this volume has, as he observes in the preface, been long expected, is very probable: when the mind is turned to one course of study, if, by any circumstance, the *thread* of concatenation is *snapped* short, we naturally wish to tie the knot again, and pursue the skein to the end: at the same time, we are extremely glad to learn that Mr. B. is perfectly satisfied with the reception which the former volumes met from the public, because it is not what one author in a hundred is; though we believe, in this instance, the present has much reason to be so.

With respect to some of the assistance Mr. B. has received, he states his acknowledgment as follows:

"I have had the unrestrained opportunity of examining the libraries of Earl Spencer and the Bishop of Ely (late Bishop of Rochester), many of the treasures of which are now for the first time described. I have no scruple, therefore, in asserting, with some

confidence, that the bibliographer and curious collector will here find much important and useful information. Neither let it be hastily imagined, that the account now given of early printed books has been the produce of little labour—far the contrary. I have felt it an indispensable duty to compare all the more eminent bibliographers in their descriptions of each particular book. Thus I have been obliged to go from Panzer to Maittaire, from Maittaire to Audiffredi, from Audiffredi to Laire, Braun, Clement, Seemiller, &c. &c. I have not unfrequently seen them at variance with one another: or, on referring to the different authorities quoted by them, I have found those authorities insufficient and unsatisfactory, describing the same books twice, with various other perplexities and difficulties, which experience in such matters alone can demonstrate. It may be of some use in this place, to any person who may think proper to follow me in the same path, to have my opinion at least of a few of the bibliographers whom I have above mentioned."

"In books, not authors, curious is my lord."

We hope that our opinions will not be asked of the aforesaid bibliographers, because, having the same ideas of them as of graphic connoisseurs, we should be obliged to say, that we think them the *dullest dogs* that——but no matter. However, we do not wonder Mr. B. found the examining and contrasting their productions a task sufficiently laborious to have tried the patience of Job himself, who might have exclaimed, "Oh that my enemies were obliged *to read* the works of many eminent hypercritics, commentators, and bibliopolists that I could mention."

This volume, which the learned author intends to make the precursor of two more, he is fearful may not to common readers be peculiarly interesting: we have the same apprehension, perhaps derived from the same source. Few common readers know any thing of this branch of study; opportunities for investigations of the nature of those contained in this volume are very scarce: a little of this sort of learning is, in our opinions, a very dangerous thing; and if the student dives to the *bathos*, if he *clearly* discovers the beauties of the ancients, we mean *such* beauties as depend rather upon fortuitous circumstances than on genius, we fear that he will ever after look at modern taste and elegance through a pair of *clouded spectacles.*

In this volume of the work, the same kind of arrangement is preserved, as we thought, though we did not then notice it, introduced a very considerable share of perspicuity into the former. The first class, which is intituled

Biblical,

contains an account of the earlier bibles.

"There has been," says Mr. B. "great difference of opinion among bibliographers respecting the first edition of the Latin translation of the Bible. From the various disquisitions which this subject has occasioned, it appears, that they have generally agreed upon only one point, namely, that the Bible was the first production of the press after the art" (of printing) "had been brought to perfection at Mentz, by Guttemberg and Fust."

Mr. B. then, after some further remarks, states, that he purposes to examine which of the *ten* ancient editions of the Bible without dates is entitled to the honour of priority. This, though we could be exceedingly *dull* upon the subject, the reader will observe, is a question of small importance: we shall, therefore, leave Meerman, who, it appears, was a *Mere*-man (he must have been *a devil* if he had really discovered which was first printed), to the enjoyment of his own opinion, and proceed to other remarks, which we think more material.

Under the head

Novum Testamentum,

Mr. B. gives an account of one in the Bishop of Rochester's collection, which, he observes,

———" is a small 4to. printed in two columns, and in a very neat gothic character, very much resembling that which Jensen used in his *Augustinus de Civitate Dei*, 1475."

This, he further remarks, was the first attempt of the kind; which he proves, by quoting a curious, but anonymous, preface, prefixed to the gospel of St. Matthew.

The next class of scriptural works consists of

German Bibles.

The Latin Bible of Sixtus V. printed at Rome 1590, is then described; the

Polish Bible;

Olevetan Bible; and

Edward the Sixth's Catechism;

which rare little book is printed at London, AD—M.D.LII—12mo. follow in succession.

Another class in this volume is dedicated to "Miscellaneous Biblical" literature; under which head a great number of bibles and other works, some of them extremely curious, are described;

though upon the futility of some of them, the "CANONES ET DECRETA CONCILII TRIDENTINI, Romæ, 1564,"* for instance, we should be inclined to make some remarks, could we suppose they would be agreeable to our readers.

In the THEOLOGICAL class there appear to be several curious articles; the first is,

"ERUDITION FOR ANY CHRISTEN MEN.

"At the end.

"☞ This boke bounde in paper bourdes or in claspes not to be solde aboue xvid.

"Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Thomas Berthelet printer to the kynges hyghness the xxix day of May, the yere of our lorde. M.D.XLIII. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.

THORDINARY OF CRYSTEN MEN.

BY WYNKEN DE WORDE.

"There are," says Mr B. "two editions of this book, both printed by Wynken de Worde; one in 1502, the other in 1506. Both are ornamented with wooden cuts; but these are totally different in the two editions, though I believe the contents of both editions are the same."

"TINDAL."

"In page 320 of my second volume," Mr. B. says, "I have erroneously asserted, that the 'Newe Testament' by Tindal, purchased of Dr. Combe by the British Museum, of the date of 1534, was the first edition. I have since discovered, that the first edition was printed in 1526. The only copy known was bought by Dr. Gifford, and given by him to the Baptist library at Bristol."

* * * * * * *

"Dr. Gifford, it is well known, was assistant-librarian at the British Museum, and, I believe, a Baptist.† He is said to have been a lively and much admired preacher, of whom it might have been said, as it was of one of the early reformers, "*Viridus vultus, vividi oculi, vividæ manus, denique omnia vivida.*" He was born in 1700, and died in 1784.

We should have before observed, that, in speaking of the first edition of the New Testament, by Tyndal, 1526, Mr. B. states, that

——"there is a portrait pasted to the first leaf, with 'G. Vertue ad vivum delin. 1758, et sculpsit 1752.' Underneath the print is this inscription:—

"Hoh Maister John Murray of Sacomb
The works of old Time to collect was his pride
Till Oblivion dreaded his care
Regardless of friends intestate he died
So the rooks and the crows were his heir."

Quere, Who was this John Murray?"‡

WILLIAM TINDAL.

"The parable of the wicked mammon compiled in the yere of our Lorde M.D.XXXVI.

"Imprynted at London by Jhon Daye dwellyng in Sepulchres Paryshe at the signe of the Resurrectio a little above Holbourne Conduit. M.DXLVII (1547) 16mo."

* * * * * * *

"All the works of this early writer," it is said, "are exceedingly scarce; the following is rarely to be found:

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* This council, though slow in its *motions*, must at any rate have been voluminous in its proceedings; as, subject to some adjournments, and encountering many local difficulties, it sat twenty years, viz. from 1543 to 1563: the work, therefore, of which we have quoted the title, was published the year after its dissolution, which, in that age of controversy, we take to have been *a prudent* measure.

† DR. ANDREW GIFFORD, whom the writer of this article well remembers, was certainly a *Baptist minister*. Mr. B. observes, that "he is said to have been a lively and much admired preacher." Much admired he unquestionably was; but his liveliness rather arose from the eccentricity of his manner than the singularity of his doctrine. His tenets were indeed as pure as his life was exemplary; but he had sometimes, even when descanting upon the most solemn subjects, a propensity to *start* from them, and pursue some ingenious meteor till it no longer became elucidatory. His meeting-house, for his system was unconnected with any church-establishment, and therefore it was *miscalled a chapel*, was in Eagle-street, the back of the VINE TAVERN (through which there was a passage) in Holborn. He had presided in it a great number of years, and was very much followed. He was not only well known and venerated as a preacher, but much esteemed as a very learned antiquary; a science which he had greatly studied, and which I believe procured him his situation in the Museum. I remember, as an instance of his erratic manner of preaching, he said, that his meeting was most conveniently placed near the neighbouring tavern (the Vine), the frequenters of which wanted a spot to retire to, where they might be reminded *of the necessity of repentance*, more that any sinners in the metropolis.

‡ Sacomb is a parish in Hertfordshire, 4 miles from Ware, and 24½ from London, containing, as it appears from the Parliamentary Reports, 35 houses and 255 inhabitants. If we might be permitted to hazard a conjecture, we should suppose, that John Murray, who, it seems, was a learned antiquarian, was *its rector*. It seems from the inscription that there was in him something eccentric. However, if it were necessary, we should imagine further investigation with respect to this matter easy.

"The Obedyence of a Chrysten Man and how Christen rulers ought to governe, wher in also (if thou marke dilygently) thou shalt finde eyes to perceave the crafty conviaunce of all Jugglers."

"At the end of the table of contents is this colophon:

'Imprinted at London by
Wyllyam Coplande
1561. 12mo."

We just mention these effusions of dulness, to shew upon what kind of works our early printers were employed, and also to hint to those who admire them for their scarcity, that if there had been any sparks of genius in them, *they would not have been scarce.* Very different in point of imagination is a small work, which Mr. B. says is a very uncommon book; he means, uncommon in its display of mental powers; it is intituled,

"Gods Plea for
Nineveh
or
Londons Precedent
for
Mercy
Delivered in certain Sermons within the
City of London
By Thomas Reeve B in Divinity."

To give some idea of the style and manner of this really ingenious author, the editor has made a long quotation, from which we shall extract the following passage, which is supposed to be addressed to a *civic cormorant*:—

"If thou beest for dainties, how art thou then for spread tables and plenished flaggons? thou art but a *pantry worm* and a *pastry fly.* Thou art for inlandish meat and outlandish sauces; thou art the creature of thy swallow or the slave of the wesand. The land hath scars flesh, the sea fish, or the air fowl, curious enough for thy licorous throat: by thy good will thou wouldst eat nothing but kids and fawns, carps and mallets, snipes and quailes, and drink nothing but Frontiniack, white Muskadines, leathick wines, and vine *de pary.* Thy olies and hogoes, creepers and peepers, Italian cippets and French broaths, do shew what a bondman to the paunch thou art, even the idolator of the banquetting house. *Thy belly is thy God.* Thus doth the glutton wast out his pilgrimage; this is the *Epicure's* day," &c. &c.

"These discourses" (which were thought applicable to *those* times) "were held in such esteem, that an abridgment of them was published soon afterwards, with the following title,

"Londons Remembrancer, &c. &c."

So that the observation we have made seems even here to be fully proved. These sermons were ingenious, and therefore not permitted to become scarce.

Wedding Sermons.

* * * * * * * *

1. "Vitis Palatina.

"A Sermon appointed to be preached at Whitehall, upon the Tuesday after the Mariage of the Ladie Elizabeth her grace. By the B of London.

"London printed for John Bill. 1614."

Few domestic circumstances have excited more observation, or have been more celebrated, than the unfortunate marriage of the Elector Palatine (nominal King of Bohemia) and the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I.: it gave rise to court masques, to court poems, to historical descriptions, to allegorical novels: in short, it was drawn forth in every way as a theme to exercise the genius and to excite the hilarity of the people. The above was only one of a number of sermons that were preached on this occasion. We have before stated,* that the *Palsgrave* was the most popular character in the nation, and that his *well whiskered* countenance was exhibited upon many signs, both in town and country. Mr. B. has mentioned many other wedding sermons, for such was the fashion of the times;† but we shall only notice one more, and that for the sake of a quotation, longer than we can conscientiously afford space for, yet too whimsical to be passed over. This sermon is intituled,

2. "The Merchant Royall.

"Preached at Whitehall before the Kings Majestee at the Nuptialls of the Right hon. the Lord Hay and his ladie upon the Twelfe day last being Januar 6, 1607."

"The author was Robert Wilkinson. The text from Prov. 31. 14. "Shee is like a merchant's ship; shee bringeth food from a farre."

The great object of this composition is, to draw a comparison between a ship and a woman. How the said author has succeeded, the following specimen will in some degree shew.

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* In the Vestiges.

† We have somewhere read, that among the *early puritans*, it was the fashion for the bride and bridegroom to stand hand in hand before the pulpit, while the preacher harangued them, perhaps two hours, upon the matrimonial duties.

"But of all qualities, a woman must not have one quality of a ship, and that is too much *rigging*. Oh what a wonder it is to see a ship under saile, with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops and top gallants, with her upper decks and her nether decks, and so be-*deckt* with her streames, flags, and ensigns, and I know not what: yea, what a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image so miscreate oft times, and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that hee that made her, when hee looks upon her, shall hardly know her, with her plumes, her fannes, and a silken vizard, with a ruffe like a saile, yea a ruffe like a raine-bow, with a feather in her cap like a flag in her top, to tell (I think) which way the wind will blow."

* * * * * * *

"MARTIN MAR PRELATE.

"In the time of Whitgift, the third Archbishop of Canterbury, whom Queen Elizabeth used to call her *little black husband*, a great number of libels against the reformed church" (the *germs* from which its destruction and that of the monarch emanated) "were written and circulated. *Martin Mar Prelate* was one of them: it is said to have been the composition of an impudent junto.

"The principal personages who formed this junto were John Penry, a hot-headed Welchman, one John Udall and Humphrey New, who, according to Strype, bore no more honourable occupation or rank than that of a cobler.

"Penry was afterwards hanged for his seditious libels."

As we conceive the next class to be very little interesting, or to afford very little amusement even to scholars, we shall merely give its general title, and make a slight observation on its subject.

GREEK BOOKS
FROM
1476 TO 1500.

1. With a date.
2. Sine Anno.
3. Apud Aldum.

These seems to us, with great deference to Mr. B. to be

"The classics of an age that heard of none."

Why? it may be asked. To this we reply, It is allowed by the ingenious editor, that he had never seen any separate catalogue of the Greek books printed in the fifteenth century; for this the best of all possible reasons might be given, because there was none to see. Within the dates to which he has alluded Greek literature languished; it was little regarded in the universities upon the continent, and still less in those of this kingdom. The publications, respecting which Mr. B. has quoted the titles of many, were in types the most uncouth, deformed with errors, and are now considered as the very *dross* and *exuviæ* of science, only valuable, like some *black wooden cuts* and *black letter pamphlets*, for their scarcity and singularity.

It was in the beginning of the sixteenth century, about the year 1513, that Leo X. whose mind pervaded the whole range of learning, whose ideas soared to the grand and the sublime, and who spurned those *letter-fanciers* that assiduously collect the chaff which floats on the surface of literature: this magnificent pontiff, the true representative of the Medicean race, observing how, even from the time of the annihilation of the eastern empire, Grecian literature and the Greek language had declined, determined to revive them. He availed himself, therefore, of the services of *Giovanni Lascar*, a noble and learned Greek; he wrote a letter upon the subject to *Marcus Musurus*;* and he founded, on the *Esquilian hill*, THE GREEK INSTITUTE; an establishment which is frequently adverted to in terms of high commendation by writers of that period. These measures, while they promoted the object which he had in view, rendered many of the works of those authors that had preceded mere waste paper; they are, however, brought forth in this collection, rather as objects of curiosity than of genius; rather to shew what is to be shunned, than what ought to be pursued.

The next class of books to which Mr. B. directs his attention, consists of

EARLY EDITIONS
OF
VIRGIL.
With a particular Account of those in the Collection of EARL SPENCER.

It was the opinion of Lord Chesterfield, that *one cane*, *one snuff-box*, *one sword*, &c. were enough for *one person*. We are somewhat of the same opinion with respect to the classics; one elegant edition, and perhaps, for the sake of comparison, two translations of such a poet as Virgil, for instance, are quite sufficient for any student, or indeed any author. The contemplation of such "*literary treasures*" as those which

* Dated 5 Aug. 1513,

are under the above title described, is, in our judgment, the driest of all human studies, and, like the contemplation of *old pictures*, what we should at any time be glad to escape from.

Brief Account of Early Printers.

Books printed by Mentelin, who, it appears, was the printer of that immense work the *Specula of Vincentius Bellovacences*, which are contained in eight folio volumes of the largest size.

"Two of these exhibit the *Speculum Naturale*, the third the *Doctrinale*, the fourth the *Morale*, and the remaining four the *Historale*. At the end of each of these four last volumes is found the printer's name, and the last of all, the date of the year 1473. They are all in the same type, which is Roman, very clear and beautiful, though somewhat more rude than that of the Italian printers. The *paper* is very *thick* and *strong*."

We fear that our readers will think this disquisition almost as *heavy*, thank Heaven! it is not *so long*, as the work it celebrates; but we thought it necessary to shew, by a short specimen, what *materials* Mr. B. had to try his patience. The whole of this story of the literary edifice before us, is built *with the same bricks*. Among the *handicraftsmen* originally employed in this kind of *labour-in-vain* business, we find the names of Ulric Zel, George Laver, also Sweynheym and Pannartz, who, it is well known, first brought the art of printing to Italy; but it is not so well known, that,

"Notwithstanding the novelty, the usefulness, and the importance of their undertaking, their success was far from" (being) "proportioned to their merits. They were patronized by the pope himself; they were encouraged, supported, and rewarded by men of the most exalted rank; but still they laboured under the greatest difficulties, and prosecuted their labours with very inadequate compensation."

It is a curious, but at the same time a melancholy circumstance, because, in many instances, it has caused a repression of genius, that a number of arts, most eminently useful to mankind, have encountered the utmost difficulties, in their efforts to struggle into existence. This was the case with typography: the inventors (if they may be termed the inventors of an art which had been long practised in the eastern world) were very little honoured in their several countries; the people of which, thinking them wiser than themselves, of course, treated them with great harshness. One was censured for affording facility to the spread of *heresy*; another was deemed a *wizard*, and thought to hold intimate commerce with *the devil*; and of the rest it was believed, that they would not circulate in *unknown tongues* sentiments and subjects which were fit to be uttered and described in vernacular idioms: however, these prejudices receded before the genius and the learning of

Joh. Andreas, Bishop of Aleria; a prelate who was particularly instrumental in introducing the art of printing into Italy.

"The materials for any account of this eminent man and distinguished patron of learning," says Mr. B. "are unfortunately very scanty. Bibliographers indeed do not appear entirely to agree how to denominate him. Meerman seems to entertain a doubt whether he is the same person as *Jo. Ant. de Buxis, Bishop of Aleria*, who died in February 1475; which doubt is increased by Schelhorn, in his Diatribe to the Works of Cardinal Quirini; but his death in 1475 is a proof that they are the same, as no book has the bishop's name after 1472. It is certain, that he enjoyed the high offices of secretary to the pope, librarian to the Vatican, and was also *Bishop of Aleria*."

We have a list of the works which are particularly distinguished by the learned bishop's prefatory epistles; but as this would afford little information that could be of any use to the general reader, and would be still less productive of amusement, it may very well be passed over.

Among the names also connected with the first introduction of the art of printing, is that of Pomponius Lætus, who, Mr. B. states,

——"was born in a small village of Calabria, and was generally believed to have been an illegitimate son of a prince of the House of Sanseverini. Upon this *splendid* connection he never at all presumed, but proceeded to Rome, and prosecuted his studies, first under *Oddo de Montopoli*, and afterwards under Laurentius Valla, who died August 1457. After the death of the latter, he succeeded him in his reputation and office: but after the interval of a few years, he fell under the displeasure "of that termagant pontiff" Paul II. and fled to Venice. He was brought back by the command of the pope, and was thrown into prison, together with some other men of letters, who, in common with Pomponius, laboured under the imputation of having formed a conspiracy against

the papal authority. He continued a year in confinement. His innocence soon was manifest, and he was permitted to resume his former situation, and had the honour of occupying the first place in the society of learned men at Rome, under the immediate protection of the pope."

* * * * * * *

"He" is said to have "had a great contempt for wealth;" to have "lived in extreme poverty; and" to have "died so very necessitous, that his friends were obliged to raise a subscription to defray his funeral expences."

From the notice of early printers, Mr. B. proceeds to that of "*Rare Books of the Fifteenth Century;*" by which he means, *peculiar editions* of the works of authors that are not otherwise uncommon. As his remarks upon this subject, however ingenious, are only interesting to *one* set of persons, and those not *the brightest* of all human beings, we certainly shall not follow him through the catalogue, which, we should have observed, is divided into classes, the next of which is intituled, "*Greek Books in Capital Letters before* 1500." To these succeed, "*Rare Editions of the Latin Poets of the Fifteenth Century:*" and "*Latin Translations of the Greek Poets.*" These conclude a volume, the contents of which, had it been the misfortune of *Swift* to have investigated, he would, we are sure, as soon as the emotions of his spleen, at the *weight* of those pages of *sheet lead* which he had been reluctantly obliged to *turn over*, had subsided, have added another chapter upon the art of *raking in the ashes*, and *preserving the dress of literature*, to his description of the *Grand Academy of Logado*: seriously, the first two volumes of this work were, as we have stated, both interesting and entertaining; nay, as far as they regarded domestic literature, *useful*: but this we conceive, from the nature of its subjects, is by no means of the same description. Why it is not, we need not further explain. We have no doubt but the two remaining volumes will be better adapted to the taste of general readers. For these we shall wait; and then have a word with the learned editor upon the scope and effect of the whole.

The History of Don Francisco de Miranda's Attempt to effect a Revolution in South America. In a Series of Letters. By James Biggs. Revised, corrected, and enlarged. To which are annexed, Sketches of the Life of Miranda, and Geographical Notices of Caraccas.

In the advertisement to this work, the author observes, that

"Every political eye is now directed towards South America; and the moment is fast approaching when that immense and valuable section of the globe must effect its independence or *change* its master."

How he came so dogmatically to prognosticate an event which, we hope and trust is *so unlikely* to happen, it is not for us to say.

"The writer of these letters," he adds, "has freely animadverted on the conduct of the *hero* of this history, the most *conspicuous political empiric of his age*."

In these animadversions, as they may *be useful*, we should, were we not limited to space, be glad to follow him: but as this is impossible, we must be content to trace the general outline of the character of Miranda, the principal object of this work, and leave those who wish for further information on subjects certainly, though subordinate, interesting, to consult the letters, which will repay their curiosity.

"General Miranda," it is stated, "has heretofore employed, and sometimes agitated, the public mind. He bore a conspicuous part in the French army under Dumourier, whom it is said, with what truth I know not, he used very ill. In the early part of the French revolution, he is mentioned both with praise and censure. From the opportunity I have had to see and hear him, I should suppose him to possess great talents. He excels all men that ever I have known in colloquial eloquence, and the power of persuasion. He discovers a full mind, furnished with comprehensive and accurate information, improved by travelling and observation. According to his own account, he is in the fifty-second year of his age. His appearance is that of sixty. Perhaps no man living can boast a more retentive memory. His manners and address are extremely pleasing. In the treatment of us (his volunteers) he is all affability and condescension. This may be his habit, or it may proceed from the interest he has at present in conciliating our esteem and good will. May his courteous demeanour continue when we shall have accepted our commissions, and have come under his power! He is very much disposed to conversation. With a fund of materials to render it instructive and amusing, he makes a judicious selection of topics: accordingly, to the young men, some of whom have just left college, he talks of literature, and re-

commends the study of the Spanish language and of mathematics. Proficiency in those branches he tells them will ensure promotion in the army. The gentlemen more advanced in years are entertained with his ideas on politics and war. The general often cites a part of this history of his own life and travels, to illustrate the opinions he seems anxious to inculcate. It is evident enough, that he aims to sow in the minds of his followers the seeds of heroic deeds, of *liberty*, and *revolution*."

Here we would, ere we conclude, just pause a moment, to ask the author, if, in his apprehension, any deeds can be *heroic* that tend to *revolution*, such as that under which Europe, to its remotest corners, at present groans? If such are his notions of *heroic* deeds, stimulated by what we believe the French call *liberty*, and we term *anarchy*, we must tell him, that without he looks into that valuable list of *heroes*, drawn by some resplendent genius, in what may be termed *prose epic*, and exhibited in the NEWGATE CALENDAR, or that still more particular display of *heroic* transactions the SESSIONS PAPER, a work which comes exactly within the meaning of that "great *moralist* and *critic*" who observes, "that in history *the whole should be told*;" without, we say, he consults such great and such *authentic records*, he will not find any to justify his ideas either of LIBERTY or HEROISM.

The Farm House, a Tale: with Amatory, Pastoral, Elegiac, and Miscellaneous Poems and Sonnets. By James Murray Lacey. 1 vol. 12mo. 1809.

THE author of these poems has been, we understand, an occasional contributor to this Magazine; and we have, of course, deemed his effusions in a great degree meritorious. We have the same opinion of these poems; though we must observe, that writing verse with rapidity is no proof of genius. "It is not how much you do, but how well you do it," an old schoolmaster of our acquaintance used to say; though this had been more elegantly said by a genius of a former age,

> "An hundred verses every morning writ,
> Neither betrays the poet nor the wit."

However, these observations do not bear exactly upon the work before us: these poems, though in some instances evidently written in haste, are not deficient either in elegance or correctness. The Farm House, a Tale, is extremely pretty; and in the other of Mr. J. M. L.'s effusions, so many sparks of genius are to be discovered, that we wish we had space for quotation.

The Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele; including his Familiar Letters to his Wife and Daughters; to which are prefixed, Fragments of Three Plays, two of them undoubtedly Steele's, the Third supposed to be Addison's. Faithfully printed from the Originals; and illustrated with Literary and Historical Anecdotes, by John Nichols, F.S.A. E. and P. In Two Volumes. 8vo. 1809.

This publication we greet with particular pleasure; inasmuch as it shows, that the spirit of its worthy editor has not succumbed under the pressure of even accumulated calamities. The elasticity of his mind, indeed, under his late grievous visitations,* scarcely more gratified the feelings, than it excited the admiration, of his numerous friends; but we are happy to observe, that literature is now benefiting, and may expect still farther to benefit,† from that patience of labour, and spirit of research, by which Mr. Nichols has already laid it under many and great obligations.

The present, it is true, is not altogether an original work; as a collection of Steele's letters was published by Mr. N. above thirty years ago: a considerable portion of these volumes, however, is now for the first time printed; and the notes and illustrations of the editor are useful, curious, and interesting.

"For the Three Dramatic Fragments (says Mr. Nichols), and for such part of the Letters of Sir Richard Steele as are *now first published*, I am indebted to the liberal communication of Mrs. Scurlock; by whom they have been presented to me, in full conformity with the intention of her late worthy husband; who, in conjunction with the pre-

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* At the beginning of the year 1807, this gentleman had the misfortune to fracture his thigh by a fall; and early in 1808, property of his, to the amount of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds, was destroyed by fire!

† "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," to be comprised in five or six volumes, 8vo. are, we understand, in great forwardness. The foundation of this desirable work Mr. N. laid in his well-known "Life of Mr. Bowyer," the learned printer.

sent Editor, proposed to have published them, together with many other Letters in his possession from characters of the first eminence in life; which, respect, however, for those characters withheld him from committing to the press.*

"One letter of Mr. Scurlock, from a considerable number which passed between us on this subject, will be a sufficient proof of the propriety of his ideas on this subject.

"*Lovehill Farm, Langley,*
"SIR, *Dec. 24, 1787.*

"I have not given up the intention of publishing another volume: but the different pursuits I have been engaged in, have prevented my giving time to a work that requires critical attention. I have no doubt but, with your assistance, we shall be able to extract such materials from the manuscripts in my possession, as may be entertaining to the public. I have observed, that there are no productions read with greater avidity, nor more eagerly inquired for, than those that are replete with interesting events, and private historical anecdotes of families who now figure in the world. Of these I have a copious fund; yet I would rather be less entertaining, than disturb the repose of private families, or wound the bosom of domestic tranquillity. I shall be in town when the Parliament meets; and, if you are then at leisure, we will enter on a selection for the work.

"Steele and Addison wrote the Spectators, &c. &c. chiefly in the room where I now write: they rented the house of my Father for occasional retirement, and kept an housekeeper between them. It happened that this housekeeper proved to be in a situation that could not escape the prying eye of slanderous observation; when Steele asked Addison very gravely, what they should do in such a dreadful predicament? 'Why,' says Addison, 'since it is now past remedy, there is nothing to be done but this; if it proves to be a black child, you shall take it; if a fair one, the care of it shall fall to my lot.'

"Though I have lately built a new house here, I have religiously reserved this old part, which is attached to it, and have made it my *Sanctum Sanctorum*: Oh, that it would inspire me with the genius that once inhabited it!

Yours, &c. DAVID SCURLOCK."

"From a variety of causes, but principally from Mr. Scurlock's having been persuaded by a Nobleman of high respectability to take upon him the office of a Magistrate for the County of Bucks, which occupied a considerable portion of his time, and afterwards from ill health, that gentleman was prevented from making the selection he proposed; till at length death deprived his family and the world of a valuable character, May 9, 1793.

"He was an affectionate husband; and a tender attentive parent. To the poor he was a liberal benefactor; to his parishioners a diligent pastor; a zealous preacher, and a fine model for the conduct of their life. His exertions in the duty of a Magistrate were exemplary; nor were his literary talents inferior to the goodness of his heart. Of his abilities a distinguished specimen is given, in 'Thoughts on the Influence of Religion on Civil Government, and its Tendency to promote and preserve the Social Liberty and Rights of Man;' a pamphlet published in 1792.

"After that period, a variety of totally different avocations demanding the attention of the present Editor; the publication lay wholly dormant, till Mrs. Scurlock, in assorting some papers of her late husband, found amongst them some Letters of Sir Richard Steele, and the unfinished Plays, which, by her permission, are now presented to the public.

"The writings of Steele stand in general so little in need of adventitious credit, that they derive but small advantage from critical industry: yet a few historical notices and illustrations, it is hoped, will be acceptable to the curious, as immediately connected with the history of that period in which Steele and the rest of those elegant writers flourished, to whom the world have been so very highly indebted for the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, &c. &c." J. N.

The Letters exhibit at once the amiable mind and eccentric conduct of Steele, and illustrate the literary history of his time.

Of the Dramatic relics, two are those mentioned in the Biographia Dramatica (i. 433) as having been left by Steele unfinished, and being "probably still in MS." viz.

The Gentleman; and,
The School of Action.

"* The following paragraph was actually published in 1787, at the end of my advertisement of the first edition. 'It may be proper to announce, that, since these volumes have appeared before the public, the Editor has been favoured with many valuable Original Letters and other genuine productions of Sir Richard Steele; which have, in the politest manner been communicated to him by the Rev. David Scurlock, M.A. of Lovehill Place, Langley, Bucks, who became possessed of them (together with many other curious correspondences of several eminent persons) as administrator to the effects of Lady Trevor, Sir Richard Steele's last surviving daughter.—These valuable and authentic documents the present Editor has undertaken to publish, as soon as they can be properly digested, with the full concurrence, and under the immediate inspection, of Mr. Scurlock.'"

The humour of these pieces seems rather to belong to farce, than to genteel comedy; but they were mere rough draughts, which their author, had he lived, might have filled up with skill and effect.

The third fragment is a complete first act of a tragedy; bearing strong marks of having been the work of Addison. What the plan of the writer was, it is not now perhaps possible to learn; but, as the editor observes, this first act lays " a good foundation for a fine tragedy."

Prefixed to the first volume is a good PORTRAIT of STEELE; of whom it is said,

> " Improving youth and hoary age
> " Are better'd by *his* matchless page."

An Analysis of Penmanship. By J. Boardman, of Somers Town. 8vo.

This little treatise, which is dedicated to the Society of Schoolmasters, we think extremely well calculated, as it is avowed to be intended, " by digesting into a sort of grammar the principles of this useful and elegant art, to accelerate the progress of the scholar, and to save the master much unnecessary trouble."

Mr. Boardman very properly begins by accurately defining the art, and reducing it to its elements, or first principles; he then proceeds, by regular steps, from the simple down stroke, to the oval, the serpentine, and the anomalous form (as *k*, *r*, *z*, and *&*). The distinct points of proportion, and slope, are next discussed with much perspicuity, and explained by a copper-plate, as the fundamental strokes had before been illustrated.

The object of the present pamphlet appears to have been confined to the plainest and most simple principles and forms of writing; that is to say, merely the useful parts of penmanship. We gather, however, from a concluding paragraph, that the ingenious author contemplates, *in prospectu*, a second and more scientific undertaking on the same subject.

ST. MARK. C. 9. V. 49.

Πᾶς γὰρ πυρὶ ἁλισθήσεται, καὶ πᾶσα θυσία ἁλὶ ἁλισθήσεται.

For every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt.

THIS sentence connects with the foregoing; as the particle γὰρ, which is causal, shews. In the preceding verse we read, that offenders shall be cast into the Gehenna of fire; where the fire shall perpetually burn them, and the consciousness of their crimes shall perpetually torment them. For every one, that is, πᾶς, ὁ εἰς τὴν γέενναν τοῦ πυρὸς βληθεὶς, ἁλισθήσεται, shall be *seasoned*, shall be *preserved* in this fire. This fire shall act upon the wicked who are thrown into it, as brine acts upon the meat, over which it is poured. It shall consolidate, not consume them. Unlike all other fires, it shall not destroy life, but prolong it. Such is the state of every incorrigible offender. It remains to be shewn, what is the portion reserved for the faithful. Every faithful disciple, who is so truly devoted to the Christian cause, as to be ready to die in its defence, is here represented under the figure of a sacrifice, *seasoned with salt*. Πᾶσα θυσία, every sacrifice, saith Christ, thus prepared for, and devoted to me, shall be considered as seasoned with salt. The Jews were taught to understand, that sacrifices, so seasoned, were *acceptable* to the Lord. Every sincere disciple is here by anticipation and prolepsis denominated θυσία. By this appellation he was forewarned of an event, which the sword of persecution would not fail to accomplish. With a like allusion to *sacrifices*, St. Paul thus writes to the Philippians; εἰ καὶ σπένδομαι· and to Timothy; ἐγὼ γὰρ ἤδη σπένδομαι.

Thus the punishment, hereafter to be inflicted on the wicked, and the recompense, reserved for the faithful, are expressed in terms, fetched from those sacrificial rites, with which the Jews were conversant. Commentators, conceiving the sense to be, *consumed* by fire, have proposed to read, instead of ἁλισθήσεται, ἀναλωθήσεται. But the very reverse of *consumed* is the sense intended. A learned critic has indeed said, that, " as to salting with fire, nothing can be made of it." Much, and much more to the purpose may be made of it, than can be made of any word, which criticism, in its ardour to amend, may have undertaken to substitute.

Salt is good: but if the salt ἄναλον γένηται, should have become insipid, ἐν τίνι αὐτὸ ἀρτύσετε; Quo condimento *salem ipsum* condietis?

K.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY *(At the Haymarket Theatre)*, May 17.—Mr. Liston, the humorous comedian, deserting the sock for the buskin, performed, for his own benefit, the part of the distracted *Octavian*, in *The Mountaineers*. In an address, written by Mr. Eyre, of the late Drury-lane Company, our comic friend promised never to be so *mad* again.—It is not, perhaps, generally known, that, though the London audiences have only been accustomed to mirth and laughter from the performances of Mr. Liston, it is certain, that in his previous provincial career, this gentleman was in habits of intimacy with the more dignified scenes of the tragic drama.

May 29.—That universal favourite of the English stage, Mr. LEWIS, took leave of the public, in the character of the *Copper Captain*, in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*. At the conclusion of the play, he came forward, amidst a tumult of applause, and very much agitated; at length, when silence could be obtained, he addressed the audience nearly as follows:—

" *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

" I have the honour to address you for the last time. After my long theatrical career, I am exceedingly agitated on coming forward to bid you farewell; and indeed, my feelings are so strong and so painful, that if I had not feared lest the omission of this ceremony might have seemed negligence or disrespect, I would willingly have avoided it altogether. When I look back upon my professional life, and recollect that I have been your servant for six and thirty years, during which period I have never once incurred your displeasure, I cannot contemplate my dramatic death without the deepest sensations of gratitude and regret.

" Allow me to express to you my ardent thanks for the kindness which you have invariably bestowed upon me, and particularly for the favour with which you have received my later efforts. I take my leave, under these circumstances, not only with the liveliest gratitude, but, if I may be allowed the expression, with the sincerest affection. Ladies and gentlemen, I now bid you adieu for ever."

Mr. Lewis, as has been observed by a newspaper writer, was an actor of the old school, and to the correctness and professional science which distinguished the cotemporaries of his early days, he united all that liveliness, variety, and whim which have characterised the comedians of our own time. During the greater part of his professional life, he devoted himself entirely to that line of genteel comedy in which he was so pre-eminent. Of late years, he has acted more frequently in the modern comedies than in the plays of the classical writers; and by his irresistible whimsicality, always added life and fire to the farcical pieces that he sported in, and always excited admiration in the public mind; yet the full extent of his talents cannot be appreciated, except by those who have seen his less frequent but more exquisite performances in the older dramas. The modern plays, with all their merit, are certainly less natural and correct in the portraiture of character than those of some past periods; and of course, though the most advantageous to actors of mere bustle, are not the best calculated to display the powers of those few really great performers, who consider their profession as a science, and can discriminate as well as divert. Those, therefore, who would judge of Mr. Lewis's dramatic abilities, must estimate him, not merely by those exhibitions where nothing except liveliness and drollery could be exerted, but by those in which all his more refined humour, and his subtle conceptions of comic nature, could play in easy lightness, unclogged by the earthy weight of grosser composition. He was infinitely comical in his *caricatures*, but he had the higher excellence of being chastely comic in his *characters*. We could laugh at his eccentricity in *Young Rapid* and in *Jeremy Diddler*; but in *Mercutio* and the *Copper Captain* we could not only laugh at his eccentricity, but admire his discernment of nature, and his knowledge of art. To all the talents of his mind he added in an eminent degree the advantages of person, which he preserved to his very last performance; and so singularly happy was his manner, that a thousand vagaries, which in less delicate hands would have degenerated into buffoonery or vulgarity, were with him but gaieties and amusing whims.

May 31. This company closed their season, with the performances of *The Exile* and *Valentine and Orson*; on which occasion the following Address was delivered by Mr. Young:—

" *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

" I am desired by the proprietors of Covent Garden theatre, to offer you their most grateful acknowledgments for the kind and liberal patronage you have afforded them during this most trying and distressing season. The weight of their obligation is the more sensibly felt, as they are aware (though every exertion has been used) that the attraction of novelty has been in a great measure wanting. —NEXT year, however, they hope the deficiency in theatrical amusements will be amply supplied.

" THEIR NEW THEATRE IS NOW COVERED IN.

" Owing to the peculiar circumstances of the times, they have encountered the greatest difficulties, and gone to an unprecedented expense in procuring the best materials necessary for the structure of so large a building; but from the indefatigable exertions of all concerned in the undertaking, they have now the heartfelt satisfaction of assuring you, that the NEW THEATRE ROYAL in COVENT GARDEN will be opened for your entertainment on MONDAY the 11th of SEPTEMBER.

" The chief ambition of the proprietors has been to consult the comfort and convenience of the audience; and they trust, that when completed, the NEW THEATRE will receive the enviable sanction of your approbation, and be deemed worthy of the metropolis of the British empire. The performers, likewise, ladies and gentlemen, beg leave to return their most grateful thanks to a kind and indulgent public; and till we meet on our new stage, the company humbly take their leave."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The regular summer campaign commenced under the command of Messrs. Colman, Winston, and Morris, with the comedy of *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, and *Plot and Counterplot*. The corps is strong and efficient, Messrs. Young and Jones, and Mrs. Glover, taking the lead in tragedy and comedy. With their respective talents our readers are well acquainted: we have only to observe, that Mr. Jones's undertakings in this concern are remarkable by their variety, as well as by their general merit. Several new pieces are talked of, and a busy season is expected. We wish it success.

DRURY-LANE COMPANY, (*At the Lyceum*), June 10.—The late Drury-lane company concluded their season at this theatre, with *The Heir at Law*, *Blue Devils*, and *The Mayor of Garratt*. At the end of the comedy, Mr. Wroughton advanced to the front of the stage, and addressed the house as follows:

" *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

" This last night of performance demands our annual address of thanks—but so peculiarly involved in calamity as the performers have been, from the destruction of both theatres this winter (which was near reducing many of the adherents of the stage to uncommon difficulties and distress), we are anxiously apprehensive lest our expressions prove inadequate to our feelings on this occasion. The calamity, which was truly grievous to our brethren of Covent Garden theatre, became trebly so to the Drury-lane company; for where, in the first instance, some relief could be administered, in the latter scarcely any could be obtained. Hopeless and dreary was our situation for some weeks, until our appeal to the Earl of Dartmouth, the Lord Chamberlain, who graciously listened to our distress, and with the utmost kindness (which must ever be remembered by the actors) gave us his sanction and permission to come forward on our own account; and from the liberality of the public, and the kind intervention of the proprietors of the Opera House and the Lyceum, we have, in some measure, thus far sustained our misfortunes.

" By your generosity we have been enabled to keep united, and we again look forwards with confidence, in the hope of a continuation of public favour; assuring you, that wherever our future destiny shall place us, we trust our exertions, keeping pace with our gratitude, will render us deserving of your attention.

" It now remains for us, at the conclusion of the season, to offer our heartfelt tribute of thanks, which we one and all beg leave thus publicly and respectfully to present to our patrons and benefactors, for that protection, that indulgence, and that noble liberality, with which they have followed up and rewarded our humble endeavours."

Mr. Elliston, who has taken the ROYAL CIRCUS, has converted *The Beggar's Opera* into a burletta, and undertaken the character of *Macheath* himself. His entrée in the part was prefaced by the following address:

Each anxious host, of ardent zeal possest,
His friends to please, and gratify each guest,
Urges endeavour—thinks no effort vain,
That tends to please, or leads to entertain;
Yet sometimes finds, too eager to succeed,
The will, alas! has far outstripp'd the deed!
His fate may, here, be mine; for never host
More ardent zeal, nor eager will, could boast;
Ne'er welcom'd guests more warmly to his dome,
Nor, friends to gratify, felt more at home!
At home, then, view me—where, unawed by rule,
The gravest sometimes dare to play the fool;

To cheer the heart, make every plan their choice,
And e'en such singers, *unpossess'd of voice:*
That thought has nearly stopp'd my scanty breath,
While flitting past, appears to frown *Macheath:*
Minims and crochets seem to weep and wail,
And, like *King Richard's* ghosts, my ears assail;
Richard, who here might bawl, in tragic strain,
"A horse! a horse!" *nor bawl for one in vain!*
While the poor captain's strains, less priz'd by half,
Perchance may only raise a loud *horse laugh.*
(Bell rings.)
But to my trial call'd, for weal or woe—
"The Judges all" array'd, a fearful "show!"
"I go" undaunted;—sure of kind support;
And throw myself thus boldly on the Court;
The very summit of my accusation,
A mere attempt, to *steal* your approbation!
But then, like all *Macheaths*, I feel a hope,
You'll ask from me, *no feats upon the rope;*
But, mingling mercy with dramatic laws,
Assuage my doom—*transport* me with applause!

June 21.—The following Address, written by Dr. Busby, was spoken at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, by Mr. Elliston, at a performance for the benefit of the Middlesex Hospital.

O Charity! divinest guest of earth!
Type of the Deity who gave thee birth!
Still on mankind thy melting grace impart,
And fix thy temple in the human heart.
For saving help, when bleeding Misery cries,
And pallid Sickness lifts her languid eyes,
Thou bidst compassion in each bosom glow,
And balmy comfort to the sufferer flow.
Prompted by thee, lo! Wealth her store divides,
By thee assuag'd, fell Malady subsides;
Ease o'er Despair her downy mantle flings,
And Hope descends, "with healing on her wings."
Yes. Charity—with want and pain at strife—
Kind second parent of dissolving life!
To thee the children of misfortune fly,
For thy soft shelter, heave th' imploring sigh;
In thee cessation to their anguish see,
And owe each Good Samaritan to thee.
Urg'd by thy voice, directed by thy light,
In Heav'n's best cause thy votaries here unite,—
Disease to cure, the throbbing wound to bind,
And imitate the Saviour of mankind.
When Beauty, listening to the tale of woe,
Melts at the heart, and bids her bounty flow,
The seraph-virtues, smiling from above,
Shed fairer lustre round the throne of love:
New grace, new charms, each benefactress wears,
And Pity in her angel shape appears!
While Charity expands her holy fires,
And generous Sympathy each rank inspires:
While Heav'n, that gave us courage, feeling gives,
And ev'ry Briton as a Christian lives;
(As kind as bold, beneficent as brave,)
Lives to do good, to succour, and to save:
E'en hostile lands shall own the blessings here,
And mix their admiration with their fear.
O Charity! to every good allied!
Of Freedom's soil the honour and the pride!
Still by our deeds the sacred influence prove,
Still bless and bind us in fraternal love:
Desert, we pray, nor high nor low estate,
Exalt the humble, and adorn the great;
Where'er we turn, thy presence let us find,
And ever sway our Royal Patron's mind;
Preserve thy spirit in his Princely breast,
And be the proudest feather in his crest.

POETRY.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1809.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

WHILE Europe with dejected eye
Beholds around her rural reign,
Whilom of Peace the fair domain
The scene of desolation lie;
Or if with trembling hope she cast
Her looks on hours of glory past;
And burn again with virtuous fame
Her ancient honours to reclaim,
And brace the corslet on her breast,
And grasp the spear and wave the crest;
Yet lies her course through war's ensanguin'd flood;
Yet must she win her way through carnage and through blood.
Ah! happier, Britain, o'er thy plain
Still smiling Peace and Freedom reign,
And while thy sons with pitying eye
Behold the fields of ruin round them lie;
The storms which shake each neighbour-realm with fear,
Like distant thunder die upon the ear;
They bless the halcyon hours that gave,
To rule a people free and brave,
A patriot monarch all their own,
Their swords his bulwark, and their hearts his throne:
And while to this auspicious day
The muse devotes her tributary lay,
A nation's vows in choral Pæan join,
And consecrate to fame a 'verse as mean as mine.'

Yet not to selfish thoughts confin'd
Are the warm feelings of the virtuous mind:
The Royal Patriot, while he views
Peace o'er his realms her bliss diffuse,
Mourns for the sorrows that afflict mankind.
Go forth, my sons, he cries; my Britons, go,
And rescue Europe from her ruthless foe.
Behold, in arms, Austria's Imperial Lord;
Behold Iberia draw th'avenging sword;
O let, with their's, your mingling ensigns fly,
In the great cause of injur'd Liberty!
Go forth, my sons, and to the world declare,
When suffering Freedom calls, Britannia's arms are there.

ANECDOTES IN FAMILIAR VERSE.

No. V.

The Philosopher's Stone.

A VERY great philosopher
Of wisdom made a mighty stir,
And rumour's tongue with wonder told,
All metals he'd transmute to gold.
Leo the Tenth, with liberal spirit,
All the world know encourag'd merit;
And to that pope this money-getter
Made known, in a fine pompous letter,
That he all nature's secrets knew;
That metals which in centuries grew
To gold, his secret had such powers,
He could make gold in a few hours.
Leo, who was a humourist,
Finding this madman would persist,
First tried to combat his pretences,
To bring him to his sober senses;
Said, that the thing could not be done;
Nay, if it could, that he, for one,
Thought it were better let alone;
For, if this secret once were known,
That gold would be a mortal evil,
And do more mischief than the devil;
Prove to mankind a plague, a curse.
However, he had sent a purse,
That, since he could, as he had told,
Make any quantity of gold,
All that he wanted to begin,
Must be a purse to put it in.

BADINE.

No. VI.

The Raddish.

HENRY the Fourth, as history sings,
Among proud France' fantastic kings,
The very best in all the pack,
But who was killed by Ravaillac;
Who generous was, and took delight
To give, or lend, or love, or fight;
Who hating avarice of all men,
Cried, "From my title take the N,
I should no more be worth your care,
But France's monarch and avare.*
Henry, of course, as monarchs do,
Received of presents not a few;
But, for one kindness he'd receive,
Ten he would generously give.
One day, thrown on a lonely place,
He lost his way in a hot chase;
And, tir'd, was glad enough to share
A hearty peasant's homely fare;
Of which, giv'n with a free good will,
He ate, and drank, and took his fill;
And, as he feasted at his ease,
Admir'd some curious raddishes.
The peasant, as his cheer he press'd,
Wish'd much to know who was his guest:
Henry lov'd fun, and thought 'twould please,
If he disclos'd this by degrees.
At the first draught he gayly took,
He was a lord; the next, a duke;
The third, a prince: thus he'd advance;
At last, he was the King of France.
"Stop," cried the clown, "you maunt go on,
You'll be the Lord knows what anon."
But this is foreign to my tale.
Henry sunk low the peasant's ale,
And grew quite debonaire and gay.
The peasant put him on his way,
First having tasted, full of glee,
Of Henry's generosity.
When he was gone, cried out the clown,
"Here's money wife!" and told it down.
"Dang it," cried she, "he's paid his score;
But thee should'st, numscull, have got more;
Thy brain's as heavy as a plummet;
Thou sap, thou should ha' ge'd un zummet;
For this same king to favour lifts,
And grace, all they that gi's un gifts;
Oceans for things not worth a varden;
Gi'un the best raddish in the garden."
Hodge took the hint; went straight to court;
The merry courtiers lik'd the sport,
And told the king this news so pleasant,
Who made the clown a handsome present.
The news soon made a pretty clatter!
Hodge to his neighbours told the matter;
Who thought from Henry, in this vein,
They mighty presents would obtain.
One, at the rich idea glad,
To buy a horse sold all he had;
And on to court as he advanc'd,
Upon his sprightly courser pranc'd;
And, as he pensions hop'd and places,
He put his horse in all his paces.
The courtiers the poor fool cajoled,
And to the king this matter told;
Cried Henry, "We must stop this trade:
Did it go on, this curious blade
Would bring so many handsome offers,
That we should empty all our coffers.
Faith, this dilemma's rather badish:—
I'll tell you what, Give him the raddish.

BADINE.

* His title was King of France and Navarre; by taking away the N, Navarre would [illegible]vare, which means miserly.

MY STOCKINGS!

In Imitation of the Imitations of Cowper's "My Mary."

A NOBLER theme let others choose;
Fit subject for my humble muse
Are ye, whom, *night and day*, I use—
My stockings.

Soon as Aurora paints the skies
(Ere from my sluggard couch I rise),
For ye I raise my earliest cries,
My stockings.

The live-long day around my thigh
Ye cling; and seldom turn awry;
With me ye trudge thro' wet and dry,
My stockings.

At eve my daily work I spurn,
And to the public-house adjourn;
Then with what heart-felt joy I turn
My stockings!

At night, *one* serves to stop a gap
I'th'wall.—I sink in Somnus' lap,
And *t'other* serves me for a cap.
My stockings!!

Full oft I find my old friends lag
E'en in the lending of a rag:
What use I then for pudding-bag?
My stockings!!!

Let none their various deeds decry;
For ever as the week goes by
They're wash'd, and then—I hang to dry
My stockings.

P.

THE FALL OF SARAGOSSA.

Talibus insidiis perjurique arte Sinonis
Credita res; captique dolis lachrymisque coactis,
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.
ÆNEIDOS, Lib. ii. 195.

WHEN Gallia's tyrant on Hispania's land,
With all the chosen of his murd'rous band,
Thirsting for blood, were anxious to renew
The prospect, pleasing to the tyrant's view:
Father for child, and husband mourns for wife
Torn from his arms, the partner of his life:
The weeping infant snatch'd from mother's breast,
Alike unpitied victim—with the rest.
Pity the monsters never knew to feel;
Each tyrant's breast is arm'd with savage steel.
Now from the sheath his reeking blade he draws,
Now strikes the blow, and breaks great Nature's laws.
While thus Confusion walks Hispania's plains,
And terror stalks, and ghastly Horror reigns,
See! the fam'd city Saragossa rise,
And lift its towers in triumph to the skies;
Within its walls behold the patriot stand,
The brave Palafox and his valorous band,
Firm as one heart determin'd to oppose,
Each single arm against a host of foes:
Zeal for the cause doth ev'ry breast inspire,
And rouse in *females* Amazonian fire.
They've swore: the patriot chiefs will never fly,
In battle conquer, or in battle die.
The foe, well skill'd in all the wiles of war,
Raise up fascines, and scythes his bloody car;
Thunders his cannon 'gainst the tottering wall;
Hark! now they shout, and see! the barriers fall.
Behold within, the patriot bands advance,
To check the victories of haughty France.
See! see! what myriads of the foes are slain,
In blood their corses float upon the plain.
How often do the minions vile retreat?
How often are the dastard Frenchmen beat?
They now advance, and now again retire,
And seek a shelter from the patriot's fire.
Redoubled numbers now advance in form,
And threaten all the horrors of a storm.
The fiends of Gallia, vers'd in craft and wiles,
Prepare their engines, and spread round their toils.
With dark designs, the miners upwards throw
The bloodwet turf, with this intent, to blow
High in the air the city which had brav'd
The storms of war with royal banners wav'd.
In freedom's cause—her monarch to defend,
Maintain'd unsullied honour to the end.
But efforts fail when they're oppos'd to fate,
Great Saragossa fell, th'Palladium of the State.

London, April 13th, 1809. JOHANNES.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

THE northern wind tempestuous roars;
The rain in chilling torrents pours;
Around one scene of gloom appears,
And winter's dreary aspect wears.
Ah! ye, whose happier fortunes know
No adverse storms, no scenes of woe,
Whose smiling hours no cares annoy,
Relieve the wand'ring Orphan Boy.

Like the young branch by tempests torn,
I rove dejected and forlorn;
No filial joys this bosom move,
Unblest with fond parental love;
The soothing voice of friendship dear
Ne'er sounds harmonious in this ear;
No sister's smile, no brother's joy,
Delights the wand'ring Orphan Boy.

When Sol with splendor gilds the west,
And sinks beneath the waves to rest,
And night her sable curtain spreads,
O'er all her balmy influence sheds;
To me, alas! no roof is giv'n,
The earth my bed, my cov'ring heav'n;
Nor wakes reviving morn to joy
The little wand'ring Orphan Boy.

Soft Pity, maid with tearful eye,
And sweetly-soothing Charity,
Oh bid each breast with ardour glow,
And melt to hear the tale of woe;
Extend the fost'ring hand to give,
And fancy's dreams of bliss revive:
Then shall the grateful theme employ
The little wand'ring Orphan Boy. J. S.

THE SUMMER STORM.

I.

NOW the tempest slow departing,
Threat'ning thunders, whelming rains,
Streams of light no longer darting,
Tranquil leave the verdant plains.

II.
Let us walk, our grot forsaking,
View the black clouds as they pass.
Timid sheep, their fleeces shaking,
Wander o'er the freshen'd grass.

III.
See the brilliant landscape gleaming,
Sweeten'd with reviving show'rs;
As the sun refulgent beaming,
Sparkling rain-drops deck the flow'rs.

IV.
Carols from unnumber'd voices
Gayly sound from every spray,
While the gilded fly rejoices,
All his livery to display.

V.
O'er the glassy lake projecting,
Glist'ning leaves attract the eyes,
As again its face reflecting
Ev'ry hue that paints the skies.

VI.
So when passions fierce, rebelling,
Banish reason, joy, and rest,
Soothing peace, all clouds dispelling,
Cheers again the struggling breast.

Spital-square. I. B.

SONNET TO THE ROSE.

QUEEN of the flow'ry tribe, deep-blushing rose,
At early morn I love t'inhale thy breath.—
Sweeter art thou whene'er despoil'd by death,
Than any flow'r in Flora's realms that blows.
Zephyrus sportive thy soft charms disclose,
And in thy dewy odours dips his wings;
The sweet perfume on all around he flings,
Enliv'ning age, and youth, whose bosom glows
Enraptur'd with thy charms.—Love thy pow'r knows,
Bright lovely flow'r which his altars grace,
Emblem of Beauty's fair and fragile face,
And ah! like her, expos'd to baleful foes:
But may each gen'rous youth and virgin pure
Dwell in thy roseate bow'rs, from Care's rude thorns secure.

Fort-street. J. S.

ON MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Being an Imitation of the celebrated George Buchanan's Latin Verses on her, when she was in the Prime of Youth and Beauty.

O THOU pre-eminent! whose charms display
Beauty refulgent as the orient day,
Fairer than glowing Fancy can define,
Each charm of youth, of form, and mind, is thine.
Who can unmov'd behold that graceful mien,
Where captivating elegance is seen;
View without transport that attractive face,
Where beauty's loveliest lineaments we trace;
See those bright eyes that blissful rays impart,
Without Love's passion kindling in the heart?
At once those qualities we most desire
In thee combine, those talents we admire,
Thy thoughts impassion'd breathe, and flow with ease
In various tongues, in each alike to please;
Gay and accomplish'd, affable, polite,
Fitted to charm the eye, or soul delight;
A magnet that can ev'ry heart engage;
The love and admiration of thy age.
O thou! that dost such sov'reign charms display,
Our beauteous queen, we bless thy gentle sway.

Glasgow. JOHN CARNEGIE.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IF the following stanzas, written "on the approach of Winter," should meet with your approbation, I hope the *season* at which I have sent them will not prove an obstacle to their insertion in the European Magazine; as their appearance in its columns will be considered an honour conferred on them by, sir,

Your obedient and very humble servant,

March 21st, 1809. C. S. B.

AN ELEGY ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

HOW chang'd the rural scene! the once gay fields
Divested of their splendid garb appear;
Autumn retires, and now to winter yields
The sceptre of the swiftly-fading year.

Still, tho' the forests rise deform'd to view,
Their leaves wide scatter'd by the driving wind,
Reluctantly she bids her reign adieu,
And often casts a "ling'ring look behind."

Now from the dreary regions of the north,
Where, wrapt in snows, eternal coldness dwells,
Stern winter with his restless train comes forth,
And leads his subjects from their icy cells.

Close at his side the hoary frost attends,
And o'er creation spreads his chilling hands:
On the swoln river first their pow'r descends,
Arrests its progress, and its stay commands.

Tempestuous whirlwinds fly his steps before,
The loud-tongu'd heralds of his dread career;
The welkin sounds with the incessant roar
Which awfully proclaims his coming near;

While breezes damp, of wintry ills the spring
(Unlike the bracing gales that vigour bear,
And florid Health upon their pinions bring),
Now with unwholesome vapours fill the air.

By these deceiv'd, the tardy hours delay
To wake the morn, and orient light disclose;
Whose rays not long remain, for o'er the day
Soon envious night her shadowing vesture throws.

The sun, conceal'd by clouds which intervene,
Attempts to reach us with his genial fires;
In vain he strives to view the cheerless scene,
And disappointed, ah! too soon retires.

Abroad, no object that the eye can see
A spark of joy within the bosom moves;
No pleasing verdure decks the leafless tree,
And silent are the songsters of the groves.

Soon will yon vale be whiten'd o'er with snow,
Yon vale where late the yellow autumn smil'd;
Soon will the murm'ring streams forget to flow,
And all the scene look desolate and wild.

Hark! that fierce gust of wind that roar'd aloud,
Came fraught with boreal terrors to the ear;
A sad precursor of the snowy shroud
In which, ere long, creation will appear.

Yet, rough as are his features, winter lends
Assistance bland to favour nature's cause;
Assembles oft the jocund group of friends,
And closer still the social circle draws.

And shall not we, who nature's blessings share,
Evince our gratitude to Heav'n's high pow'r;
And cheerfully a due proportion spare,
For succouring distress in mis'ry's hour?

Since, now, when cruel tempests keener blow,
When cold is added to his sorrow's weight,
By far more wretched is the son of woe,
And more deplorable his needy state.

Then shall not we, to whom the means are giv'n,
To the poor suff'rer relief extend?——
He may, alas! by adverse fate, be driv'n
To seek compassion!——he has not a friend!

Yes!—if distrest a fellow-creature strays,
Soon shall the hand of pity ope the door;
Benevolence his sinking hopes shall raise;
And hospitality display its store.

Hail, Britain, hail! for none the call divine
Of mild philanthropy obey so well
As do thy sons; all bounteous and benign,
The heav'nly virtue loves in thee to dwell.

Let us then cherish, with our fondest care,
The lovely visitant, thro' life's short span;
Let us in constant recollection bear
The dictate she enjoins—Good will to man!

So, when, at length, stern fate shall bid us part
With life, ere its slow ebbing tide shall cease,
A glad conviction may attend the heart,
That our departing soul will rest in peace.

C. S. B.

ON THE BURNING OF JAGGERNAUT.

A TALE.

Written by One of the Missionaries at Bengal.

AT Ephesus, in former days,
The word of God did so prevail,
That all the saints were fill'd with praise,
Who chanc'd to hear the wond'rous tale.

They burnt their books of curious art,
Books fill'd with deep and secret things;
And saw their wealth at once depart,
With all the joy the Gospel brings.

Such were the conquests of the Lamb,
Where once the great Diana stood;
But greater honours wait his name,
Where Ganges rolls a mighty flood.

There lived a man nam'd Jaggernaut,*
A Hindoo of Byraggee † cast:
Whose heart with superstition fraught,
Stuck to his debtah ‡ to the last.

His debtah's name was Jaggernaut,
(Lord of the world the Hindoos say;)
Though from a tree the god was wrought,
While other gods are made of clay.

He made his offerings every day,
His name repeated every hour;
In trouble to his god would pray,
And trusted in his mighty power.

One day this man the Gospel heard,
And felt inclin'd to think it true;
But then his Jaggernaut he fear'd,
And other things that might ensue.

How could he turn his idol out,
Which he had serv'd and fear'd so long;
And whose exploits, beyond a doubt,
Were writ in many an ancient song?

Besides, his bread, his cast would go,
His former friends would turn his foes;
And nought but poverty and woe
And deep disgrace his days would close.

But such the power of Jesus' love,
Where'er it enters and abides;
Mountains of fear it can remove,
And bliss impart whate'er betides;

Such was the case with Jaggernaut,
With scorn he cast his god aside;
Renounc'd his worship, burnt his *raut*,§
And all the god could do defy'd.

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* He was named after his idol.

† The Byraggees are holy beggars among the Hindoos, something like the friars mendicant in the Church of Rome.

‡ Debtah is a common name for the Hindoo idols.

§ *Raut* is the god Jaggernaut's car;—at his anniversary he is seated in it, and drawn by men; at which time, many, in order to procure salvation, throw themselves before it, and are crushed to death. Some rauts contain thirty-two wheels, and some sixteen. Raut is a common name for any carriage.

His *salgram*,* and his *biggro*† too,
Into a neighbouring pond he flung;
His books into the Ganges threw,
As worthless dross or sordid dung.

But yet a thing or two remains,
Which, more than all, this convert's love
To Christ and to his cause proclaims,
And his sincere conversion prove.

One day, the wood to boil the pot
Ran short—and *cowries*‡ there were none;
Such was this convert's dreary lot,—
For now, his begging trade was gone.

What could they do? at last this thought,
(A happy thought 'twill be confess'd)
Possess'd the mind of Jaggernaut,
And set the boiling point at rest.

The god remain'd in durance vile,
An ugly useless lump of wood;
What ail'd but he the pot must boil,
And thus at last do them some good.

At first, our convert's wife, afraid,
Propos'd a candid liberal scheme,
To part with Jaggernaut, and said—
"Commit the god to Ganges' stream."§

Our convert ask'd the reason, why?
And said, in time the god would rot;
But now, 'twas truly sound and dry,
And in a trice would boil the pot.—

But if he were a god indeed,
Unchanging, having power divine;
He ne'er could burn, or rot, or bleed,
And this would be a perfect sign.

This said—his *thakoor* ‖ straight he took,
Clave him in two—prepar'd his food;
And with a glad and grateful look
To heaven—confess'd the Giver good.

Behold the Gospel's wond'rous power,
It cleans the house, and conscience too;
Changes the heart, and, in one hour,
A new creation brings to view!

Thus blooms the wilderness, thus spring
Waters amid the desert drear;
Rocks, hills, and plains with rapture sing,
And barren wastes rich harvests wear.

Stupendous scheme of power and love,
Gospel of Christ, to thee I sing;
For thou all human hearts can move,
And souls from hell to heav'n canst bring!

---

* *Salgram* signifies a turnip.—It is a stone cut in the shape of a turnip, before which the worship of any of their gods may be performed.

† *Biggro* is a stone, before which the worship of only some of their principal gods may be performed.

‡ *Cowries* are shells used as current money in India.

§ This is the way in which the Hindoos dispose of their clay gods after their great poojahs (worship) are over. Our convert's wife was then halting between two opinions, which occasioned her to make this remark.

‖ *Thakoor* is a hatchet.

THE ORIGINAL BALLAD,

"GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME;"

From which, it is presumed, Dr. Goldsmith derived the Idea of his

"EDWIN AND ANGELINA."

Gentle herdsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray—
Unto the *towne* of *Wallsingham*
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the *towne* of Walsingham,
The way is hard for to be gone,
And very crooked are those *pathes*
For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled *thrise*,
And the way never so ill,
It were not enough for mine offence;
It is so *grevous*, and so ill.

"Thy *yeares* are young, thy face is *faire*,
Thy wits are *weake*, thy thoughts are *greene*;
Time hath not given thee leave as yet
For to commit so great a *sinne*!"

Yes, herdsman, yes, *soe* won'dst thou say,
If thou knewest so much as I;
My wits, and *thoughtes*, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I *seeme* to *bee*,
My cloths and *sexe doe* differ *fare*;
I am a woman, woe *is mee!*
Born to *greeffe*, and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill;
And though my *teares* will nought avail,
Most *dearely* I bewail him still,

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere *colde bee*
Of *comelye* mien and shape he was,
And *tenderlye* he loved *mee*.

When thus I *sawe* he loved me well,
I grew so *proude* his *paine* to see,
That I, who did not know *myselfe*,
Thought *scorne* of such a youth as *hee*.

And grew so coy, and nice to please,
As women's *lookes* are often *soe*,
He might not *kisse*, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I willed him *soe to doe*.

Thus being *wearyed* with *delayes*,
To see I *pityed* not his *greeffe*,
He goes him to a *secret* place,
And there he dyed without *releeffe*.

And, for his sake these *weedes* I *weare*,
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day I'll beg my bread,
To *undergoe* this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I'll fast and *praye*,
And ever will do till I *dye*;
And get me to some *secrett* place,
For so did *hee*, and *soe* will I.*

---

* 'Twas so for me that *Edwin* did—
And so for *him* will I.

GOLDSMITH.

Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,
But keep my *secretts* I thee pray;
Unto the *towne* of Walsingham
Shew *me the* right and *readye waye.*

"Now *goe* thy *wayes*, and God before,
For he must ever guide thee still;
Turn down the dale the *righte* hand *pathe*,
And so, fair pilgrim, fare thee well."

I have not had an opportunity to obtain the ballad from the Edinburgh Collection of Old Ballads; but it is so common there, that it cannot long be wanting, if solicited by your numerous correspondents. The book in which I saw it (the ballad of William and Margaret, I mean) was lent me by *Captain William Wauchope*, brother to the *lord* of *Niddry*. If you have no other means of obtaining it, I will write to that gentleman. B. C.

*** Perhaps some of our Northern friends will inform us how, and where, this book may be obtained.

SONNET

Sent to Mrs. R. P. with a Lock of her Hair,

BY CATHARINE BAYLEY.

IF hair you priz'd as HODGSON prizes hair;*
Or as D'Israeli tresses soft and fair;†—
Or this were like Apollo's golden brow,
By which both Greece and Rome were wont to vow;
About that beauteous neck it might entwine,
And waken passion in some bard divine.
How honour'd were the tress, if thus preferr'd,
Pope's tuneful verse were then no longer heard;
For, like the breeze, when *pillow'd on the wave*,
It scarcely curls the stream where beauties lave,
It should disport,—and ever-revelling play,
Kiss as it rose and fell, the live-long day,
And, like a happy welcome lover, prove
The seal and solace of his darling's love.

LIFE.

SAY, what is life? A fairy dream,
Of toils with pleasures crown'd;
A gay and visionary scene,
Where hopes and fears abound.
In youth, 'tis like a summer's day,
Gay smiling at the morn;
In manhood, fainter grows the ray,
And clouds o'ercast the dawn.

At length, the dreary evening's close
Proclaims the day just o'er;
While fainter still each prospect grows,
Till life can charm no more!
Clifton. E. M. P.

* See Hodgson's Poems, lately published.
† D'Israeli's Romances.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

GLORIOUS thy rest, and envied be thy fall,
Beneath Corunna's vainly-threaten'd wall,
Champion of sacred Freedom's stifled flame;
Soldier of Britain—still more noble name!
Oh, be thy tomb the grave of mean Despair!
Be Hope, be infant Vengeance cradled there!
When Gallia's ruthless despot, from afar,
Gathers the hungry legions of his war;
Intent to whelm, in one engulphing flood,
What Spain yet boasts of loyal, brave, and good;
Be that the altar,* where the patriot band
May view uprais'd, a chief's ungilded hand;
Worthy the truncheon of AMILCAR's son,
And sworn his terrible career to run.
Amid the battle's unrelenting storm,
Borne on the driving tempest be thy form;
Marshall'd with hosts of England's mighty slain,
The lions of the slaughter-drinking plain;
By Quebec's chief, and ABERCROMBIE led,
And all the valour of our royal dead—
HENRYS and EDWARDS—Sons of victory!
In whose dread might reluctant France shall see,
What Britain was—what Britain still can be.
January 30, 1809. A. M.

LINES,

Written by Master M. aged Eleven, to his Playmate, MATILDA.

WHAT could tempt the daring youth
In his poor enfeebled lays,
But the tribute due to truth,
Tribute to Matilda's praise?

View that sweet expressive face,
View those eyes of heavenly blue!
View her with each winning grace,
Lively—unaffected too.

View that sparkling native fire;
Now observe the trickling tear;
Each by turns her breast inspire,
Should occasion once appear.

Sense—Integrity of mind,
To Matilda's name belong;
Polish'd accents flow refin'd
From her sweet enchanting tongue.

Be thou happy, dearest maid,
Blest on earth with him you love;
And when Nature's debt is paid,
Be thou ever blest above.
Norton-falgate, May 5, 1809.

* Alluding to ANNIBAL being brought to the altar, when a child, by his father, AMILCAR, and there sworn to eternal hatred against the Romans.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL.

OH! ye, who so lately were blythesome and gay,
At the butterfly's banquet, carousing away,
Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
For the soul of the banquet—the butterfly's dead!

No longer the flies and the emmets advance,
To join with their friends in the grasshopper's dance—
For see, his thin form o'er the favourite bend,
And the grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend!

And hark to the funeral dirge of the bee,
And the beetle who follows, as mournful as he!
And see, where so mournful the green rushes wave,
The mole is preparing the butterfly's grave!

The dormouse attended, but, cold and forlorn,
And the gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn—
And the moth, who was griev'd for the loss of a sister,
Bent over the body, and silently kist her!

The corse was embalmed at the set of the sun,
And inclos'd in a case which the silkworm had spun!
By the help of the hornet, the coffin was laid
On a bier, out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarfs came the butterflies all;
And six of their numbers supported the pall;
And the spider came there, in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the glow-worm soon frighten'd him back!

The grub left his nut-shell to join the sad throng,
And slowly led with him the bookworm along,
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines, to be plac'd on her tomb:—

THE EPITAPH.

"At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
Here sadly we bent o'er the butterfly's grave!
'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,
And hallow'd the mound which her ashes had made!

"And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of snow;
While under the leaf, in the ev'nings of spring,
Still mourning her friend, shall the grasshopper sing!"

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, MAY 27.

VICE-admiral Sir J. Saumarez, commander-in-chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels in the Baltic, has transmitted to the Hon. W. W. Pole a letter which he had received from Captain Hollis, of his Majesty's ship the Standard, who had been detached with the ships and vessels named in the margin,* for the purpose of attacking the island of Anholt, giving an account of its reduction on the 18th instant, by a party of seamen and marines, landed under the command of Captain Selby, of the Owen Glendower, assisted by Captain Edward Nicholls, of the Royal Marines. The garrison, consisting of 170 men, surrendered at discretion. On our side one private marine was killed and two wounded. The acquisition of this island is stated to be of importance in furnishing supplies of water to his Majesty's fleet, and affording a good anchorage to the trade, in going to or coming from the Baltic.

* Standard, Owen Glendower, Avenger, Ranger, Rose, Snipe, gun-vessels.

Copy of a Letter transmitted from Vice-admiral Sir J. Saumarez, Bart.

Superb, off Ystad, May 9, 1809.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you of the capture of a Danish lugger privateer, the Spider, of two guns and 21 men, by the boats of his Majesty's ship Majestic; and also two, sloop-rigged, by the Earnest, Lieut. Templar, one of the four brothers, of four guns and 23 men, the other the Mackarel, of two guns and 18 men.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) R. G. KEATS.

[Lord Collingwood, in a letter dated Ocean, at sea, 6th of March, incloses a letter from Lord Cochrane, of the Imperieuse, giving an account of his having, previous to the 2d of January, taken the French cutter La Gauloise, of 7 guns and 46 men, and La Julie lugger, of 5 guns, 4 swivels, and 44 men, with 11 victuallers, bound for Barcelona, after driving the French from the town of Caldagus (where the vessels had sought refuge) with the loss of 9 cannon, which they had mounted or were mounting on the batteries.

Captain Peter, of the Princess Caroline, in a letter dated off the Texel, May 21, mentions his having captured, by boarding, the Dutch national schooner, Admiral Peetheyer, of 7, 12, and 18 pounders, and one 24-pound brass howitzer, and 27 men.]

ORDERS IN COUNCIL.

At the Court at the Queen's Palace, the 24th of May, 1809, Present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

[The present Order commences by noticing an Order of the 26th of April last, for subjecting the ports of Holland to a rigorous blockade; then adverts to the provisional agreement entered into by Mr. Erskine, with the American Government, for withdrawing it, so far as respects the United States; then proceeds.]

And whereas, although the said provisional agreement is not such as was authorized by his Majesty's instructions, or such as his Majesty can approve, it may already have happened, or may happen, that persons being citizens of the said United States may be led by a reliance on the said provisional agreement, to engage in trade with, and to the said ports and places of Holland, contrary to, and in violation of, the restrictions imposed by the said Orders of the 7th of January and of the 11th of November, 1807, as altered by the Order of the 26th of April last; his Majesty, in order to prevent any inconveniences that may ensue from the circumstance above recited, is pleased, by and with the advice of his Privy Council, to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the said several Orders shall be suspended, so far as is necessary for the protection of vessels of the said United States, so sailing under the faith of the said provisional agreement; viz. that after the 9th day of June next, no vessel of the United States, which shall have cleared out between the 19th of April last, and the 20th of July ensuing, for any of the ports of Holland aforesaid from any port of the United States, shall be molested or interrupted in her voyage.

And it is further ordered, that no vessels of the United States, which shall have cleared out from any port of America previous to the 20th of July next, for any other permitted port, and shall, during her voyage, have changed her destination, in consequence of information of the said provisional agreement, and shall be proceeding to any of the ports of Holland aforesaid, shall be molested or interrupted by the commanders of any of his Majesty's ships or privateers, unless such vessel shall have been informed of this Order on her voyage, and shall have been warned not to proceed to any of the ports of Holland aforesaid, and shall, notwithstanding such warning, be found attempting to proceed to any such port.

[The Order then observes, that after the said 9th of June next, no vessel of the United States, or from any other place not subject to the restrictions of the Order of April last, which shall have cleared out previous to actual notice of this Order at the place of clearance, shall be molested on her voyage.]

The said several orders of the 7th of Jan. and 11th of November 1807, as altered by the said order of the 26th of April last, shall also be suspended, so far as is necessary for the protection of vessels of the United States which shall clear out, to any ports not declared to be under the restriction of blockade from any port of Holland between the 9th day of June and the 1st day of July next; provided always, that nothing that is contained in the present order shall extend, or be construed to extend, to protect any vessels or their cargoes, that may be liable to condemnation or detention for any other cause than the violation of the aforesaid orders of the 7th January and 11th of November 1807, as altered by the said order of the 26th of April last.

Provided also, that nothing in this order contained shall extend or be construed to extend to protect any vessel which shall enter any port actually blockaded by any of his Majesty's ships of war.

STEPH. COTTRELL.

[This Gazette likewise contains an Order in Council, allowing the importation of provisions into Newfoundland, during the ensuing fishing season: and also an Order, prohibiting the exportation of gunpowder, saltpetre, &c. for six months from the 6th of June next.]

DOWNING-STREET, JUNE 2.

A Despatch, of which the following is a Copy, has been received from Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. Beckwith, K. B. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces in the Leeward Islands, by Lord Viscount Castlereagh.

Fort Royal, Martinique, April 20, 1809.

MY LORD,

The French squadron, consisting of three sail of the line and two frigates, from L'Orient, having taken shelter in the Saintes, in the vicinity of Guadaloupe, where they were blockaded by Rear-admiral Sir A. Cochrane, with a superior force, I detached a corps, of between two and 3,000 men, under the command of Maj.-gen. Maitland, to co-operate with the navy, in the reduction of those islands, to destroy or capture the ships of the enemy, or to force them to sea. I have the satisfaction to report to your lordship, for his Majesty's information, that after three days of great toil, and most active service, the forts were reduced, and the troops surrendered prisoners of war.

The French ships of the line pushed to sea early on the night of the 14th: on the 16th the admiral was within four miles of them, and, I trust, will be enabled to bring them to

close action. I have the honour to inclose the Major-general's report upon the honourable termination of this service; and I beg leave to recommend to his Majesty's favourable consideration, the meritorious services of this general officer, not only in the present instance, where he held a distinct command, but for his general good conduct during the whole campaign. The officers of all ranks have done their duty in an exemplary manner, and the troops employed upon this service have maintained that superiority which has distinguished this army during the whole series of our operations since our departure from Barbadoes.

I have the honour to be, &c.
(Signed) George Beckwith.

The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh, &c. &c. &c.

General Maitland's letter, which follows, is dated the 18th, and contains a very minute detail of the operations of the troops under his command, but the principal facts of which are already known. After stating that the landing was effected on the 14th, at Ance Beau Joli, and describing the manner in which the troops advanced by the difficult ascent to the great ridge, called Mount Russel, and dislodged the enemy, the general says, " We had now a strong position. Before us were the enemy's three forts, showing stout garrisons, and three line of battle ships, and two frigates in the harbour. The large ships very full of men. We found, however, we could not advance without being flanked on our left by the fort on Isle de Cabrit. Two eight-inch howitzers were immediately landed, a battery quickly constructed by Lieut. Hobbs of the Royal Engineers. Brigadier-general Stehelin of the Royal Artillery, and all his officers and men, were most strenuous, and before six that evening our battery opened on the enemy's squadron, at a fair distance. About an hour after, there were indications that the French squadron was about to push out, and by eight it was not doubtful. Not a moment was lost; Captain de Courcy, of the quarter-master general's department, was sent by me to Captain Beaver, of the Acasta, and we fired six rockets from a headland at five minutes interval, being the signal fixed on by the admiral. About ten at night, the three French line of battle ships were seen to go through the windward passage. Next morning, the 15th instant, the Intrepid was the only line of battle ship in sight. The difficulty of advancing on the west side of the island, forced us to re-embark the greater part of our troops, to land at Ance Vanovre; but as the enemy occupied a strong and commanding position on the east side of the bay, Lieutenant-colonel Prescot, with the flank companies of the 3d West India regiment, and the two rifle companies of the 60th, and Major Henderson with the reserve, were ordered to descend from Mount Russel to protect the landing, and to dislodge the enemy. This was well executed, and we gained a favourable position, whence our mortars could reach Fort Napoleon at a proper distance, as well as the fort on the islet. A mortar battery of two 13-inch and four 10-inch was immediately begun, and carried on with unremitted exertions—all our men volunteering every labour. Between the enemy's forts Napoleon and Morelle and us, was a middle ridge which was on the back of the town, and held by the enemy.—On the night of the 15th, a strong picquet of the enemy's was surprised by two companies of the Royal York Rangers, commanded by Captain Starke and Lieutenant White. The French had one officer and 17 men bayonetted, and 12 prisoners were brought away. This affair was highly creditable to the officers named. The night following we determined to occupy the middle ridge, and confine the enemy within his works. Major Alen was ordered with the two flank companies of the 3d West India regiment, and a flank company of the 8th West India regiment for this service—he was supported by part of the Royal York Rangers under Major Henderson. The position was taken up without opposition, but about eight next morning the enemy advanced from forts Napoleon and Morelle to cover this ground. A sharp action took place, the whole of the York Rangers, and the rifle companies of the 60th, supporting our black troops. The ground lay open in great part to the grape shot from Forts Napoleon and Morelle, and to round shot from Islet de Cabrit; but all our troops were undaunted—none were more brave or active than the flank companies of the 8th West India regiment under Major Alen. The enemy was driven back with loss, and our possession of the ground completely secured. On this occasion our loss was about thirty men killed and wounded. I omitted to say, that the two French frigates, both laden with flour, took their chance of escaping on the forenoon of the 15th. They went through the windward passage, keeping a little from the wind to gain the shore of Guadaloupe. The leading frigate was engaged by his Majesty's ship Intrepid. This frigate, however, doubled the Point of Vieux Fort, was followed by the other, and both escaped into Basse-Terre. About the middle of the day, yesterday, the 17th, the French commandant, Colonel Madier, sent a flag of truce to enter into terms. They expected what we would not concede, and they submitted to what we were willing to grant. They are prisoners of war. I understand their number to be from 7. to 800; of this number 600 were landed by the French squadron. We are to take possession of the forts this evening at four o'clock. The French troops will be immediately embarked, and I shall proceed to carry the remainder of your orders into exe-

cution without loss of time. There are 14 pieces of artillery, and four mortars taken; eighteen in all in Fort Napoleon alone."

Return of Killed, Wounded, and Missing of the Army under Major General Maitland, at the Saints, from the 14th to the 17th April.

3d Batt. 60th Reg.—1 officer, 1 rank and file, killed; 1 officer, 16 rank and file, wounded.—York Light Infantry Volunteers, 3 rank and file, wounded.—Royal York Rangers, 1 rank and file, killed; 1 officer, 24 rank and file, wounded.—3d West India Regiment, 1 rank and file, killed; 2 serjeants, 1 drummer, 12 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file missing.—8th Ditto, 1 officer, 1 rank and file, killed; 1 officer, 7 rank and file, wounded.——Total—2 officers, 4 rank and file, killed; 3 officers, 2 serjeants, 1 drummer, 62 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file, missing.

N. B. The officer of the 60th returned killed is Captain Dolling, who fell from a precipice, and was found dead two or three days after.—The officer killed of the 8th West India Regiment, is Lieutenant John Crosbie.—The officer wounded of the 60th, is Lieut. Von Koning.—The officer wounded of the Royal York Rangers, is Major Henderson, slightly.—Assistant-Surgeon Beasant, 37th regiment, attached to the 8th West India regiment, slightly wounded.

(Signed) N. CAMPBELL,
Lieut. Col. Dep. Adj. Gen.

[The capitulation consists of eight articles, which stipulate the surrender of the garrison prisoners of war, to be conveyed to England, and remain there until exchanged.]

A Despatch, of which the following is a Copy, was this Day received by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieutenant-Gen. the Right Honourable Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B.

Monte Alegre, May 18, 1809.

MY LORD,

When I determined upon the expedition to the north of Portugal, against Marshal Soult, I was in hopes that the Portuguese General Silvierra would be able to hold his post upon the Tamaga till he should be reinforced; by which, and by the possession of Chaves, the enemy's retreat would have been cut off, excepting across the Minho; and I intended, if successful, to press him so hard, that the passage of that river would have been impracticable. The loss of the bridge of Amaranthe, however, on the 2d instant, altered our prospects: I had no hopes that Marshal Beresford, who marched towards the upper part of the Douro on the 5th, and arrived at Lamego on the 10th, would be able to effect more than to confine the enemy on that side, and oblige him to retire by Chaves into Gallicia, rather than by Villa Real into Castile. General Beresford, however, having obliged the enemy's posts at Villa Real, and Maisen Frieu, to fall back with some loss, and having crossed the Douro, drove in General Loison's out-posts at the bridge of Amaranthe; and again acquired possession of the left bank of the Tamaga on the 12th, the day on which the corps under my command forced the passage of the Douro at Oporto. Loison retired from Amaranthe on the morning of the 13th, as soon as he had heard of the events at Oporto of the preceding day, and met the advanced guard of the French army at a short distance from the town, which Gen. Beresford immediately occupied.

I was unable to commence the pursuit of the enemy till the morning of the 13th, when the Hanoverian Legion moved to Valonga, under Major-General Murray. On that evening, I was informed that the enemy had in the morning destroyed a great proportion of his cannon in the neighbourhood of Penafiel, and had directed his march towards Braga.—This appeared to be the probable result of the situation in which he found himself, in consequence of General Beresford's operations upon the Tamaga; and as soon as I had ascertained that the fact was true, I marched on the morning of the 14th with the army, in two columns, towards the river Minho. At the same time I directed General Beresford upon Chaves, in case the enemy should turn to his right; and Major-General Murray to communicate with Gen. Beresford, if he should find, as reported, that Loison remained in the neighbourhood of Amaranthe.

On the evening of the 14th, I was certain, from the movements of the enemy's detachments in the neighbourhood of Braga, that he intended to direct his retreat upon Chaves or Monte Alegre; and directed Gen. Beresford, in case of the latter movement, to push on for Monterey, so as to stop the enemy, if he should pass by Villa de Rey. General Beresford had anticipated my orders to march his own corps upon Chaves, and had already sent General Silvierra to occupy the passes of Ruivaes and Melgassey, near Salamonde, but he was unfortunately too late. I arrived at Braga on the 15th (General Murray being at Guimaraens, and the enemy about 15 miles in our front), and at Salamonde on the 16th. We had there an affair with their rear-guard. The guards, under Lieutenant General Sherbrooke and Brigadier-General Campbell, attacked their position; and having turned their left flank by the heights, they abandoned it, leaving a gun and some prisoners behind them. This attack was necessarily made at a late hour in the evening.

On the 17th we moved to Ruivaes (waiting to see whether the enemy would turn upon Chaves, or continue his retreat upon Monte Alegre), and on the 18th to this place. I here found that he had taken a road through the mountains towards Orense, by which it

would be difficult, if not impossible, for me to overtake him, and on which I had no means of stopping him. The enemy commenced this retreat, as I have informed your lordship, by destroying a great proportion of his guns and ammunition. He afterwards destroyed the remainder of both, and a great portion of his baggage, and kept nothing excepting what the soldiers, or a few mules could carry. He has left behind him his sick and wounded; and the road from Penafiel to Monte Alegre is strewed with the carcases of horses and mules, and French soldiers, who were put to death by the peasantry before our advanced guard could save them. This last circumstance is the natural effect of the species of warfare which the enemy have carried on in this country.—Their soldiers have plundered and murdered the peasantry at their pleasure; and I have seen many persons hanging in the trees by the sides of the road, executed for no reason that I could learn, excepting that they had not been friendly to the French invasion and usurpation of the government of their country; and the route of their column on their retreat could be traced by the smoke of the villages to which they set fire. We have taken about 500 prisoners. Upon the whole, the enemy has not lost less than a fourth of his army, and all his artillery and equipments, since we attacked him upon the Vouga.

I hope your lordship will believe that no measure which I could take, was omitted to intercept the enemy's retreat. It is obvious, however, that if an army throws away all its cannon, equipments, and baggage, and every thing which can strengthen it, and can enable it to act together as a body, and abandons all those who are entitled to its protection, but add to its weight and impede its progress it must be able to march by roads through which it cannot be followed with any prospect of being overtaken by an army which has not made the same sacrifices. It is impossible to say too much of the exertions of the troops. The weather has been very bad indeed. Since the 13th, the rain has been constant, and the roads in this difficult country almost impracticable. But they have persevered in the pursuit to the last, and have been generally on their march from day-light in the morning till dark. The brigade of guards were at the head of the column, and set a laudable example; and in the affair with the enemy's rear-guard on the evening of the 16th, they conducted themselves remarkably well.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. WELLESLEY.

A letter from Captain Digby, of the Argo, mentions that the French national felucca, Joseph, of one brass 9-pounder, and two 3-pounders, with 53 men, having been cut out from under the batteries of St. Domingo by the eight-oared cutter, yawl and gig of the Argo, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Fraser. Lieutenant Coryton, of the marines, and six men, were wounded on this occasion.

[This Gazette contains an Order in Council for confining to British ships the trade to and from Heligoland; another for taking off the quarantine on vessels coming from Stockholm and Carlscrona; and a third, for considering the island of Walcheren, although in the possession of France, as forming a part of Holland, in construing the Order of the 24th May in regard to American vessels bound to British ports.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

STATE PAPER.

[*From the Petersburgh Court Gazette, May* 15.]

"AFTER so many successes of the Russian arms in Sweden, it was natural to expect a sudden change to peace. The reports circulated of negociations, represent that event as very probable; but the recent occurrences at Stockholm have placed an important obstacle in their way.

"At the same time, when the hopes of peace, in consequence of the exhausted military means of Sweden, and the decisive movements of our troops seemed likely soon to be realised, a revolution took place in that kingdom. The king was removed from his government, and his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, declared himself regent of the kingdom. An assembly of the states was appointed for the 1st of May, and in the mean time the troops, which composed the Norwegian army, approached Stockholm by their own authority, and in part entered that capital.—The pretext assigned for all these movements was, the general discontent at a system which had involved the kingdom in a war disproportionate to its strength. One of the first acts of the new government was, to make proposals to Russia for negociations for peace, in the mean time soliciting an armistice for an undeterminate time. Neither of these propositions could be assented to. It was impossible to treat for peace with a government which, according to all accounts, had not yet acquired sufficient stability, and was still under the influence

of the military power which had thrown off its obedience.

"In like manner no armistice could be granted; for to restrain the Russian army in their victorious career, and successful progress, without a firm and definite expectation of peace, and without principles which might, with certainty, be relied on, would have been a proceeding which, only advantageous to the new government *ad interim*, would have been entirely repugnant to the true object of peace, and the restoration of a stable order of things in Sweden.

"In consequence of these considerations, orders were given to the troops to prosecute their functions with vigour; and to the twofold proposals for peace, and an armistice, an answer was returned briefly, of the following tenor:—

"Russia is willing to make peace, but can only negociate it with the legal government; the principal basis of a peace must be—

"I. The possession of Finland, being a country not only subjected by arms, but by political and civil relations, already irrevocably united to the Russian empire.

"II. The exclusion of the English from all the Swedish ports in the Baltic."

The Seventh Bulletin of the French army, states, after some previous negociation with the inhabitants of the suburbs, and a show of resistance in the city, that Buonaparte entered Vienna on the 13th of May.

"On the 5th of May (says the Bulletin) the Archduke Maximillian, brother to the Empress, a young prince 26 years of age, presumptuous and without experience, of an ardent character, assumed the government of Vienna." On the bombardment of part of the town, previous to its surrender, "the Archduke (the words of the Bulletin) lost all presence of mind, and especially at the moment when he heard that we had crossed an arm of the Danube, and were on the march to cut off his retreat. As feeble and weak, as he had been rash and arrogant, he was the first to fly and recross the bridge. The respectable General O'Reilly learnt only by the flight of the Archduke that he was invested with the command. Day-break on the 12th announced to the advanced guard, that the firing would cease, and that a deputation was about to be sent to the emperor. His Majesty assured the deputies of his protection. He expressed the pain which the inhuman conduct of their sovereign had given him, who had not feared to deliver up his capital to all the calamities of war; who, himself striking a blow at his rights, instead of being the king and father of his subjects, had evinced himself their enemy and tyrant. His Majesty assured them, that Vienna should be treated with the same indulgence and favour which had been displayed in 1805. The deputation answered this assurance by expressions of the most lively gratitude."

A capitulation was proposed and signed in the evening; and on the 13th, at six in the morning, the grenadiers of Oudinot's corps took possession of the city.

General Orders.

Head-quarters at Schoenbrun, May 13.

"Soldiers!—A month after the enemy passed the Inn, on the same day, at the same hour, we have entered Vienna.

"His militia (*landwehr*), his levies-en-masse, his ramparts raised by the impotent rage of princes of the house of Lorraine, have not been able to withstand your presence. The princes of that house have abandoned their capital; not as warriors of honour, but as selfish men pursued by their self-reproaches. While they were flying from Vienna, their farewell to its inhabitants has been flames and murder. Like Medea, with their own hands they have massacred their own children.

"Soldiers, the people of Vienna, according to the expression of the deputation of its suburbs, abandoned, deserted, widowed, shall be the objects of your regard. I take its good inhabitants under my especial protection; as to turbulent and wicked men, I will inflict exemplary justice upon them.

"Soldiers!—Be good towards the poor peasants and this good people, who have so many rights to our esteem. Let us not be proud of our success; let us rather see in it a proof of that Divine Justice which punishes the ingrate and the perjured.

(Signed) "Napoleon.
(By the Emperor)
"The Prince de Neufchatel, Major-Gen.
"Alexander."

The Eighth Bulletin, dated from Vienna on the 16th ult. contained no military information of any importance, but was full of abuse of the Austrian government—500 pieces of cannon are said to have been taken at Vienna—only 10 houses were burnt by the bombardment.

A Ninth Bulletin is dated the 19th of May, at which time Buonapate had not left Vienna. It speaks of manœuvres and counter-manœuvres, practised between the French and Austrian generals on the Danube, but they have led to no decisive result. The Emperor of Austria remains at Znaym, in Moravia. The colouring of this Bulletin is unfavourable to Austria, particularly as to its affairs in Italy. Buonaparte on the 19th ult. (same date) addressed a proclamation to the Hungarians, in which he tells them, "that he is at war with the Emperor of Austria, and *not* with the King of Hungary."

It has seldom happened that we could lay before our readers, at the same time, the respective details of each party, of conflicts beween the French and their opponents. For once, however, in the instance of a Grand Battle fought between the French and Austrians, on the 21st and 22d ult. we have the Bulletins of the former, and likewise the Austrian account, as published by order of the Archduke Charles.

Abstracts of the Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth French Bulletins :—

The Tenth Bulletin.

Ebensdorff, May 23.

After describing the form of the Danube at Ebensdorff, it states, that "On the night of the 20th the emperor crossed the Danube, accompanied by Berthier, Massena, and Lasnes—they took a position on the 21st, on the left bank ; the right wing was in the village of Essleng, and the left at Grossaspren. Both these villages were taken. At noon on the 21st, the enemy shewed themselves, and attempted to drive our advanced guard into the river. Vain attempt!

"The Duke of Rivoli was at first attacked at Grossaspren, by Bellegarde—He manœuvered with Molitor's and Legrande's divisions, and rendered all their attacks abortive. The Duke of Montebello defended Essleng. The Duke of Istria covered the flank with cavalry. The action was severe—the enemy having 200 cannon and 90,000 men, being the remains of their armies.

"General D'Espagne divided his corps into squares, but he was killed with a musketball at the head of his troops, and General Foulers was also killed. General Nansouty arrived in the evening on the field of battle, and distinguished himself highly. At eight in the evening the battle ended, and we remained masters of the field. During the night Oudinot's corps, Hillaire's division, and two brigades of cavalry, crossed from the right bank to the left. On the 21st, at four P. M. the Duke of Rivoli was engaged with the enemy, who made several successive attacks on the village; but Rivoli at last completely defeated them. The enemy occupying a large space between the right and left wings, we took the resolution of penetrating their centre. The Duke of Montebello headed the charge. Oudinot was on the left, St. Hillaire in the centre, and Boudet on the right. The centre of the enemy could not withstand us.—In a moment all was overthrown.

"The Duke of Istria made several fine charges. It seemed all over with the Austrian army, when, at seven in the morning, an aid-de camp of the emperor came to inform him that the rising of the Danube had drifted a great number of booms, which, in consequence of the events at Vienna had been cut down and laid on the bank, and that they had broken down the bridges which had communicated from the right bank with the little island of Inder Lobau.

"All the reserve corps which were advancing were upon the right bank, as also part of our heavy cavalry, and all Auerstadt's corps. In consequence of this shocking accident, the emperor resolved to stop the troops from advancing. He ordered the Duke of Montebello to stop on the field of battle, and take his position with the left wing against a curtain which the Duke of Rivoli covered with his right wing at Essleng. The cannon, infantry, and cartridges which belonged to our parks, could not be brought over. The enemy was in the greatest disorder just at the moment when he learnt our bridges had been broken down.—The slackening of our fire and the concentrating of our army left him no doubt respecting the unforeseen accident that had happened. All his cannon and artillery equipage were again brought in line, and from nine A.M. till seven P.M. he made the greatest efforts, supported by 200 cannon, to overthrow the French army; but all his efforts turned only to his discomfiture. Three times he attacked the villages and three times he filled them with his dead. The enemy resumed the position which they had left before the attack began, and we remained masters of the field of battle.

"Their loss has been great. Prisoners who have been taken say, that they lost 23 Generals and 60 superior officers—

Marshal Weber and 1500 prisoners are in our hands. Our loss has also been very considerable--1100 killed and 3000 wounded. The Duke of Montebello (Lasnes) was wounded by a cannon in the thigh on the 22d in the evening. General Hillaire is also wounded. General Durosnel was killed. The waters of the Danube did not permit the bridges to be rebuilt during the night, and the emperor ordered the army to pass the little arm from the left bank, and to take a position on the island of Inder-Lobau. We are labouring to replace the bridges, and nothing will be undertaken till they are replaced."

The Eleventh Bulletin relates entirely to the affairs of the Tyrol. The insurgents are stated to have all submitted, and sent deputies to the King of Bavaria, to implore his mercy. It is followed by an account of a battle fought at Urfan, near Lintz, on the 17th, in which the French troops under Vandamme and Ponte Corvo were successful.

The Twelfth Bulletin, dated Ebersdorf, May 26, says, "On the 23d and 24th the army was employed to restore the bridge, which was ready the 25th, early in the morning, and the wounded, caissons, &c. were removed to the right bank of the Danube. Our light troops have taken post near Presburg, on the lake of Nieufiedel. General Lauriston is in Styria, at Simeringsberg and Bruck. The Duke of Dantzic is hastening, by forced marches, at the head of the Bavarian troops, to join the army of Vienna. The horse of the body-guard (chasseurs) arrived here yesterday; the dragoons are expected in the course of to-day; and, in a few days, the horse-grenadiers, and sixty pieces of ordnance attached to the guards, will reach this place. By the capitulation of Vienna, 7 marshal-lieutenants, 9 major-generals, 10 colonels, 20 majors and lieutenant-colonels, 100 ptains, 150 lieutenants, 200 second-lieutenants, and 3000 non-commissioned officers and soldiers, were made prisoners of war, exclusive of those who were in the hospital, and whose number amounts to some thousands."

Austrian Official Bulletin of the Defeat of the French.

In pursuance of the command of his Imperial Highness the Generalissimo, the following preliminary report of the brilliant victory obtained on the 21st and 22d of May, was issued on the 23d, from the head-quarters at Breitenlee:—

On the 19th and the 20th the Emperor Napoleon passed the greater arm of the Danube, with the whole of his army, to which he had drawn all the reinforcements of his powerful allies. He established his main body on the island Lobau, whence the second passage over the less arm, and his further offensive dispositions, were necessarily to be directed. His Imperial Highness resolved to advance with his army to meet the enemy, and not to obstruct his passage, but to attack him after he had reached the left bank, and thus to defeat the object of his intended enterprise.

This determination excited throughout the whole army the highest enthusiasm. Animated by all the feelings of the purest patriotism, and of the most loyal attachment to their sovereign, every man became a hero—and the smoaking ruins, the scenes of desolation which mark the track of the enemy in his progress through Austria, had inflamed them with a just desire of vengeance. With joyful acclamations, with the cry a thousand times repeated, of "Live our good Emperor," and with victory in their hearts, our columns, at noon on the 21st, proceeded onward to meet the reciprocal attack of the advancing enemy, and soon after three o'clock the battle commenced.—The Emperor Napoleon, in person, directed the movements of his troops, and endeavoured to break through our centre with the whole of his cavalry: that vast body of horse he had supported by 60,000 infantry, his guards, and 100 pieces of artillery. His wings rested on Aspern and Eslingen, places, to the strengthening of which the resources of nature and of art had, as far as was possible, contributed. He was not able, however, to penetrate the compact mass which our battalions presented, and every where his cavalry shewed their backs, while our cuirassiers unhorsed his armour-equipt cavaliers, and our light horse carried death into his flanks. It was a gigantic combat, and is scarce capable of description. The battle with the infantry became immediately general; more than 200 pieces of cannon exhibited on the opposite sides a rivalry in the work of destruction. Aspern was ten times taken, lost, and again conquered. Eslingen, after repeated attacks, could not be maintained. At eleven at night the villages were in flames, and we remained masters of the field of battle. The enemy was driven up in a corner, with the island of Lobau and the Danube in his rear. Night had put an

end to the carnage. Meanwhile fire-boats, which were floated down the Danube, destroyed the bridge which the enemy had thrown over the principal branch of the river. The enemy, however, conveyed over during the night, by continued embarkations, all the disposable troops which he had in Vienna and on the Upper Danube, made every possible effort for the re-construction of his great bridge, and attacked us at four in the morning with a furious cannonade from the whole of his artillery; immediately after which, the action extended along the whole of the line. Until seven in the evening every attack was repelled. The perseverance of the enemy was then compelled to yield to the heroism of our troops, and the most complete victory crowned the efforts of an army, which in the French Proclamation, was declared to be dispersed, and represented as annihilated by the mere idea of the invincibility of their adversaries. The loss of the enemy has been immense; the field of battle is covered with dead bodies, from among which we have already picked up 6000 wounded, and removed them to our hospitals. When the French could no longer maintain themselves in Aspern, the brave Hessians were obliged to make a last attempt, and were sacrificed. At the departure of the courier, the Emperor Napoleon was in full retreat to the other side of the Danube, covering his retreat by the possession of the large island of Lobau. Our army is still engaged in close pursuit. The more particular details of this memorable day shall be made known as soon as they are collected. Among the prisoners are the French General Durosnel, General of Division, and Foulet Rever, first Chamberlain to the Empress; also the Wurtemburgh General Roder, who was made prisoner at Nusdorf, by the second battalion of the Vienna Landwehr.

The fine town of Schwartz, in the valley of the Inn, and in the neighbourhood of which is a celebrated silver-mine, was burnt down on the 18th ult. during a conflict between the Tyrolese and Bavarians. The town consisted of 640 houses, and comprised a population of about 5000 souls; 1200 of whom, including 800 women and children, perished in the flames.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MAY 22.

THE trial of Rear-admiral Harvey, came on before a Court-martial, assembled at Portsmouth on board the Gladiator, on charges which impute disrespect to his superior officer, Admiral Lord Gambier, commander-in-chief of the Channel Fleet, and which charges were comprised in two letters addressed to the Secretary of the Admiralty. The first letter stated, that when he (Lord Gambier) had informed Rear-admiral Harvey that the Admiralty had ordered Lord Cochrane to be employed in attempting to destroy the enemy's fleet in Basque Roads, the rear-admiral declared in the most violent and disrespectful manner, and desired Lord Gambier to consider it as an official communication, that if he was passed by, and Lord Cochrane, or any junior officer, appointed in preference, he should immediately desire to strike his flag and resign his commission.—In the progress of the conversation, the rear-admiral complained of his having been neglected both by Lord Gambier and other Members of former Boards of Admiralty—and declared, that he had differed from him with respect to his conduct in the command of the fleet, and that he would impeach him for misconduct and bad management.—The second letter requested a court-martial to be held upon Rear admiral Harvey. Lord Gambier, Sir H. B. Neale, Capts. Beresford, Bedford, and Bowen, and Lord Cochrane, were severally examined in support of the charges. The latter admitted, that Admiral Harvey had said, he was no canting methodist, no hypocrite, nor no psalm-singer; but it was evidently unpremeditated, and arose from the warmth of his feelings at the moment.

At half-past nine next day the court re-assembled; when the rear-admiral shortly stated his intention not to trouble the court with calling any witnesses; but delivered in a paper which he desired to be read. This request was complied with: in the paper, the rear-admiral observed, that the charges had not been sustained—that he could not justify one part of his conduct, for which he offered an apology to the court; that for the offence he had given to Lord Gambier, he had already offered an apology satisfactory to his feelings—that his remarks had been made to officers of rank only, and at a time when

he was greatly irritated, in consequence of his offer of attacking the French fleet having been passed over without any acknowledgment of its having been made: in fine, that excess of zeal, and impatience of restraint, where an opportunity of enterprize presents itself, although faults, are such as the most eminent naval commanders have not been free from, and the effects of these are all that can be found blameable in his conduct. To the paper were appended two letters—one from Admiral Collingwood, the other from Earl St. Vincent—both acknowledging, in high terms, the meritorious services of Rear-admiral Harvey. After a short deliberation, the Deputy Judge Advocate pronounced the following sentence:—

"The court, having heard and deliberated upon the evidence which has been adduced in support of the charges exhibited against Rear-admiral Harvey, and having heard what he has alleged in his defence, are of opinion, that the charges of vehement and insulting language to the Right Hon. Lord Gambier, and of having otherwise shewn great disrespect to him as commander-in-chief on board his Majesty's ship Caledonia, and of having spoken of his lordship to several officers in a disrespectful manner, have been proved; and the court doth therefore adjudge the said Rear-admiral Eliab Harvey, *to be dismissed his Majesty's service; and he is dismissed accordingly.*"—The court was then dissolved.

29. The Anniversary of the late Mr. Pitt's Birth-day, (the 28th) having fallen on a Sunday, was commemorated this day in the Assembly-Rooms, George-street, Edinburgh, His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh in the Chair.

Among the toasts, the health of Lord Melville was given by the Marquis of Huntley. This toast was received with the greatest applause.

Lord Melville, in return to the compliment paid to him, addressed the meeting as follows:—

"It is impossible for me to be silent when an allusion is made to me in such flattering terms.—It brings forcibly to my recollection the most interesting parts of my life. During a period of near 30 years, and down to that calamitous hour which deprived the world of that illustrious character, whose birth we are met to commemorate, it was my lot to live with him on terms of the most confidential habits of public life; endeared to me by the ties of indissoluble private friendship.—I can assert with great truth, that during that whole period, I never heard him utter a sentiment that was not purely virtuous, nor ever express an idea which did not tend to prove, that an ardent desire to serve his country was the passion of all others paramount in his breast. It is not, however, my intention at present, to obtrude upon you my private feelings, or a detail of my private interference with him. We are here in discharge of what I conceive to be a great public duty. To honour the memory of illustrious public men, has in all ages been felt and acted upon, as one of the greatest incitements to the performance of eminent public services. We are met to express our participation in the general sentiment and feeling of the country, with regard to the public principles and public conduct of Mr. Pitt. The numerous assemblage of the company now here, is an unequivocal proof of the value that was put on the character and services of that great man, whose loss we have all too much cause to deplore.—The most gloomy imagination could scarcely have figured, that the removal of any one individual from the public theatre, could have produced effects so inauspicious to the interests, not only of his own country, but to the whole civilized world. I have already stated, that an honourable acknowledgment of the merits of the dead, has ever been esteemed a powerful incitement to do good, on the minds of the living. Never was any country placed in circumstances so favourable, to appretiate the real value of a public man, as this country is with regard to Mr. Pitt. It often happens, that the character of illustrious men is to be collected either from distant history, or from partial, unauthenticated traditions. In the present instance, our separation from the object of our veneration has been long enough to enable us to exercise an impartial judgment with regard to his virtues and talents. We are not met here for any party purposes, and it is far from my intention to disturb your feelings by a detail of any invidious comparisons. I leave to your own judgments, and to the feelings of the heart which at this moment pervade this assembly, to appretiate justly the value of this truly good and great statesman. I hope, and sincerely pray, that no events may again occur, to bring too forcibly under our view many of the energies which he displayed in some very critical moments, when he had no rule by which to guide himself, but the comprehensive vigour of his own great mind. While those who are

acting on the public theatre of life contend for such prizes as an honourable ambition may fairly aspire to in a free country, those in the more private walks of life can view their contentions with every species of indulgence. But, if ever any set of men, with mischievous views, or restless minds, shall, in the pursuit of their own objects, disregard the great lines and old established usages of the Constitution, it then becomes the duty of every man to forget all other considerations, to be true to himself and his posterity, and, by defending the great land-marks of the Constitution, to transmit to those who come after them, the happiness and blessings which this envied country affords to all descriptions of men, who, knowing its just value, are firm in their determination to support it. I trust no such times shall ever revert; if they ever should, it will be wisdom in all of us to recollect the principles and conduct of the person whose talents and virtues we are met to commemorate. For my own part, I can only say, that if any serious crisis shall ever arise in this country during the years of my existence, I shall esteem it the safest course I can adopt, to act as I think Mr. Pitt would have thought and acted on such an occasion."

27. A fire broke out in St. Martin's-lane, at the house of Mr. Smeeton, printer, which, with the stock, &c. was entirely consumed. We state, with extreme regret, that both Mr. Smeeton and his wife perished in the flames. The fire is supposed to have commenced in a back parlour, underneath their bed-chamber.

LADY CHARLOTTE WELLESLEY, AND SIR ARTHUR PAGET.

Copy of a Letter from Lady Charlotte Wellesley to Mr. J. Arbuthnot.

"It would be the height of ingratitude were I not to try to convey my thanks to Henry Wellesly for his most kind and generous offer of taking home a wretch who has so much injured him. I dare not write to him myself; but I implore it of you to say every thing which gratitude and feeling can suggest, to express my sense of the kindness of his conduct. His note was forwarded to me this morning; but, degraded and unprincipled as I must appear in the eyes of every body, believe me I am not lost to all sense of honour, which would forbid my returning to a husband I have quitted, to children I have abandoned. Indeed, indeed, my dear Mr. Arbuthnot, if you knew all, you would pity more than blame me. Could you tell all the resistance that has been made to this criminal, most atrocious attachment, could you know what are my sufferings at this moment, you would feel for me. Henry had not deserved this of me. We have had some differences, and he may, perhaps, sometimes have been a little too harsh to me; but I can with truth assert, and I wish you to publish it to the world, that in essential, and, indeed, in trifling subjects, he has ever been kind to me to the greatest degree; nor has the person, who may be supposed to have attempted to lower him in my estimation, in order to gain my affections, ever spoken of him to me but in the highest terms of respect. About my dear, dear children, I must say one word. Do you think I dare hope, by any remote or indirect means, to hear sometimes of them; you know how much I love them! You are aware of their merits, and what I must feel at having quitted them; but I have the satisfaction, the inexpressible comfort of knowing they will be taken of by their father, though their mother has abandoned them. My dear little Henry and Charles—Oh! God bless you! I wrote every thing to my brother last night."

Tuesday morning, May 30,
seven o'clock.

"Since writing the inclosed, I have come to town, and if it is not repugnant to your feelings, I think I should like to have one interview with you; but not if you object to it any way. The bearer can bring you to me instantly, if you will see me; but if not, ask no questions."

Henry Wellesley wrote to her in answer to this letter to Arbuthnot:—"That for the sake of her welfare, and that of her children, he would consent to receive her again, provided she would return and break off all correspondence or connection with the person she was then with, but that she must return *instantly*, for the next day would be too late."—The result of this distressing affair, has been, that Lord Paget returns to the bosom of his family, without being compelled to relinquish Lady Wellesley. He is to live with Lady Paget, and has left town with her ladyship for Beaudesert, in Staffordshire. Lady Charlotte Wellesley is, however, to continue under his lordship's protection; he has purchased a house for her, in which she now resides, and has made a settlement upon her—while Mr. Wellesly is eagerly proceeding to obtain a divorce.

DUEL.—A meeting took place on Tuesday morning, on Wimbledon Common,

between Lord Paget and Capt. Cadogan. Col. Vivian, of the 7th Dragoons, was second to the former, and Capt. M'Kenzie, of the Navy, to the latter. The parties fired together at 12 paces distance.—Capt. Cadogan missed; Lord Paget's pistol flashed. This having been decided to go for a fire, a question arose whether Lord P. had taken aim as if intending to hit his antagonist; both the seconds being of opinion that such was not his intention, and Capt. C. concurring in this opinion, Capt. M'Kenzie declared he would not remain to witness any further act of hostility; upon which Capt. Cadogan replied, that he had come prepared for the fall of one of the parties; but his conduct must of course be decided by his second. On Lord Paget being informed that the affair could go no farther, he said—"As such is the determination, I have now no hesitation in saying, that nothing could have induced me to add to the injuries I have already done the family, by firing at the brother of Lady Charlotte Wellesley."

June 5. J. J. Boydell, Esq. has resigned his gown as Alderman of Cheap Ward, and Samuel Goodbehere, Esq. late Deputy, was this day elected to succeed him.

21. In the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor, by order of his Majesty, addressed the following Speech to both houses of Parliament:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"We are commanded by his Majesty to acquaint you, that his Majesty has great satisfaction in being enabled, by the state of the public business, to release you from your laborious attendance in Parliament.

"His Majesty doubts not that on your return into your respective counties, you will carry with you a disposition to inculcate, both by instruction and example, a spirit of attachment to those established laws and that happy constitution which it has ever been his Majesty's anxious wish to support and to maintain, and upon which, under Providence, depend the welfare and prosperity of this kingdom.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons.*

"We have it in command from his Majesty to thank you for the liberal provision which you have made for the services of the present year; and to express the satisfaction which his Majesty derives from your having been enabled to provide for those services without any great and immediate addition to the burthens upon his people.

"His Majesty particularly commands us to acknowledge your prompt attention to his wishes, respecting an increased provision for the poorer clergy; an object in the highest degree interesting to his Majesty's feelings, and deserving the favourable consideration of Parliament.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen.*

"The atrocious and unparalleled act of violence and treachery by which the Ruler of France attempted to surprise and enslave the Spanish nation, while it has excited in Spain a determined and unconquerable resistance against the usurpation and tyranny of the French government, has, at the same time, awakened in other nations of Europe a determination to resist, by a new effort, the continued and increasing encroachments on their safety and independence.

"Although the uncertainty of all human events, and the vicissitudes attendant upon war, forbid two confident an expectation of a satisfactory issue to the present struggle against the common enemy of Europe, his Majesty commands us to congratulate you upon the splendid and important success which has recently crowned the arms of the Emperor of Austria, under the able and distinguished conduct of his Imperial Highness the Archduke Charles.

"To the efforts of Europe for its own deliverance, his Majesty has directed us to assure you, that he is determined to continue his most strenuous assistance and support, convinced that you will agree with him in considering that every exertion for the re-establishment of the independence and security of other nations, is no less conducive to the true interests than it is becoming the character and honour of Great Britain."

The Speech being concluded, the Chancellor caused the commission for proroguing Parliament to be read, and then said,

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"By virtue of his Majesty's Commission under the Great Seal, to us and other Lords directed, and now read, we do, in his Majesty's name, and in obedience to his commands, prorogue this Parliament to Thursday the 10th day of August next, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday, the 10th day of August next."

The Commissioners were, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Earls Camden, Westmoreland, and Aylesford.

BIRTHS.

LADY Caroline Stuart Wortley, of a daughter.——The Countess of Albemarle, of a son.——At Norwood, the lady of John Thornton, Esq. of a son and heir.——At her father's seat, Coed-y-Glyn, near Wrexham, the lady of Major Dymmock, of the West Shropshire local militia, of a son and heir.——At Cheltenham, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Goold, of a son.——At his seat at Killerton, in Devonshire, the lady of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

THE Right Hon. Lord Viscount Turnour, son to the Earl of Winterton, to Miss Heys, daughter of Mr. Heys, of Upper Sunbury Lodge.——The Right Hon. Lord Gardner, to the Hon. Charlotte Smith, daughter to Lord Carrington.——The Rev. Robert Crosby, M.A. to Miss Middleton, of Ripley, Surrey, daughter of the late Captain Thomas Middleton, R.N.——Edward Jeffries Esdaile, Esq. son of William Esdaile, Esq. of Clapham-common, to Miss Eliza Drake, daughter of Clement Drake, Esq. of Taunton, Somersetshire.——Mr. Griffith, of Smithfield, to Mrs. Bickerstaff, of Islington.——William Berkeley, Esq. of Billiter-square, to Lucy Frederica, daughter and co-heiress of John Richard Comyns, Esq. late of Hylands, in the county of Essex.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

APRIL 13.

HER Grace the Duchess Elizabeth, widow of James Drummond. It was reported that he died in his passage to France. This was not the case; he returned to England, and lived in obscurity. He was grandson of the 4th Earl of Perth, Privy Counsellor to Charles II. Justice General and Lord Chancellor of Scotland, Duke, and Knight of the Garter. James, son of the above, is living, and three daughters, whose grandmother was Lady Jane, daughter to George, Duke of Gordon. Lady Elizabeth lives in humble station, in the name of Peters, in Queen street, Chelsea.

MAY 6. At Cove Fort, the wife of Lieut.-colonel Nedham, of the 3d garrison battalion.

13. At Garth, in Montgomeryshire, in the 84th year of his age, Devereux Mytton, Esq. the oldest magistrate in that county.

14. At Southdean, Roxburghshire, the Rev. Mr. Wm. Scott, aged 72.——Mrs. Maw, wife of Lieut. Maw, of the East India Company's Service, daughter of the late H. Bullock, Esq. Colnbrook, Bucks.

15. In Foley-place, Mrs. Hayward, relict of the late T. Hayward, Esq. of Blechingley.——At Canterbury, in her 90th year, Mrs. Royle, mother of J. Royle, Esq. of that city.

18. David Kearnes, boatswain of the Contest gun-brig, now repairing, in Hamoaze. In stepping from the brig to a hulk alongside, he fell between, and sunk immediately.

19. In Theobald's-road, Mr. John Hurst, in the 73d year of his age formerly a clerk to the late John Gorham, Esq.——At Knockmore, in the county of Mayo, in her 25th year, Mrs. Ormsby, wife of Lieut.-col. Ormsby, of the North Mayo militia.

22. Mrs. Walters, wife of David Walters, Esq. Clapham Common.——In Little Thames-street, St. Catherine's, Mr. Edward Davies, provision merchant.——At Clifton, Philadelphia, the wife of Walter Smyth, Esq. of Stopham-house, Sussex.——At Edinburgh, Mrs. Blair, wife of Alexander Blair, Esq. W.S.

23. At Teddington, Middlesex, Mrs. Lonsdale, wife of Mr. Richard Lonsdale.

24. At Chelsea, in the 49th year of his age, Sir William Henry Douglas, Bart. Vice-admiral of the Blue. The title devolves on his brother, Lieut.-colonel Howard Douglas, of High Wycombe, Bucks.——Stephen Simpson, Esq. of the Victualling Office, Deptford.——In Soho square, in the 82d year of his age, General Rainsford.——At Clapham, Mrs. Cecil, of Old Bond-street.——In Rathbone-place, Mr. John Nicholls, Editor of *The Sunday Monitor.*

25. At Eastry, in Kent, aged 85, Catharine, widow of the Rev. Richard Harvey, formerly Vicar of that parish.——Mrs. Brookes, wife of Mr. Brookes, solicitor, St. Alban's-street.——E. Chandler, Esq. of Cross-Bush, near Arundel.——At Rickmansworth, Mr. Thomas Howard, banker, aged 49.

26. Suddenly, occasioned by the rupture of a blood-vessel, Mr. Joseph Parsloe, of St. James's-street.——Mrs Ford, of Sidbury, Worcestershire, (one of the people called Quakers). Her death was occasioned by circumstances peculiarly distressing: she had taken her child to an eminent surgeon, to have a swelling on the throat lanced; when the operation was about to be performed, she fainted through terror, and almost instantaneously expired.——At Highgate, Mrs. Dodd, wife of Thomas Dodd, Esq.

28. In Devonshire-street, John Edward Bateman, Esq.——In Beaumont-street, aged 72, Mrs. Isabella Ann Carr, sister of the Rev. Colston Carr, Vicar of Great Ealing, Middlesex.——Aged 58, Mr. Moy Thomas, of Bearbinder-lane, solicitor.——At Deptford, Martha, wife of Mr. Hacket, of Nicholas-lane.

29. Mrs. Knox, wife of the Rev. Dr. Knox, of Tunbridge.——At his house, York-place, City-road, William Langston, Esq.——At Summer-hill, Kent, in the 66th year of his age, William Woodgate, Esq.

——At Hackney, Mr. Samuel Laundy, Surgeons' instrument-maker, of the Borough, in his 82d year.——At Ridgway, in Pembrokeshire, John Herbert Foley, Esq.

30. At the Right Hon. Lady Petre's, Twickenham, Mrs. W. Throckmorton, the wife of Wm. Throckmorton, Esq.——At Brompton, Mrs. Thresher, wife of Mr. John Thresher, of the Hay-market.——At Whitby, Yorkshire, Richard Moorsom, Esq. aged 87, father of Capt. Moorsom, one of the Lords of the Admiralty.——At Walthamstow, David Barclay, in the 81st year of his age, the last grandson of Robert Barclay, of Urie, who wrote the celebrated Apology for the People called Quakers.—Mr. David Barclay was long at the head of a most extensive house in Cheapside, chiefly engaged in the American trade. Graced by nature with a most noble form, all the qualities of his mind and heart corresponded with the grandeur of his exterior. The superiority of his understanding confirmed the impression which the dignity of his demeanor made on all; and though, agreeable to the tenets of his religious faith, he abstained from all the honours of public trust to which he was frequently invited by his fellow-citizens, yet his influence was justly great on all the public questions of the day: his examination at the bar of the House of Commons, and his advice on the subject of the American dispute, were so clear, so intelligent, and so wise, that, though not followed, Lord North publicly acknowledged he had derived more information from him than from all others on the east of Temple-bar. It was the American Revolution that determined him to wind up his extensive concerns, and to retire; but not as busy men generally retire, to the indulgence of mere personal luxury. His benevolent heart continued active in his retreat. He distributed his ample fortune in the most sublime ways. Instead of making all those persons whom he loved, dependent on his future bounty, as expectants at his death, he became, himself, the executor of his own will, and by the most munificent aid to all his relatives, he not only laid the foundation, but lived to see the maturity, of all those establishments which now give such importance to his family. Nor was it merely to his relations that this seasonable friendship was shown, but to the young men, whom he had bred in his mercantile house, and of whose dispositions he approved. Some of the most eminent merchants in the city of London are proud to acknowledge the gratitude they owe to David Barclay, for the means of their first introduction into life, and for the benefits of his counsel and countenance in their early stages of it. It is a proof of the sagacity of his patronage that he had very few occasions to repent of the protection he had conferred, and the uninterrupted happiness he enjoyed for many years in the midst of the numerous connections he had reared, held out a lively example and a lesson to others, of the value of a just and well-directed beneficence.—His virtue was not limited to his relatives, to his friends, to his sect, to his country, or to the colour of his species—he was a man of the warmest affections, and therefore loved his family and friends—he was a patriot, and therefore preferred his own country to all others; but he was a Christian, and felt for the human race. No man, therefore, was ever more active than David Barclay, in promoting whatever might ameliorate the condition of man—largely endowed by providence with the means, he felt it to be his duty to set great examples; and when an argument was set up against the emancipation of the negroes from slavery, "that they were too ignorant and too barbarous for freedom," he resolved at his own expense to demonstrate the fallacy of the imputation. Having had an estate in Jamaica fall to him, he determined at the expense of 10,000l. to emancipate the whole *gang* (as they are termed) of slaves. He did this with his usual prudence as well as generosity. He sent out an agent to Jamaica, and made him hire a vessel, in which they were all transported to America, where the little community was established in various handicraft trades; the members of it prospered under the blessing of his care, and lived to shew that the black skin inclosed hearts as full of gratitude, and minds as capable of improvement, as that of the proudest white. Such was the conduct of this English merchant! During all this course of well-doing, his own manners were simple, his hospitality large, and his charities universal. He founded a house of industry near his own residence, on such solid principles, that though it cost him 1,500l. for several years, he succeeded in his object of making it a source of comfort, and even of independence to all the well-disposed families of the poor around; for his benevolence, though discriminate, was never degraded by the narrowness of a religious distinction.—Mr. David Barclay was married twice—he had but one daughter by his first marriage, who was married to Richard Gurney, Esq. of Norwich. She was a most beautiful and benevolent woman, and died some years ago, leaving issue Hudson Gurney, Esq., and the wife of Sampson Hanbury, Esq.

31. At Richmond, in the 15th year of his age, Henry, eldest son of John Deas Thompson, Esq. one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Navy.

June 1. Aged 65, Mr. John Fearn, upwards of 30 years a silk-mercer on Ludgate-hill.

2. Filmer Honywood, Esq. of Mark's Hall, Essex, aged 65. He first sat in Parliament for Steyning, in 1774. In 1780, the freeholders of Kent called upon him to represent that county. Mr. Honywood usually supported Mr. Fox's measures; but differed with him on his India Bill, against which he

voted, in opposition to the late General Honywood. In 1784, Mr. Honywood was again returned; as he was also in 1790, 1796, and 1802; and retired from Parliament in 1806, when his nephew, Mr. William Honywood, the present member, was chosen.——At Fort-place, Bermondsey, Martha, the wife of Joseph Watson, LL.D.——At Charter-house, the Rev. Wm. Lloyd, aged 72.——At Northwood, Isle of Wight, J. Short, Esq. R. N. Captain of the Sea Fencibles.——At Rodney-buildings, Mary, wife of David King, Esq. Southwark.

3. Aged 71, Mr. J. P. De la Grange, late bookseller in Greek-street, Soho-square. At Stafford, Miss Julia Hand, daughter of Charles Hand, Esq. late of Park Hall, in that county.

4. At Yeotown, near Barnstaple, Devon, the Lady of R. Newton Incledon, Esq. of that place.——At Homerton, Mrs. Roberdeau.——In Philpot-lane, Mr. W. Thompson, aged 40 years.——At Clifton, after an illness of three days, aged 90 J. Peach Hungerford, Esq. of Dingley Hall, in the county of Northampton, many years one of the knights of the shire for the county of Leicester.——At Hanger Hill, near Acton, Mrs. Miller, late of the Adelphi.

5. At his house at Lee, in the 81st year of his age, David Papillon, Esq. late senior commissioner of his Majesty's excise.——At Sydenham, Kent, Mrs. Elizabeth Barber, late of Farley, in Staffordshire, widow, in the 85th year of her age.——At Bounds Lodge, in the county of Kent, the Hon Mrs. Butler, mother to the late Countess of Darnley.——In Thornhaugh-street, Miss Mary Forster, aged 48.

6. At Cheltenham, in the 49th year of her age, the lady of Sir Francis Hartwell, Bart.——At his house in Hoxton-square, at an advanced age, Mr. Robert Crosby.——Mrs. Phillips, lady of C. Phillips, Esq. of Queen Ann-street West, and Ruxley Lodge, Surrey, aged 53.

7. John Bradburne. Esq. of Woodlands, near Bagshot, Surrey.——Benjamin Shaw, Esq. of Upper Thames-street, many years one of the Common Council for the ward of Queenhithe.——In his 86th year, John Stevens, Esq. of Keyford, Frome, who, for more than half a century, carried on the business of a farmer. He was brother to the late Richard Stevens, Esq. of London, who, a few years since, left 20,000l. for the building and endowing of an asylum for poor girls, and an hospital for poor old men, and other charitable purposes, in the town of Frome.——At Ramsbury, Hants, Mrs. Whitelocke, mother of Mr. John Whitelocke, late a lieutenant-general in the army.——Mr. Nathaniel Catherwood, of Charles-square, Hoxton, letter-founder, in the 45th year of his age.

8. At his house in Soho-square, William Mowbray, Esq.——At the King's Head Inn, Norwich, William Chambers, Esq. of London, formerly of Norwich city, and many years a merchant resident at Lisbon.

10. At Edinburgh, Major-General the Hon. Mark Napier——In Queen-square, Bloomsbury, Mrs. Blissett, aged 90, relict of Joseph Blisset, late of Kenilworth, in the county of Warwick, Esq.——At Mitcham, in Surrey, Mrs. Watts, wife of Mr. Watts, druggist, in the Strand.

11. In Charlotte-row, Bermondsey, aged 82, Mr. John Dunkin, senior partner in the house of Dunkin, Son, and Frances, of Dock-head.——At Turner's-hill, in Hertfordshire, to which he had removed from his father's house in Pancras for change of air, Mr. William Walays Macpherson, geographer, a youth of a most amiable character, and of very great professional merit.

12. At Sheerness, Mr. William Etty, of the royal navy, aged 28. He was unfortunately drowned while bathing.——Mrs. Mary Watkins, of Sloane-street.——At the Retreat, near Exeter, Sir Alexander Hamilton; he served the office of high sheriff of the county of Devon, in the year 1786.——Mrs. Parsons, wife of John Parsons, Esq. of Oxford.

13. Mrs. Elizabeth Luxmore, of Southampton-buildings, Holborn.——Mr. Darley, aged 53, formerly well known as a vocal performer, at Vauxhall, and Covent Garden Theatre.——In Millman-place, Mrs. Margaret Haswell, widow of the late Admiral Haswell, aged 74.——At Vauxhall, Mr. Lewis Robert Le Mercier——Suddenly, at Panfield Parsonage, in the 71st year of his age, the Rev. Thomas Stevens, D.D. rector of that parish, and vicar of Helions, Bumstead, both in the county of Essex. He was formerly one of his Majesty's preachers at Whitehall, and fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; where he proceeded B.A. 1761, M.A. 1764, and D.D. 1790——Mrs. Andrews, wife of the Rev. Charles Andrews, rector of Great Henney, Essex.

14. In Clerkenwell workhouse, aged 97, Mrs. Mary Graystock, an eccentric character, who had got her living till within a week of her decease, by selling shrimps and perriwinkles, &c. in that parish, upwards of 60 years.——At his house in Clifford-street, Bond-street, Charles Montagu, Esq. surgeon to the forces.——In the 56th year of his age, John Repton, Esq. of Oxhead-hall, Norfolk——At Hackney, Mr. Parosien, sen. in the 74th year of his age.——At Badsworth, near Pontefract, Yorkshire, William Willis, Esq. late captain in the 15th light dragoons, aged 48.——W. G. Wynyard, Esq. lieutenant colonel of the 24th light dragoons.

15. Aged 86, Sir George Baker, Bart. M. D. F. R. S. and physician in ordinary to his Majesty.——At Paddington, Margaret, wife of Mr. Elliot, of Oxford-street, aged 68.——At Bishop Stortford, Herts, aged 28, Mary, the wife of Mr. Nathaniel Smith Machin.——At his house in Barton-street, Westminster, Thomas Parratt, Esq.

16. At Cheltenham, Joseph Lyon, Esq. of Bloomsbury-square, and Neston, near Chester.

17. Dr. Poignand, of Jermyn-street, in the 63d year of his age.

18. Jane Mossmeau, whose fate excited much interest and public sympathy, at the Old Bailey two years since, when capitally convicted of stealing lace from her employer, a milliner, in Berkeley-square, died suddenly at her lodgings in Castle-street, Oxford-market. It will be remembered, that she received the royal clemency in consequence of extraordinary interest having been used in her behalf; but accumulated misfortunes had since reduced her to the most extreme wretchedness, and rendered it necessary for her two children to crave sustenance from the parish, and they were taken from her on Saturday. The unfortunate woman stated her conviction to a female friend before she went to bed on Saturday night, that she should never rise again; and the assertion was verified, for death had relieved her miseries at two o'clock in the morning. The Coroner's jury found that she *Died of Excessive Drinking.*

19. At Hoddesdon, Herts, John Rowley, Esq. in his 89th year.

DEATHS ABROAD.

On his way to England from India, Capt. Geo. Bolton, of the 8th reg. of light dragoons, after a service of 14 years in that country, as major of brigade, and aide-de-camp to the late Lord Lake, and General Dickens.——Mr. John Simmons, surgeon of his Majesty's ship Claudia, wrecked off the coast of Norway.——At Cassel, the celebrated Swiss historian, Johannes Von Muller. In his great history of his native country, he asserted, with spirit and talent, republican principles; which he, however, found compatible with obedience to arbitrary monarchs. He had entered successively into the service of the Elector of Mentz, and the Emperor of Germany, as librarian; of the King of Prussia, as historiographer; and lastly, of *King* Jerome, of Westphalia, first as secretary of state, and afterwards as minister of public instruction.——Prince Beron, of Courland, died lately at Petersburgh.

MONTHLY STATE OF COMMERCE.

London, June 23, 1809.

SPAIN ——(*Resumed from Vol.* LIV. *page* 405.)

THIS kingdom vends annually 4,000 arobes of their *finest* wools, which are generally shipped from Bilboa, in the province of Biscay: the merchants divide it into seven classes: first, the *Leonèsé*, as before stated; secondly, the *Fine Segovian*; thirdly, the *Regular Segovian*; fourthly, that of *Burgos and Buitrago*; fifthly, the *Soria Segovian*; sixthly, the *Siguenza Segovian*; (this wool, although ranked in this class, is very little inferior to the *Regular Segovian*, or third class;) seventhly, and lastly, the *Soria Lumbreras*, the *Common Siguenza*; together with those of *Molina, Albacassin, Llerena*, and other inferior sorts, produced from those flocks which feed the whole year round in one place. The merchants of Seville, Bilboa, and others, purchase it from the growers, generally for foreign merchants; the whole of which (consisting of all the sorts), exported, is computed to be between 25 and 30,000 bales.—The commerce of this kingdom divides itself into three channels; two of exportation, and one of importation: the first two comprehends its own produce, and also that of its South American colonies; that of import includes all the articles of necessity, together with all those which luxury has rendered almost equally so, and which Spain draws from different countries, not only for its own use, but also for its transmarine dominions. The principal produce furnished by the kingdom itself for exportation, are wool, silk, oil, salt, kali, iron, wine, fruits, and some other trifling articles of natural national productions. The principal ports from whence they ship their wine and fruits are Malaga and Alicant. Their iron (which contains a great proportion of steel, so much so, as to make it rather untractable under the file) is generally exported from Bilboa; the steel of which, as well as that of Toledo, was famous all over Europe, when manufactured into sword blades. A very important article of export is barilla, an alkaline salt, obtained from plants peculiar to the provinces of Murcia and Valentia. This substance is used in bleaching, and the manufactures of glass and soap.

The Court of Directors of the United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies do hereby declare, that they will put up to sale, at their ensuing September sale, besides those goods already declared, the following, viz.

COAST PIECE GOODS.

Calicoes, various denominations........175,259 pieces.
Muslins .... 772 ditto.
Prohibited .... 34,246 ditto.

Also 84 packages of privilege, Coast piece goods.

On Tuesday, September 5; prompt January 12, 1810.

Likewise, on Wednesday, September 13; prompt 26th January, 1810;

BENGAL PIECE GOODS.

Muslins, various, stitched and plain........40,483 pieces.
Calicoes, ditto ....61,476 ditto.
Prohibited goods, various.................14,261 ditto.

Also, on Tuesday, July 11; prompt 13th October following;

Prize, per Celestina, 55 casks, 854 bags sugar, 356 chests tea, 26 bales Mocha coffee, 478 bales Bourbon ditto, 416 bales Bourbon cotton, 431 bales Surat ditto, 3 bales honate, 5 casks 81 chests indigo, 544 bags pepper, 42 bags ginger, 5 bags cloves, 1 bag nutmegs, 15 cases 1 bag cassia, 27 chests star anniseed, 4 chests aloes, 58 bags mirabolams, 6 bags gum tragacanth, 1 bag incense, 12 casks tamarinds, 3 cases, 1 bale nankeens, 6 elephants teeth, 376 pieces ebony, 1 box tortoiseshell, 6 packages sundries.——Prize, per Nelson, 1 box nutmegs, 1 box cloves.——Prize, per Buccleugh, 74 casks pepper.——Prize, per Mentor, from the Cape, 66 casks sago, 108 bags cloves, 1901 bags coffee, 43 bags sweepings ditto, 5 bales cotton.——Prize, per Constantia, 31 casks, 75 chests indigo, 31 pieces rose wood, 140 pieces ebony wood, 26 pieces unrated wood, 192 elephants teeth, 75 rhinoceros's horns and hoofs.——Per Edward and Charles (warned in by Order of Council), 20 barrels cloves.

East India House, June 21, 1809.

The buyers of cotton wool are requested to take notice, that the Surat cotton, declared for sale on the 7th of July, is postponed.

SALES OF WEST INDIA PRODUCE.

From May 23d to May 30th.

800 hogsheads, 94 casks Jamaica, &c. sugar....	from 61s. 0d.	to 70s. 0d.	per cwt.
1,011 hogsheads, 55 casks, 2,837 bags Plantation coffee	from 70s. 0d.	to 122s. 6d.	per cwt.
322 bags bonded pimento	from 9½d.	to 10⅝d.	per lb.
156 puncheons Jamaica rum........	from 3s. 8d.	to 4s. 8d.	per gall.

From May 30th to June 6th.

918 hogsheads, 77 casks, 2,517 bags coffee......	from 70s. 0d.	to 121s. 6d.	per cwt.
434 bags pimento bonded	from 10d.	to 1s. 2d.	per lb.
20 bags Barbadoes ginger........	from 4l. 3s.	to 4l. 4s.	per cwt.
87 bags Jamaica, Granada, and Trinidad cotton.	from 1s. 3¼d.	to 1s. 7d.	per lb.
566 serons Spanish and West India cotton......	from 1s. 2⅞d.	to 1s. 6d.	per lb.

From June 6th to June 13th.

895 hogsheads, 77 casks Jamaica, Antigua, and St. Croix sugar........	from 59s. 6d.	to 69s. 6d.	per cwt.
1,093 hogsheads, 87 casks, 2,221 bags coffee......	from 70s. 0d.	to 120s. 0d.	per cwt.
379 puncheons, 3 and 4 overproof Jamaica rum..	from 5s. 6d.	to 6s. 1d.	per gall.
3 puncheons, 6 and 7 ditto........		4s. 0d.	per gall.

From June 13th to June 20th.

705 hogsheads, 18 casks, 2,390 bags coffee......	from 70s. 0d.	to 124s. 0d.	per cwt.
683 bags pimento bonded	from 9⅞d.	to 10¼d.	per lb.

Average price of brown or Muscovado sugar, from the returns, exclusive of the duties payable thereon:

For the week ending May 24, was 38s. 10d. per cwt.
For the week ending May 31, was 37s. 6½d.
For the week ending June 7, was 36s. 3½d.
For the week ending June 14, was 35s. 8d.

SALES OF AMERICAN PRODUCE.

From May 23d to May 30th.

35 hogsheads Virginia tobacco........	from 4½d.	to 8¼d.	per lb.
154 hogsheads Virginia stemmed tobacco	from 7⅜d.	to 10d.	per lb.

From May 30th to June 6th.

14,080 Brazil hides	from 1½d.	to 6½d.	per lb.
3,785 serons Brazil tallow........	from 81s. 0d.	to 85s. 0d.	per cwt.
347 bags Surinam, Berbice, and Demarara cotton.	from 1s. 6d.	to 1s. 10½d.	per lb.
169 bags Brazil coffee........	from 72s. 0d.	to 95s. 0d.	per cwt.
40 hogsheads stripped leaf tobacco........	from 6d.	to 9d.	per lb.

From June 6th to June 13th.

80 hogsheads Surinam sugar	from 58s. 6d.	to 60s. 6d.	per cwt.
5,284 Buenos Ayres hides........	from 3d.	to 6½d.	per lb.
102 hogsheads Virginia tobacco, bonded	from 5d.	to 9d.	per lb.
20 hogsheads ditto, stripped leaf, bonded	from 8¾d.	to 12½d.	per lb.

From June 13th to June 20th.

1,201 bags Brazil rice	from 22s. 0d.	to 28s. 0d.	per cwt.
25 hogsheads Virginia tobacco, bonded........	from 4⅜d.	to 5⅜d.	per lb.
67 hogsheads ditto, stemmed	from 5d.	to 11⅝d.	per lb.
9 hogsheads ditto, free of customs, no allowance..	from 4½d.	to 5⅜d.	per lb.

Alum, English	ton £	22	0	0 to	23	0	0
Anniseeds, Alicant	cwt.	7	18	0	8	5	0
Ditto German		4	10	0	5	0	0
Ashes, American Pot		3	0	0	3	15	0
Ditto Pearl		2	18	0	4	1	0
Barilla, Carthagena		2	15	0	2	18	0
Ditto Sicily		2	10	0	2	12	0
Ditto Teneriffe		2	10	0	2	11	0
Bark, Oak British, 45 cwt.	L.	34	10	0	38	0	0
Ditto Foreign		8	0	0	11	10	0
Brandy, Cogniac	gal.	1	2	0	1	3	6
Ditto Spanish		0	18	0	0	19	6
Camphire, refined	lb.	0	7	0	0	7	4
Ditto unrefined	cwt.	33	5	0	34	0	0
Cochineal, garbled	lb	1	0	0	1	12	0
Ditto East Indian		0	6	0	0	7	6
Coffee, fine	cwt.	5	15	0	6	5	0
Ditto ordinary		3	10	0	4	10	0
Ditto Mocha in Time		8	15	0	9	5	0
Copperas, Green	lb.	0	6	6	0	7	0
Ditto White		2	5	0	2	9	0
Cotton-wool, Surinam		0	1	8	0	1	10
Ditto Jamaica		0	1	4	0	1	6
Ditto Smyrna		0	1	0	0	1	1
Ditto Bourbon		0	2	6	0	2	9
Ditto Pernambucca		0	1	10	0	1	11½
Ditto East Indian		0	1	4	0	1	10
Currants, Zant	cwt.	3	10	0	4	5	0
Deals, Dantz. Fir, 3 in. 40 f.	piece	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto 2½ 36		0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto 2 30		0	0	0	0	0	0
Elephants' Teeth 1. 2. 3.	cwt.	25	0	0	32	10	0
Ditto 4. 5. 6.		20	0	0	30	0	0
Ditto Scrivell		12	10	0	20	0	0
Figs, Turkey		2	7	0	3	0	0
Flax, Riga	ton	104	0	0	105	0	0
Ditto Petersburg, 12 head		104	0	0	105	0	0
Fustick, Jamaica	ton	17	0	0	18	0	0
Ditto Cuba		20	0	0	22	10	0
Galls, Turkey	cwt.	4	15	0	6	10	0
Geneva, Hollands	gal.	1	0	0	1	2	0
Ditto English		0	11	0	0	13	9
Ginger, Jamaica, White	cwt.	4	16	0	8	12	0
Ditto Black		3	5	0	3	11	0
Ditto Barbadoes		4	0	0	4	4	0
Ditto East Indian		2	12	0	3	11	0
Gum Arabic, Turkey	cwt.	6	0	0	12	5	0
Ditto Seneca		4	10	0	5	12	0
Ditto Sandrach		6	6	0	8	5	0
Ditto Tragacanth		20	10	0	23	0	0
Ditto Mastic	lb.	0	4	2	0	4	8
Hemp, Riga Rhine	ton	99	0	0	100	0	0
Ditto Petersburg clean		96	0	0	98	0	0
Ditto East Indian		92	0	0	100	0	0
Hides, English	lb.	0	0	3½	0	0	5
Ditto Buenos Ayres		0	0	3	0	0	6½
Ditto Dutch salted		0	0	3½	0	0	8
Ditto Spanish		0	0	5½	0	0	8
Indigo, Caracc. Flo. 1st & 2d		0	8	6	0	10	3
Ditto East Indian Blue & Purp.		0	7	3	0	10	0
Ditto Brazil		0	1	6	0	5	3
Iron, Pig, British,	ton	7	0	0	9	0	0
Ditto, in bars		16	0	0	17	0	0
Ditto Swedish, bars		22	0	0	24	10	0
Ditto Norway		24	0	0	25	0	0
Ditto Archangel		25	0	0	26	0	0
Juniper Berries, German	cwt.	4	0	0	4	5	0
Ditto Italian		4	5	0	4	10	0
Lead in pigs	fod.	38	0	0	[illegible]	0	0
Ditto red	ton	37	0	0	38	0	0
Ditto white		50	0	0	51	0	0
Lignum Vitæ, American		6	0	0	16	10	0
Ditto Tortola		0	0	0	0	0	0
Logwood, Camp.		18	0	0	19	10	0
Ditto Honduras Chipt		16	0	0	17	0	0
Ditto Unchipt		uncertain					
Ditto Jamaica Chipt		14	15	0	15	15	0
Ditto Unchipt		uncertain					
Madder Roots, Smyrna	cwt.	4	0	0	4	12	0
Ditto Dutch Crop	£	5	0	0	5	15	0
Mahogany, Honduras	ft.	0	1	6	0	2	0
Ditto Jamaica		0	1	4	0	2	2
Ditto Hispaniola		0	1	8	0	2	4
Molasses	cwt.	1	8	0	0	0	0
Oak plank, Dantzic, 4 & 3 inch	load	11	0	0	12	0	0
Oil, Lucca - 25 gal.	jar	30	0	0	31	10	0
Ditto Spermaceti	ton	99	0	0	103	0	0
Ditto Whale, Greenland		35	0	0	37	0	0
Ditto Southern		40	0	0	42	0	0
Ditto Florence	half chest	4	12	0	5	5	0
Opium, Turkey	lb.	1	15	0	1	17	0
Orchilla, Canary	ton	238	0	0	250	0	0
Ditto Cape de Verd		130	0	0	140	0	0
Ditto Madeira		100	0	0	112	0	0
Pimento	lb.	0	1	6	0	1	8
Pitch, American	cwt.	uncertain					
Ditto Stockholm		0	18	0	1	0	0
Ditto Archangel		0	17	0	0	18	0
Quicksilver	lb.	0	4	6	0	4	7
Raisins, Bloom	cwt.	4	16	0	6	0	0
Ditto Malaga		2	0	0	3	0	0
Ditto Sun		3	3	0	3	13	0
Ditto Muscadine		6	5	0	10	0	0
Rice, Carolina		uncertain					
Ditto East Indian		1	0	0	2	5	0
Rum, Jamaica	gal.	0	3	9	0	5	6
Ditto Leeward I.		0	3	0	0	3	8
Saltpetre, East India Rough	cwt.	4	0	0	4	1	0
Ditto British Refined		4	7	0	4	8	0
Shellach		6	5	0	11	11	0
Shumack, Faro		1	11	0	1	15	0
Ditto Malaga		1	10	0	1	15	0
Ditto Sicily		1	9	0	1	13	0
Ditto Oporto		0	0	0	0	0	0
Silk, Thrown, Piedmont	lb	2	17	0	3	2	0
Ditto Bergam		2	12	3	2	18	0
Silk, Raw, China, 3 Mos. Sm.		0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto 6 ditto		1	10	3	2	3	0
Ditto Bengal, Sm. Sk. g.		1	3	0	1	14	0
Ditto Novi		2	10	0	2	17	0
Ditto Organzine		2	10	0	3	0	0
Sugar, Jamaica	C.	3	1	0	3	13	0
Ditto East India		3	0	0	4	3	0
Ditto Lumps		5	5	0	5	11	0
Ditto Single Loaves		5	0	0	5	13	0
Ditto Double Ditto	lb.	0	1	4	0	1	7
Tallow, English	cwt.	4	9	6	0	0	0
Ditto Russia, candle, white		4	10	0	4	12	0
Ditto, yellow		4	8	0	0	0	0
Ditto, Buenos Ayres		4	4	0	4	6	0
Tar, Archangel	B.	2	0	0	2	2	0
Tar, Stockholm	B.	2	2	0	2	5	0
Ditto, American		uncertain					
Tin in blocks	cwt.	5	18	0	[illegible]	0	0
Ditto, Grain, in blocks		7	7	0	0	0	0
Turpentine, American		1	15	0	2	0	0
Tobacco, Maryl. yellow	lb.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto, Mid. brown		0	0	5½	0	0	6½
Ditto, Long Leaf		0	0	0	0	0	0
Tobacco, Virg. York River	lb.	0	0	9	0	0	0
Ditto, James River		0	0	0	0	0	0
Wax, English	cwt.	15	15	0	17	10	0
Ditto Dantzic		15	0	0	15	15	0
Ditto African		9	15	0	11	0	0
Wax, American	cwt.	14	15	0	15	10	0
Whale-fins, Greenland	ton	55	0	0	60	0	0
Ditto S. Fishery		30	0	0	32	10	0
Wine, Red Port	pipe	75	0	0	105	0	0
Ditto Lisbon		85	0	0	95	0	0
Ditto Madeira		74	0	0	125	0	0
Ditto Calcavella		90	0	0	100	0	0
Ditto Sherry	butt	71	0	0	105	0	0
Ditto Mountain		65	0	0	80	0	0
Ditto Vidonia	hogs.	70	0	0	85	0	0
Ditto Claret		44	0	0	90	0	0
Yarn, Mohair	lb.	0	3	3	0	11	0

PRICES OF
Canal, Dock, Fire Office, Water Works, and Brewery Shares, &c.

21st June, 1809.

London Dock Stock ....122l. per cent.
West India ditto..................180l. per cent.
East India ditto ....150l. per cent.
Commercial ditto ....124l. per cent.

Grand Junction Canal Shares ....181l. per share.
Grand Surrey ditto .... 80l. per share.
Kenuett and Avon ditto......... 24l. per share.
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares 120l. per cent.
Albion ditto....................58l. per share.
Hope ditto......................7s. per share premium.
Imperial Fire Assurance ....65l. per share.
Kent ditto ....48l. per share.
Rock Life Assurance............ 4s. to 5s. per share premium.
Commercial Road Stock ....122l. per cent.
London Institution .... 84l. per share.
Surrey ditto ....par.
South London Water-works ......135l. per share.
East London Water-works... ...156l per share.
West Middlesex ditto.... ....111l. per share.

At the Office of Messrs. L. WOLFE and Co.
Canal, Dock, and Stock Brokers, No. 9, Change-alley, Cornhill.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from June 10 to June 18, 1809.

MARITIME COUNTIES

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Essex	84	8	50	6	42	4	35	0	52	3
Kent	81	0	53	0	38	6	35	0	52	6
Sussex	77	0	00	0	49	0	33	6	00	0
Suffolk	79	4	00	0	37	0	28	8	47	11
Cambridge	80	4	00	0	38	0	25	8	49	8
Norfolk	83	1	58	0	35	10	32	4	47	0
Lincoln	84	2	53	6	45	11	26	9	56	2
York	81	7	00	0	34	10	27	10	64	9
Durham	94	9	00	0	00	0	33	9	00	0
Northumb.	86	7	70	0	45	4	31	0	00	0
Cumberlan.	99	7	64	8	46	3	30	6	00	0
Westmorl.	112	5	80	0	51	2	31	7	00	0
Lancaster	101	0	00	0	47	8	29	11	63	0
Chester	89	9	00	0	50	8	34	0	65	0
Gloucester	90	4	00	0	46	10	39	5	66	6
Somerset	86	4	00	0	42	0	26	0	61	3
Monmouth	85	9	00	0	45	2	00	0	00	0
Devon	86	1	00	0	39	10	32	0	00	0
Cornwall	91	1	00	0	41	5	26	6	00	0
Dorset	80	11	00	0	37	0	00	0	00	0
Hants	81	2	00	0	43	9	33	6	00	0

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Middlesex	89	6	48	7	42	4	34	8	53	7
Surrey	90	4	46	0	43	6	37	8	56	0
Hertford	81	10	49	0	44	6	33	4	52	6
Bedford	86	3	60	8	44	10	37	3	58	10
Huntingdon	83	3	00	0	42	6	32	0	53	11
Northampt.	84	8	54	0	44	6	32	4	56	0
Rutland	91	0	00	0	47	9	36	0	54	0
Leicester	89	8	49	11	48	2	31	10	52	8
Nottingham	94	6	63	5	46	6	33	4	61	4
Derby	96	9	00	0	00	0	36	8	70	3
Stafford	94	11	00	0	50	0	34	2	66	11
Salop	94	1	69	0	48	11	34	5	00	0
Hereford	82	2	48	0	42	0	34	2	59	5
Worcester	88	6	00	0	48	10	42	0	67	7
Warwick	92	5	00	0	57	7	40	6	72	10
Wilts	82	10	00	0	41	6	37	6	63	4
Berks	92	6	00	0	41	9	38	0	60	4
Oxford	89	5	00	0	42	2	37	10	59	3
Bucks	91	3	00	0	43	0	37	5	57	3
WALES.										
N. Wales	95	4	00	0	45	0	23	4	00	0
S. Wales	87	10	00	0	53	5	20	0	00	0

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

BY THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL,

Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,

At Nine o'Clock, A. M.

1809	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obser.*	1809	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obser.*
May 27	29.65	65	S	Fair	June 10	29.56	60	WNW	Rain
28	29.61	64	S	Ditto	11	29.80	61	W	Ditto
29	29.5	63	S	Ditto	12	30.11	62	SW	Fair
30	29.85	56	WNW	Ditto	13	30.01	60	W	Ditto
31	29.80	57	SW	Ditto	14	29.99	65	SW	Ditto
June 1	29.48	65	S	Ditto	15	29.90	62	N	Ditto
2	29. 5	64	S	Rain	16	30.00	63	SW	Ditto
3	30.04	59	SSW	Fair	17	29.82	64	W	Ditto
4	29.72	61	SE	Ditto	18	29.91	60	N	Ditto
5	29.37	60	ESE	Rain	19	30.00	62	N	Ditto
6	29.64	61	S	Fair	20	30.07	66	N	Ditto
7	29.72	59	W	Rain	21	30.25	66	NW	Ditto
8	29.79	62	S	Ditto	22	30.36	63	ESE	Ditto
9	29.58	62	S	Rain	23	30.32	69	N	Ditto

Joyce Gold, Printer, Shoe-lane, London.

EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR JUNE, 1809.

Days 1809	Bank Stock	3 per Ct Consols	3 per Ct Reduc	4 per Ct Consol	Navy 5 per Ct	New 5 per Ct	Long Anns.	Omn.	Imp. 3 per Ct	Imp. Anns.	Irish 5 per Ct	So. Sea Stock.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	State Lot Tickets.	City Fr. Tick.	Cons. for Ac.
May 26	247	68 a ¼	67½	83	99⅝	—	18⅜	—	—	—	—	—	187	18s pr.	14s pr.	—	—	68¾ a ⅞
27	—	68 a ⅛	67½	83	99¾	—	—	½ pr.	—	—	95½	—	—	20s pr.	14s pr.	—	—	68¾
29	holiday																	
30	249	68 a ¼	67½	83	99⅞	—	18 7-16	½ pr.	66	—	95½	—	188	20s pr.	13s pr.	—	—	68¾
31	249½	68 a ¼	67½	83	99⅞	—	18 7-16	½ pr.	66⅛	7¼	—	—	189½	19s pr.	13s pr.	—	—	68¾ a ⅞
June 1	—	68⅛ a ⅜	67⅝	83⅛	99⅞	—	18 7-16	½ pr.	—	7¼	—	—	190	17s pr.	13s pr.	—	—	68⅞ a 69
2	251½	68¼ a ½	67¾	83⅛	par	—	18 7-16	¾ pr.	66¼	—	96	—	—	17s pr.	13s pr.	—	—	69 a ⅛
3	—	68⅜ a ½	67⅞	83⅛	99⅞	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	18s pr.	13s pr.	—	—	69 a ⅛
5	holiday																	
6	253	68¼ a ½	67¾	83⅛	99⅞	—	18½	½ pr.	—	—	—	—	—	18s pr.	12s pr.	—	—	68⅞ a 69
7	254½	—	67¾	83¼	99¾	—	18½	½ pr.	66¼	—	96¼	—	—	18s pr.	12s pr.	—	—	68⅞ a 69
8	—	—	67⅞	83¼	—	—	18½	½ pr.	—	—	—	—	—	18s pr.	12s pr.	—	—	69 a ⅓
9	256½	—	67⅞	83½	—	—	18½	¾ pr.	—	—	—	—	—	21s pr.	11s pr.	—	—	69⅛ a ¼
10	258	—	68	83½	—	—	18 9-16	¾ pr.	—	—	—	—	—	20s pr.	11s pr	—	—	69 a ⅛
12	—	—	68	83⅜	—	—	18 9-16	¾ pr.	—	—	—	—	—	19s pr	11s pr.	—	—	69 a ⅛
13	257¾	—	68	83½	—	—	18 9-16	½ pr.	—	—	—	—	—	19s pr.	12s pr.	—	—	69⅛ a ¼
14	258½	—	68	83½	—	—	18 9-16	¾ pr.	66½	—	96½	74½	—	19s pr.	11s pr.	—	—	69⅞
15	260	—	68⅛	83½	—	—	18 9-16	¾ pr.	—	7¼	—	—	—	18s pr.	11s pr.	—	—	69⅛ a ¼
16	—	—	68⅛	83½	—	—	18⅝	¾ pr.	66⅝	—	—	—	—	18s pr.	11s pr.	—	—	69⅛ a ¼
17	259¼	—	68⅛	83⅝	—	—	18⅝	¾ pr.	66⅝	—	—	—	—	18s pr.	11s pr.	—	—	—
19	—	—	68⅛	83½	—	—	—	¾ pr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	11s pr.	—	—	69⅛ a ¼
20	261	—	68⅛	83⅝	—	—	18⅝	¾ pr.	—	7 5-16	—	—	—	16s pr.	8s pr.	—	—	69¼ a ⅜
21	260½	—	68¼	83⅝	—	—	18 11-16	¾ pr.	—	7 5-16	—	—	—	16s pr.	9s pr.	21l 11s	—	69 a ⅜
22	259	—	68¼	83⅝	—	—	18 11-16	1 pr.	—	—	—	—	—	17s pr.	9s pr.	21l 11s	8l 8s	69¼ a ⅜
23	259¾	—	68¼	83⅝	—	—	18⅝	¾ pr.	66¾	—	—	—	—	17s pr.	11s pr.	21l 11s	8l 8s	69⅜ a ¼
24	holiday																	

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Webb, T. Hereford, flax dresser, May 13. [Edis, Abchurch-lane.]
Weaver, W. and Holt, J. Spring-gardens, patent musical instrument makers, May 16. [Vincent, Bedford-street, Bedford-square.]
Watts, W. Compton Bishop, innkeeper, May 20. [Blake, Cook's-court.]
Wyatt, H. Snow-hill, shoe maker, May 20. [Oldham, St. Swithin's-lane.]
Wheatley, J. Mark-lane, corn factor, May 27. [Alliston, Freeman's-court.]
Walker, W. F. Chatham, linen draper, May 30. [Palmer and Co. Copthall-court.]
Wilkie, J. Howard-street, Strand, navy agent, June 3. [Ledwitch, Baldwin's-court, Cloak-lane.]
Weeden, J. Albion-place, Black-friars'-road, hosier, June 13. [Rogers, Copthall-court.]
Weeden, J. Albion-place, Black-friars'-road, hosier, June 13. [Rogers, Copthall-chambers.]
White, C. Oxford-street, dealer, June 17. [Bousfield, Bouverie-street.]
Walsh, F. C. Strand, chemist, June 24. [Richardsons, New-inn.]

Y.

Yates, W. Sherrard-street, army accoutrement maker, May 6. [Kirkman, Cloak-lane.]
Young, A. Stamford, common brewer, May 9. [Harvey, Lamb's Conduit-place.]
Young, J. Queen-street, London, merchant, June 10. [Duthie, Temple.]

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J. GOLD, PRINTER, SHOE-LANE.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE LONDON MARKETS, FROM DECEMBER 25, 1808, TO JUNE 25, 1809.

	Bread per Quartern.	Flour per Sack.	WheatSup. per Quarter, averaged.	Beef, per Stone of 8 lbs.	Mutton, per Stone of 8 lbs.	Lamb, per Stone of 8 lbs.	Veal, per Stone of 8 lbs.	Pork, per Stone of 8 lbs.	Sugar, per Cwt.	Candles, Store, per Doz.	Hops, in Bags.	Coals.
1808 1809	s. d.	s. s.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	£. s. d.	s. d.	£. s. £. s.	s. d. s. d.
Dec. 25 to Jan. 1	1 2¾	80 a 85	90 10	4 6 a 5 8	4 6 a 5 8	0 0 a 0 0	7 0 a 8 0	4 0 a 6 6	2 2 3	14 6	3 10 a 4 16	57 0 a 0 0
Jan. 1 to 8	1 2¾	80 a 85	91 1	4 2 a 5 0	4 2 a 5 2	0 0 a 0 0	6 0 a 7 0	5 0 a 6 4	2 12 3½	14 6	3 10 a 4 16	57 0 a 0 0
8 to 15	1 2	80 a 85	90 4	3 4 a 4 8	4 0 a 4 10	0 0 a 0 0	5 0 a 7 0	5 4 a 6 4	2 12 4½	15 0	3 10 a 4 0	57 0 a 0 0
15 to 22	1 2¼	80 a 85	89 10	4 0 a 5 4	4 0 a 5 6	0 0 a 0 0	6 0 a 7 6	5 0 a 6 6	2 12 1½	15 6	3 15 a 4 0	0 0 a 0 0
22 to 29	1 2¼	80 a 85	90 6	4 4 a 5 0	4 6 a 5 6	0 0 a 0 0	5 0 a 6 6	5 6 a 6 6	2 10 7½	15 6	3 15 a 4 0	0 0 a 0 0
29 to Feb. 5	1 2¾	80 a 85	90 6	4 4 a 5 0	4 6 a 5 6	0 0 a 0 0	5 0 a 6 6	5 6 a 7 6	2 11 5½	15 6	3 15 a 4 0	10 0 a 0 0
Feb. 5 to 12	1 2¾	80 a 85	92 4	4 6 a 5 8	4 8 a 5 10	0 0 a 0 0	6 0 a 7 0	5 0 a 6 4	2 11 0½	16 0	3 10 a 4 16	0 0 a 0 0
12 to 19	1 2¾	80 a 85	92 4	4 6 a 5 4	4 8 a 5 8	0 0 a 0 0	6 0 a 7 0	5 0 a 6 6	2 9 1½	16 0	3 10 a 4 14	0 0 a 0 0
19 to 26	1 2¼	85 a 90	92 5	4 6 a 5 8	4 8 a 5 10	0 0 a 0 0	6 0 a 7 6	5 0 a 6 6	2 9 0½	16 0	3 10 a 4 1[illegible]	0 0 a 0 0
26 to Mar. 5	1 3¼	85 a 90	93 7	4 6 a 5 8	4 8 a 6 0	0 0 a 0 0	[illegible] 0 a 7 4	5 0 a 6 0	2 9 1	17 0	3 10 a 5 0	49 9 a 57 6
Mar. 5 to 12	1 3¼	80 a 85	93 0	4 8 a 5 8	5 8 a 6 6	0 0 a 0 0	5 4 a 6 10	5 0 a 6 8	2 9 9½	17 0	4 0 a 5 0	0 0 a 0 0
12 to 19	1 3	80 a 85	93 0	4 6 a 5 8	4 8 a 5 8	0 0 a 0 0	6 0 a 7 0	5 0 a 6 4	2 10 3½	16 0	4 15 a 5 0	0 0 a 0 0
19 to 26	1 2¼	75 a 80	93 6	4 6 a 5 6	4 8 a 5 10	0 0 a 0 0	6 0 a 7 6	6 0 a 7 0	2 9 4½	16 0	4 10 a 5 0	0 0 a 0 0
26 to April 2	1 2¾	75 a 80	94 11	4 8 a 5 2	4 8 a 5 6	0 0 a 0 0	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 6 6	2 7 10	16 0	3 10 a 5 0	0 0 a 0 0
April 2 to 9	1 2¼	80 a 85	94 1	4 8 a 5 8	4 10 a 6 0	7 0 a 8 0	[illegible] 0 a 7 7	5 6 a 6 [illegible]	2 7 0¼	16 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
9 to 16	1 2¾	80 a 85	94 0	4 8 a 5 8	4 10 a 6 0	7 0 a 8 0	6 0 a 7 6	5 6 a 6 6	2 7 0½	16 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
16 to 23	1 2¾	80 a 85	92 4	4 6 a 6 0	5 6 a 6 4	7 0 a 8 0	6 0 a 7 1	6 0 a 7 0	2 4 [illegible]	16 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
23 to 30	1 2¾	80 a 85	93 6	4 8 a 5 10	5 0 a 6 0	7 0 a 8 6	6 0 a 7 0	[illegible] 0 a 7 0	2 0 0	16 0	3 15 a 5 0	44 6 a 50 0
30 to May 7	1 2¼	78 a 83	93 6	4 8 a 6 9	4 10 a 6 0	7 0 a 8 0	6 0 a 7 6	6 0 a 7 0	2 1 1½	16 0	0 0 a 0 0	43 0 a 57 0
May 7 to 14	1 2¼	75 a 80	94 2	5 4 a 6 6	5 0 a 6 0	7 0 a 8 0	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 6 6	2 1 6½	16 0	0 0 a 0 0	44 6 a 57 9
14 to 21	1 2	75 a 80	92 10	4 8 a 5 10	4 10 a 6 0	6 6 a 7 8	6 0 a 7 0	5 0 a 6 0	2 0 1¼	16 0	0 0 a 0 0	44 6 a 47 0
21 to 28	1 2	70 a 75	92 10	4 8 a 5 10	4 10 a 6 0	6 6 a 7 8	6 0 a 7 0	5 0 a 6 6	2 0 2	16 0	0 0 a 0 0	44 6 a 47 0
28 to June 4	1 1½	70 a 75	89 5	5 0 a 6 4	5 0 a 6 4	7 0 a 8 0	[illegible] 0 a 7 6	5 0 a 6 4	1 17 6	16 0	4 0 a 5 5	39 6 a 55 9
June 4 to 11	1 1½	70 a 75	89 5	5 0 a 6 4	5 0 a 6 4	7 0 a 8 0	6 0 a 7 6	5 0 a 6 4	1 17 6	16 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
11 to 18	1 1¼	70 a 75	88 6	5 8 a 6 0	4 8 a 5 6	6 0 a 7 0	5 8 a 6 0	5 8 a 6 4	1 15 8	16 0	4 4 a 5 12	42 0 a 58 3
18 to 25	1 1½	70 a 75	88 6	5 0 a 6 0	4 8 a 5 4	5 0 a 6 4	5 0 a 6 0	5 4 a 6 4	1 16 8	16 0	4 0 a 5 10	41 0 a 57 0

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